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METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1922

FREUDIANISM AND RELIGION

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To evaluate a movement that is still in its infancy, and not yet sure of its own fingers and toes, is a difficult task. It is especially hard to be fair to a theory that has suffered as much as Freudianism has at the hands of its friends and its enemies. The former are too proud, and have nearly succeeded in suffocating its merits under ridiculous pretensions and grotesque applications. The latter are too jealous, and have invariably adopted the straw-dummy scheme of criticism, attributing most fantastic doctrines to Freud and then demolishing him with a flourish.

One thing is certain. The "new psychology," as it is fondly called, has created an astonishing stir. "Complex" and "repression" have taken their place among the "six most useful words." But whether this popularity points to a mere fad, a passing fancy of the herd-mind, or is the recognition of a new and genuine contribution to our understanding of ourselves, is a question. Freud has been called "the Darwin of the human mind," and "the greatest living charlatan."

Organized religion has a peculiar interest in the whole problem, for psychoanalysis is made the sponsor of revolutionary changes in morals and religion, and takes seeming delight in playing the harlequin with proprieties and beliefs usually esteemed most sacred. A well-informed writer in a recent Century regards the movement as being "the most serious crisis of the spirit that the modern world has met."

What, then, shall be our attitude toward this new prophet or impostor? Shall we point with pride or view with alarm?

Probably we cannot give a categorical answer, but must rely on constant discrimination. Psychoanalysis is concerned, as is religion, with the cure of souls, and it would seem strange if we cannot learn much from it. With an attitude of benevolent skepticism, therefore, let us turn to its study, asking, first, just what this new psychology is; second, how does it stand up under criticism; and third, what is the nature of its specific bearing upon religion, and what is the validity of its findings thereon?

1. Just What is Freudianism?

This is the era of nerves. Nervous diseases are becoming our most notable ailments, the characteristic fruit of our civilization. Paranoia and other standard types of mental derangement are likewise on the increase. It is in the new and flourishing field of psychopathology, where the attempt is made to explain and cure psychological troubles, that the Freudian theories have taken their rise.

Three words summarize the psychological portrait which psychoanalysis paints: conflict, suppression, neurosis (using this latter term to refer to nervous disorders of various kinds). Native impulses, coming into conflict with the conscious self, are suppressed and seek compensatory expression through various abnormalities—this is Freudianism in a nutshell.

Natural man is possessed of certain powerful impulses, the most important being the sexual, that persist in desiring expression. But modern "civilized" society is convinced that an indulgence of these impulses would be a great menace to its welfare. Consequently it imposes upon the individual definite taboos and standards of conduct which, when impressed upon him often enough and vividly enough, become his *conscience*.

But meanwhile the perverse and wayward impulses will not behave. The consciousness of the average person is constantly pestered by impudent and disreputable wishes. The frankly uncontrolled man, to be sure, is not greatly worried at this. He lives a fairly satisfactory animal life (unless society incarcerates him as a "criminal"), and is seldom afflicted with neuroses. But persons regarded as most carefully trained have similar desires. Even

the most devoted of saints find that in moments when they are off guard idle fancies of the forbidden kind will arise—Augustine being, perhaps, the most notable example.

Conscience now steps in and says, Thou shalt not! What happens? Either the individual becomes a hypocrite, with a double standard of action, or an *introvert* who strives to satisfy his desires through imagination rather than action, flirting with sin, and vacillating between ideas of license and the most moralistic of resolutions, or—in the cases of particular interest to us—his conscience triumphs and the desires are cruelly repressed, and the very thought of them is recoiled from with mingled disgust and fear. The *repressed wishes* now reside in the *unconscious*. They are far from passive, however, for they fume and plot in their attempt to reach overt expression.

The psychoanalysts take great delight in a dramatic picturing of this process. The mind they liken to a house, with its upper rooms and a cellar. The repressed wishes are conscious mental entities, almost persons, capable of plotting in the cellar without the self's knowledge. The *censor* is a personification of conscience, and acts as the doorkeeper in this bizarre household, scrutinizing the standing in the social register of these wishes, ejecting into the cellar those that are not wanted, and slamming the door in the face of any that desire re-admittance into the upper chambers.

Being denied direct access to the center of the stage of consciousness, the repressed wishes get in through all kinds of disguises, as clowns and hangers-on. They play tricks with the regular characters in the drama; they motivate slips of the tongue, errors in writing, all sorts of accidents, etc., resulting from interference between the conscious intention and the unconscious wish. For a simple example of this type, I quote from Freud:[1]

> A lady who is known for her energetic disposition relates, "My husband asked the doctor to what diet he should keep. But the doctor said he didn't need any diet, he should eat and drink whatever *I* want." This slip of the tongue is quite an unmistakable expression of a consistent purpose.

But we find the unconscious wishes really coming into their own

[1] Sigmund Freud, *A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis*, translated by G. S. Hall, New York, 1920, p. 19. See also Freud's *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*.

in the dream-life. Here the censor is asleep. The dream-life turns inward. The main processes of the day, those of adjustment with the environment, are quiescent, and the left-over impulses that were disregarded or uncompleted during the day now become active. Chief among them are the repressed wishes, which motivate the dreams and thus release their tension in part at least. If, however, conscience has really become a vital part of the private thought-life—and is not merely a society-mask to be taken off whenever possible—the same scruples will operate, and the wishes will need to resort to various ruses for disguising their real meaning, in order to gain expression without antagonizing the censor and destroying sleep. There will be various distortions of elements in the dream-plot—elaboration, misplacement, inversion, substitution—and, most important and instructive of all, there will be dream-symbolism. This strange language of symbolism, in which the disguised wishes cloak themselves, Freud feels he understands in part at least, and offers us a working dictionary:[2]

> The number of things that find symbolic representation in the dream is not great—the human body as a whole, parents, children, brothers and sisters, birth, death, nakedness, and a few others. The only typical, that is, regular representation of the human person as a whole is in the form of a house. . . . It occurs in dreams that a person, now lustful, now frightened, climbs down the fronts of houses. Those with entirely smooth walls are men; but those which are provided with projections and balconies to which one can hold on, are women. Parents appear in the dream as *king* and *queen*, or other persons highly respected. The dream in this instance is very pious. It treats children, and brothers and sisters, less tenderly; they are symbolized as *little animals* or *vermin*. Birth is almost regularly represented by some reference to *water;* either one plunges into the water or climbs out of it, or rescues some one from the water, or is himself rescued from it, that is, there is a mother-relation to the person. Death is replaced in the dream by *taking a journey, riding in a train;* being dead, by *various darksome, timid suggestions;* nakedness, by *clothes and uniforms.*

The objects of sex are symbolized in much greater multiplicity and need no further exposition here. Dream-interpretation has been a great field for Freudian prospectors,[3] and from it they have

[1] Freud, *A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis*, p. 126.

[2] The monumental work in this field is Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*, translated by A. A. Brill, New York, 1913.

mined a wealth of ore—heavy-bearing mineral or fool's gold, representing great depths of scientific penetration or the height of the ridiculous, depending upon the reader's attitude.

Up to the present we have been dealing with irrational mental phenomena common both to persons considered normal and to neurotics who need special treatment. This is no accident. Freud believes that the theories he has evolved in treating abnormal cases give the key to most processes of normal psychology. We all suffer from conflict, suppression, the formation of complexes and compromise-formations. The distinction between the normal and the abnormal is purely one of degree—if we are to define the "normal" person as being one able to adjust himself to his environment and "carry on" with satisfactory results, we must, most of us, be classified as a little "off."

Psychoanalysis has taken as its peculiar field the treatment of certain more abnormal types, however, and our outline of its method of interpretation would be incomplete without a description of the more characteristic of these neuroses, and the theory of their causation (etiology). There are cases in which the world of fantasy and symbolism has become all-engrossing, taking the place to a large extent of the appreciation of reality as such—persons who live, part of the time at least, as though in a dream.[4] This is the hysteria type. Then there are the closely associated compulsion neuroses, in which "the patient is occupied by thoughts that in reality do not interest him, is moved by impulses that appear alien to him, and is impelled to actions which afford him no pleasure, but the performance of which he cannot resist."[5]

In order to understand the form which these compromise-formations take we must become acquainted with the Freudian theory of sexual development, and the ideas of fixation and regression.

Contrary to the common opinion that the sex-instinct becomes active first in adolescence, Freud holds that it is operative from the earliest years of life. In babyhood auto-eroticism is the type—the baby's sexual desire, or *libido*, is fixed upon himself (nar-

[4] Insanity has been well described as "a dream from which one does not awaken."
[5] Freud, *A General Introduction*, p. 222.

cistic). In childhood the libido should be transferred to some other persons, most usually the parent of the opposite sex (incestuous). Then, prior to puberty, it will presumably be fixed in a more or less specific way upon one or several members of the same sex (homosexual). Finally it should rest upon someone of the opposite sex, with reproduction as the object.

Unfortunately, this normal progression is easily blocked. Arrest of development may follow, with the libido becoming *fixated,* in part or whole, upon some one set of sexual objects. This fixation may be due either to some organic defect, or to a nervous-emotional shock that causes the formation of nearly unbreakable emotional bonds or memories. Furthermore, if the libido should attain to the final stage in natural development and then, being repressed, find satisfaction denied to it, it will fall back upon the old habits and reassert itself at one of the earlier levels. This is *regression.* Monks and nuns, with their devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the Christ, respectively, often afford most interesting illustrations of both these processes of regression and fixation.

Many persons, thus, are likely to find their behavior strangely influenced by certain of these emotional complexes,[6] the most prominent being the Oedipus complex (libido of boy directed toward his mother), the Electra complex (libido of girl directed toward her father), and sundry homosexual and traumatic (nervous shock) complexes. If now the self finds sufficient satisfaction in these arrested forms of libido-expression, the individual becomes more or less of a sex-pervert, a not uncommon happening.[7] In a multitude, however, a continuous warfare between the self and these complexes is waged, a neurosis develops, and the various symptoms of the compromise-formations appear.

This completes our sketch of the causation of neuroses, according to the Freudian theory. Let us now turn our attention to

[6] The term "complex," as employed in psychoanalysis, refers particularly to libido-fixations that have been repressed and so resist rational treatment. In its present-day popular usage it refers primarily to a set of ideas and responses welded together into an irrational whole, and possessed of strong emotional quality, that is, the well-known "logic-tight compartment." Incidentally, it is interesting to note that if you have it, it's a conviction; if the other person has it, it's a complex.

[7] Boy society is not at all sympathetic with such of its members as show these tendencies (although their condition is often remediable) and taunts them with being "sissies," "mother's darlings," "tied to their mother's apron strings."

the technique which psychoanalysis has evolved in the attempt to remedy these unfortunate conditions.

First of all it attempts, in each particular case, to locate the difficulty. Slips of the tongue, errors, accidents, and all such irregular behavior are carefully studied in the hope of uncovering the interference which caused them. Dreams are recorded and examined with the greatest vigilance, and the practiced analyst translates their deceitful symbolism as best he may. The method of "free-association" is relied upon throughout.

> We tell the patient that without further reflection he should put himself into a condition of calm self-observation, and that he must then communicate whatever results this introspection gives him—feelings, thoughts, reminiscences, in the order in which they appear to his mind. At the same time we warn him expressly against yielding to any motive which would induce him to choose or exclude any of his thoughts as they arise, in whatever way the motive may be couched and however it may excuse him from telling us the thought: "that is too unpleasant," or "too indiscreet" for him to tell; or "it is too unimportant," or "it does not belong here," "it is nonsensical."[8]

For many psychoanalysts the "word-test" has greatly facilitated diagnosis. A list of words is made up, among which are some that seem likely to be associated with suspected complexes. These are then read to the patient, who is instructed to respond to each one with the first word that comes into his head. A stop-watch is used to measure the time required for a response. Some of the responses may be very odd, or much delayed in coming.

> One of my patients blocked on the word "long." Instead of saying "short" or "pencil" or "road" or "day" or any other word which might naturally be associated with "long," she laughed and said that no word would come. Finally an emotional memory came to light. It seems that this woman had been courted by a man whom she unconsciously loved, but whom she had "turned down" because she was ambitious for a career. After the man had moved to another town, my patient heard that he was engaged to another girl. She then realized that she loved him and began to long for him with her whole heart. The meaningful word "long" thus led us to one of the emotional memories for which we are seeking.[9]

[8] Freud, *A General Introduction*, p. 249.

[9] Josephine A. Jackson and Helen M. Salisbury, *Outwitting Our Nerves*, a Primer of Psychotherapy, New York, 1921, p. 198. This book, by the way, can be recommended to the average minister as containing a popular and yet accurate account of psychoanalysis, in addition to much practical material on general mental hygiene.

These complexes naturally resist analysis. It is necessary for the physician to break down the barriers to speaking forth intimacies of which the patient is usually genuinely ashamed, and the existence of which he probably does not admit even to himself. A state of *rapport* favorable to a complete confession is established by having the patient read literature that shows his complaint to be a common affair and no personal reproach to himself (as Checkhov says, "Everyone has something to hide"); by encouraging him to expect a complete cure, with consequent escape from his present unbearable state of existence; by establishing confidence in the physician's powers, through his prestige, commanding presence, etc. During this process it is quite likely that the libido of the patient may become detached from its fixation and transferred to the physician. This fact of *transference* (which is likewise a not uncommon occurrence in the experience of the pastor) naturally complicates the situation, and is a dangerous weapon in the hands of unscrupulous practitioners, although it is of great value in forwarding treatment.

If the analysis has proceeded successfully, the patient will in due time become certain that he is now aware of his difficulty. The first step in its removal has already been taken. The mere sharing of the secret with the doctor gives great relief, and means also a fundamentally social judgment upon it. It is brought into consciousness and becomes the subject of calm reflection, instead of studied inattention. The repressed wish is at last in a position to claim honest treatment. What the proper solution should be, the physician leads the patient to study, and makes frequent suggestions toward that end. The remedy may be the direct satisfaction of the wish—resulting sometimes in an almost total disregard of the current moral code. Or, in other cases, it may be possible to see in a calm and rational manner that the wish is not so important after all, that it is a mole-hill made into a mountain by repression and avoidance, and that it is very mean when compared to the life choices by which one is living. This being true, it may be possible to dismiss the wish from all further consideration.

Sublimation is, of course, the method *par excellence*. By it

is meant the expressing of the irrepressible libido through socialized channels—as in the case of the unmarried maid who lavishes her affection upon school children, or goes into philanthropic work. According to Freud's experience, however, it seems that "most people possess the capacity for sublimation only to a very slight degree." If neurotic complications are to be avoided, considerable more attention must be devoted to these impulses, primarily the sexual, and perhaps a different organization of life, permitting them freer scope, will be necessitated.

A popular misconception should be removed at this point. It has often been supposed that the solution which psychoanalysis offers is found in the command to "follow nature," involving, it is supposed, the indulgence of all impulses as rapidly as they make themselves felt. "The evils of the world are due to self-control," said the school-girl expositor of Freud. But a return to primitive animality is by no means the aim of the leaders. As Freud so aptly remarks, he would not spend three years in arduously uncovering complexes and breaking down psychic resistances if the mere prescription of sexual license were the end. No. The whole personality must be cast upon a new plan, the wayward impulses being fairly treated, and integrated, reeducated and sublimated, into a harmonious whole. Even Professor Holt,[10] the most radical philosophical expounder of Freudianism, in setting forth his principle of ethics, namely, to find such a mode of satisfying any wish that all other wishes may also be satisfied—takes care to point out that in actual practice this must involve great modifications in, and indeed the virtual *transformation* of many wishes.

On the other hand, an observation of far-reaching importance is here in order. Psychoanalysis brings into clear relief the fundamental failure of the current method of character-formation, in which certain social taboos are imposed upon the individual, and his natural impulses, instead of being integrated, are repressed. The inevitable result is sin, hypocrisy, or neurosis (or a combination of the three). The remedy for the whole trouble seems to lie neither in blind obedience to immediate impulses,

[10] E. B. Holt, *The Freudian Wish*, New York, 1915.

nor in blind obedience to the voice of a taboo-made conscience. It is to be found, rather, in the development of the ability to meet new situations in the light both of one's own make-up and of the social standards. The kinship between this view and the modern theories of education and religious education, sponsored by Professors Dewey and Coe[11] respectively, is apparent.

2. Criticisms of the Freudian Psychology

That a science of such recent standing needs criticism goes without saying. Indeed, without a large amount of careful and constructive criticism there is real danger that it will become a system of dogmatics, totally worthless from the standpoint of objective science. Where, then, shall we direct our attack?

1. The most obvious point of attack, and the one most frequently adopted, is that Freudianism greatly overemphasizes the sex-factor. In fairness to Freud it should be recognized, first, that he uses the term "sex" to refer not only to the processes directed toward reproduction, but also to the activities of the sex-perverts who renounce the biological aim of sex and seek pleasure as its own goal, and to the unmatured sex-interests of children. Second, it should be recognized that Freud does not hold to the "sexual interpretation of life," as many have supposed. He merely finds it to be the paramount factor in the causation of neuroses, so that it may well be that the reason for their being neuroses is precisely because of some exaggeration of sex. It is interesting that even Knight Dunlap, a most unsympathetic critic of psychoanalysis, yet acknowledges that "A very frequent feature in the history of the male neurotic is irregular sex experience commencing often at a very early age."[12]

Theoretically there seems to be no reason why neuroses might not arise from the inhibition of any of the emotional dispositions under the control of the autonomic nervous system—fear, hunger, anger, or sex. But we are "faced with a condition, not a theory." E. J. Kempf, who gives a theory of the etiology of neuroses that would allow for causation by various emotions—the theory, namely,

[11] See especially G. A. Coe, *A Social Theory of Religious Education*, New York, 1917, chapter 14.
[12] *Mysticism, Freudianism, and Scientific Psychology*, St. Louis, 1920, p. 109.

that any simple instinct-emotion once aroused will tend to satisfaction and, if inhibited, will result in conflict, etc.—Kempf yet finds in actual practice that sex cravings are invariably at the root, and attributes this to the fact that they are the only ones tabooed in modern society.[13]

W. H. R. Rivers,[14] on the other hand, having had a wide experience with the so-called "shell-shock" cases in the war, believes that the constantly aroused fear-response coming into conflict with a sense of loyalty, honor, and discipline gives the clue to the breakdowns. Freud, however, believes that further analysis will reveal a libido basis for fear—neurotic fear, at least. This whole question of the place of sex awaits, therefore, further clinical experience for its solution.

2. One of the greatest obstacles to such further research, and in fact the thing which most imperils the scientific development of psychoanalysis, lies in the great room for selective interpretation and arbitrary inference allowed by its methods of analysis (free-association, interpretation of dreams, and the like). All the analyst would have to do, it would seem, would be to control the direction of the associations, and he might soon uncover an astonishing sex-complex. The patient might be in the midst of free-association and suddenly come upon a memory of the sort he had been brought up not to repeat—any patient would surely do this, sooner or later. Then the analyst would prick up his ears with renewed interest. "Ha," he would cry, "we are now on the scent. Go ahead and speak; keep back nothing." In the meantime many other possible causes of the illness might have slipped by unnoticed.

The mere fact that a "cure" is effected does not, of course, prove the scientific accuracy of the "remedy." Mere suggestion may be the all important factor. Rénon of Nancy, after studying the effect of suggestion upon such a difficult disease as pulmonary tuberculosis, is now able to compute beforehand the extent of effect that any new "remedy" will exert. It does not have to possess medicinal value. All that is necessary is that the physician should convey an enthusiastic sense of confidence in its power. Similarly

[13] *Psychopathology*, St. Louis, 1921, p. 714.
[14] *Instinct and the Unconscious*, London, 1920.

with psychoanalysis—it may be that its effect is in large measure due to popular credulity, to the healthy absorption in new, stimulating, and unconventional ideas that the introspective neurotic gains from it, to the sense of self-assertion in doing something new and daring, and to the increased self-esteem through having received the patient attentions of the physician. If so, it can be classified along with Christian Science, New Thought, and other cults, the undoubted therapeutic value of which is due, not to the correctness of their diagnoses and doctrines, but simply to the fact that the patient believes.

Freud, himself, disagrees that there is much danger from the angle of arbitrary inference and false suggestion. "Anyone who has himself performed a psychoanalysis has been able to convince himself innumerable times that it is impossible to suggest anything to the patient"—not even a decidedly false diagnosis. However this may be from a therapeutic standpoint, the myriad instances of self-deception with which we are all familiar, and the infinite capacities of human gullibility, lead us to demand, for scientific purposes at least, a method that provides for real checking and verification.

3. The doctrine of the unconscious has been claimed by some psychoanalysts (Rank and Sachs) to be "the foundation on which the whole of psychoanalysis rests." If so the science is probably doomed to a great fall, for this is shifting sand. The doctrine of the unconscious, although a pure hypothesis, is proving to be too deceptive and inviting a conception. The idea of wishes as persistent entities plotting and disguising themselves in a cellar of unconsciousness leads easily to the grotesque elaborations that give ground to the taunt that Freudianism is not a psychology but a mythology.

Here, again, Freud is more sane than his followers. He feels that the concept is more useful than accurate—that the "unconscious" may be merely a cover-name for the processes not yet understood. "The structure of psychoanalytic thought is really only a superstructure which at some future time must be placed upon its organic foundation, but what this is we do not know as yet."[15]

[15] *A General Introduction*, p. 337.

This is, I think, an excess of humility. Research work, especially upon the autonomic nervous system and the glands of internal secretion,[16] reveals possible hypotheses that account for the Freudian findings, without resort to a mythical unconscious, and provides clues to further research. The basis for a theory may be sketched as follows:

The fundamental drives of life are certain organic responses or disturbances—intra-visceral pressures, due to the action of the endocrine glands (usually in response to external stimuli). These are the simple instinct-emotions. The central nervous system has been evolved as the means by which these primitive animal responses are integrated and further particularized. It is a sort of sounding-board or telephone-exchange. The process of becoming conscious is the process of forming bonds between these responses and segments of the central nervous system, so that the vague organic feelings, unsure of their own direction and meaning, may gain clear definition by reference to the other elements of the personality. If, now, certain instinct responses are aroused and strive toward overt expression, while at the same time their appearance in consciousness is recoiled from because of fear or disgust —then disintegration of the personality, conflict, and so on, will most naturally follow.

Under this type of a theory the term "libido" will be found less misleading than the term "wish," since "libido" may refer to an organic drive or instability which may or may not have specific conscious direction and meaning, but is most likely to be a mere unanalyzed longing or craving. "Wish," on the other hand, implies that the craving has specific meaning—which is just what the Freudian wish has not, being capable, it is said, of satisfaction through various disguises and compromises.

4. Our criticism would be incomplete without a word on symbolism. This part of the Freudian theory has been ridiculed more than any other. It is said to be an invention of pure fancy, whatever fraction of truth it possesses being due to the simple principle of association of ideas. But I believe that another process has been

[16] For a somewhat fanciful account of these findings, see Louis Berman, *The Glands Regulating Personality*, New York, 1921.

discovered, which may prove to be one of the most significant contributions of psychoanalysis to psychological research, since it may throw light upon some of the most primitive traits of mind, particularly that of *einfühlung.*

The way in which an organic pressure, denied free access to consciousness, makes its entrance under the cover of symbolization, may be likened to that by which we recall a name. We can remember the general pattern of the name—perhaps the number of syllables and the rhythm—but we can't quite recall its wholeness. There is a marked sense of unpleasantness, uneasiness, and irritation at every substitute name that pops up, till finally the right one comes. If one of the wrong names that suggested themselves had been sufficiently satisfying, we would have taken it as correct. In the symbolization of the libido the reverse process occurs. First the true wish appears, but as this is the unpleasant form repulsive to conscience, there is uneasiness and a renewed casting about until it appears in symbolic form and the harmony of consciousness is restored, for the time being at least. All this may take place, very likely, in subattentive consciousness.

The sort of symbols that appear are no doubt dependent upon chance associations of the day, or, still more likely, upon those formed in early childhood when stronger impressions are made. But certain material of common experience may also be utilized. Just what sort of material, it would be hard to say, but the essential thing seems that the material used must give the same sort of satisfying feeling. Primitive mind (and the less conscious parts of all our minds) seems to be more concerned with activities as a whole than with particular elements. It thinks with its muscles, not with its discriminations. Sympathetic magic—in which it is believed that the doing of an act similar to the event desired will somehow bring about that event—shows this whole tendency. As a most pertinent example, note among the Borneo tribes the careful avoidance, while a woman is with child, of reaching into holes or crevices to pull out objects—lest premature delivery be inadvertently brought on.

Freud's attempt to give rather specific meanings to symbols and symptomatic acts, attributing them to the conscious plotting

of unconscious wishes, is undoubtedly the over-doing of a perfectly good "hunch." It is the general pattern or tendency of the compulsion or dream-formation that should interest us.

3. The Freudian Interpretation of Religion

The general position of Freudianism being now before us, we are ready to examine its interpretation of religion.

A. Psychoanalysts are wont to classify religion, in many of its forms at least, among the psychoneurotic delusions. A great religious faith is simply a mass of superstition, mythology, and symbolism that has succeeded in giving some sort of satisfaction and comfort to the persistent longings of generation after generation of mankind. Christianity is described as "the great introversion," a "vested illusion" of the first water. As such, it provides a world of imagination into which the puzzled soul may escape, perhaps permanently. But it makes no real attempt to solve the problems of life, being instead a pernicious dodging of the whole issue.

The motivation of religion falls an easy prey to the Freudian. That the sex-factor is prominent, and frequently primary, goes without saying. Reference has already been made to the indisputable cases of many monks and nuns, and to Augustine, the libertine who found his haven of peace and rest by transferring his powerful libido to his Lord. The Christian mythology, formed by gradual accretion from the popular religions of the Mediterranean—mystery cults of an age characterized by a general "failure of nerve"—such writings as the book of Revelation, and the Christian symbols—all yield rich fruit to the analyst. Take the conception of God-as-Father, for example. Here is a plain case of fixation of libido. In Christianity, according to Jung, "The regressive reanimation of the father-and-mother imago is organized into a system. . . . Thus man can remain a child for all time and satisfy his incest wish all unawares."[17] The meaning of the statement that "God is love" is clearly seen, and the personal experience of such a God is merely another case of the projection of emotional impulses (that is, the libido) as a means of obtaining psychic

[17] C. G. Jung, *Psychology of the Unconscious*, New York, 1916, pp. 61, 99.

relief—a process characteristic alike of the primitive mind and of neurotics, especially paranoics.[18]

Jesus, too, is made the subject of psychoanalytic study.[19] His devotion to his "Heavenly Father" already present in early youth, according to the account of his visit to the temple at Jerusalem, shows simply an arrest of sex-development, further mirrored in the fact that he did not marry.

In psychoanalytic practice we have noted that the libido of the patient sooner or later in the course of the treatment becomes transferred to the physician, and that this phenomenon is utilized as a means of suggestion and sublimation. In evangelicalism precisely the same technique is used. The sinner is told to look to Christ, to cast his burdens upon the Lord; and the theory of the atonement has grown up to explain the efficacy of this simple "transference." It is to be noted, however, that whereas in psychoanalytic procedure the physician-fixation is used as a tool for the sublimating of libido into socially useful activities, in evangelicalism the Christ-fixation has been considered as the end in itself, and a man is said to be "saved" when he believes in the divinity of Jesus, the "power of the blood," etc.

B. To criticize these observations upon religion is difficult--there is so much of truth in them. Undoubtedly religion has frequently been regarded as a way of escape—a means of meeting reality by avoiding it, by stepping out into an artificial dream-world, with "mansions of rest" and "glory for me." Current premillenarianism is, of course, an outstanding example, but with it must also be classed our conventional doctrine of immortality, and indeed the greater share of our Sunday-school teaching and our services of worship, so "divorced from reality." In such forms religion has had, without doubt, an immediate alleviating effect of the same sort as that offered by alcohol or the mirage in the desert, but one may well question whether it has any more permanent value than the other neurotic shifts of delusion.

On the other hand, it would be uncharitable not to point out that just as Freud refuses to dislodge the delusions of certain of

[18] Freud, *Totem and Taboo*, translated by A. A. Brill, New York, 1918, p. 152.

[19] G. S. Hall, *Jesus, the Christ, in the Light of Psychology*, Garden City, N. Y., 1917.
Georges Berguer, Quelques Traits de la Vie de Jésus, Paris, Atar, 1920.

his patients who, afflicted with incurable suffering and irremediable hardship, would in no wise be benefited by the shock of reality, so we should not decry the formation of such "compensatory-mechanisms" as are afforded by this type of religion, if we have nothing better to substitute for them. Kempf, indeed, would find a considerable place for such religion, esteeming it

> Man's supreme method of sublimating the repressions of infancy and childhood and gratifying the unfulfilled desires of maturity and old age, through the use of sacred rituals and fancies without which the autonomic apparatus would become depressed and might even fall back to a lower primitive level.[20]

When religious exercises become a means, not of dodging reality, but of understanding it better and gathering up one's resources to meet it—then even the most hardened of psychoanalysts must cry "Hallelujah!" A retirement into the recreative world of imagination or into a worshipful state favorable to reflective thinking, can no more be condemned than can sleep, or enjoyment of the arts. The test of social consequences (in the New Testament phrase, "By their fruits ye shall know them") is the only one that can be applied. Does such a religion contribute to the richer and more abundant life? Then let us have it!

An observation of tremendous importance should here be made: the religion that Jesus taught, was not a set of emotionally satisfying beliefs but a *way of life,* a most radical and revolutionary reconstruction of the individual's whole sphere of social relations; not a method of giving the slip to the real world, but of transforming it.

Summarizing this discussion, it is obvious that there is nothing wrong with the use of imagination; only when delusion results is it dangerous. But right here lies the distinction: neurotic folk take the world of imagination as being the real world; religious folk *may,* and should, take it as the anticipation of what the real world may become, a summons to build the kind of a world in which we have faith. That such a religion, retaining the essence of Christianity and yet resting more and more upon real *understanding* rather than mere *belief,* may be developed, is the

[20] *Psychopathology,* p. 72.

hope, not only of professional students of religion, but of the best of the psychoanalysts themselves. I quote from Jung:[21]

> It is thinkable that instead of doing good to our fellow-men, for "the love of Christ," we do it from the knowledge that humanity, even as ourselves, could not exist if, among the herd, the one could not sacrifice himself for the other. *This would be the course of moral autonomy, of perfect freedom, when man could without compulsion wish that which he must do, and this from knowledge, without delusion through belief in the religious symbols.*[22]

The study of psychoanalysis calls the religious worker, therefore, to some careful reconsiderations. What is the conception of religion that he is espousing—is it of the unworthy "escape" variety, or does it help his clients to perform a positive function in the world's work? What methods of education is he relying upon—are they of the imposition, "Thou shalt not" brand, entailing a train of morbid introspection and neuroses of various types and degrees; or do they provoke that moral autonomy which is the real key to freedom and happiness? These are vital problems.

As to whether the ordinary minister should attempt to practice psychoanalysis—that is another question, beyond the scope of this paper. Some few have tried it,[23] with varying success. The perils and the values of the confessional are, nearly all of them, present. The psychoanalytic method itself is rather too slow and complicated for the already overworked minister. That a careful training in the science of mental hygiene is of first importance to those who profess to be interested in the cure of souls, goes without saying, but for the most, I suppose, it is impracticable.

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[21] *Psychology of the Unconscious*, p. 262.

[22] With regard to the sex element in religion, little further need be said. That it is a prominent factor in abnormal cases seems probable, but that it is more than one of a complex of sources for ordinary religion not even Freud would claim (*Totem and Taboo*, p. 165). Students of the history of religion have long realized the importance of phallic symbols and fertility rites in primitive religion, and psychologists now see that Christianity is strongly rooted in the sex instinct and the parental instinct (which may possibly be a genetic outgrowth from sex). But the term "sex" has in common speech a fairly well recognized and limited meaning, and to assume that a normal person's love for his parents is a species of sex-desire simply means that a valuable distinction has been lost. Similarly, to say that the precept, "Bear ye one another's burdens," represents the fulfillment of an incestuous wish, merely takes the sting out of the word "incestuous," and makes it the equivalent of "brotherly love." Christian love is distinguished from narrow sex-desire precisely by its social, cooperative nature. (For a succinct discussion of this whole problem of the relation of sex to religion, see G. A. Coe, *The Psychology of Religion*, Chicago, 1916, p. 92.)

[23] Cf. the work of Oskar Pfister, pastor and seminary teacher at Zurich. See especially his *The Psychoanalytic Method*, translated by C. R. Payne, New York, 1917; and his *Au Vieil Evangile par un Chemin Nouveau*, Berne: Bircher, 1920.

MR. WELLS' PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

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No more arresting voice sounds through the English-speaking world just now than that of H. G. Wells. A theoretical socialist, he holds the ear of all concerned with the economic and social problems of the time. A disciple of science, he is hailed by the scientist as his most regarded popular interpreter. A master of style and a fashioner of tales, he easily holds a place among the "best sellers." No other man commands quite his audience.

Since 1916 (when *Mr. Britling* appeared) Mr. Wells has shown an awakening sense of the need for God in human affairs and the part that religion must play in the making of a better world. But it is disquieting to realize that, so far, this spiritual stirring has failed to produce any desire for alliance with any of the forms of organized Christianity.

The appearance of the *Outline of History* emphasizes this fact. Mr. Wells started writing that book entirely outside what one of our modern movements would call the "constituency" of the church; he ended the book apparently as far outside. Yet it is the most powerfully religious book that has appeared in English in a long, long time. When one seeks to measure just how long, it is doubtful if he can stop this side of Bunyan's allegory.

And this, in a way, is what Mr. Wells' book is. He calls it an *Outline of History*, but it is really a story of Man, the great Pilgrim, on his eternal quest. And the quest, in all these two heavy volumes that start with the cooling bit of planet flung off from the sun and end with man "stretching out his hands to the stars," is conceived as spiritual.

What all these world religions declare by inspiration and insight, history as it grows clearer and science as its range extends display, as a reasonable and demonstrable fact, that men form one universal brotherhood, that they spring from one common origin, that their individual lives, their nations and races, interbreed and blend and go on to merge again at last in one common human destiny upon this little planet amid

the stars. And the psychologist can now stand beside the preacher and assure us that there is no reasoned peace of heart, no balance and no safety in the soul, until a man in losing his life has found it, and has schooled and disciplined his interests and will beyond greeds, rivalries, fears, instincts, and narrow affections. The history of our race and personal religious experience run so closely parallel as to seem to a modern observer almost the same thing; both tell of a being at first scattered and blind and utterly confused, feeling its way slowly to the serenity and salvation of an ordered and coherent purpose. That, in the simplest, is the outline of history; whether one have a religious purpose or disavow a religious purpose altogether, the lines of the outline remain the same.

It is not my intention to offer here a review of Mr. Wells' *Outline*. But, as one primarily interested in securing a recognition of the spiritual basis of life, speaking to others with like interest, it seems of value to draw attention to this pilgrimage as Mr. Wells has described it.

The beginning, with its account of the nebular hypothesis and the record of the rocks, gives the key to the time-scale upon which Mr. Wells is insistent that the whole shall be regarded. Whether the Azoic Age began 800 million or only 80 million years ago he is not sure (he rather inclines to the larger figure), but, aided by charts, he continually reminds his readers that they must not forget that all the striving, the advance, the failure, the attainment that has come in what we know as recorded history is but a fleeting moment in the total history of the pilgrimage. "Half the duration of human civilization and the keys to all its chief institutions are to be found *before* Sargon I," he cries. One is reminded of an analogy by Professor Fleming: "Crowd these 300,000 years (an estimate of the age of certain eolithic remains) down into the time between twelve o'clock last night and twelve o'clock this noon. And on that reduced scale it was only about twenty minutes to twelve to-day that our Aryan ancestors were separating, some to go down into India, some to the West. Only fifteen minutes ago the Vedas were written. Six minutes ago Buddha, Zoroaster, and Confucius lived, while the coming of Christ was only five minutes ago. The discovery of the sea routes about Cape Horn and Good Hope took place in the last minute, while all of modern missions has filled but fifteen seconds of this reduced cosmic time" (*Marks of a World Christian*, p. 35). It is the insistence upon such a per-

spective as this that makes Mr. Wells optimistic as to the final outcome of the pilgrimage, and in these days, when widespread reaction is seducing many to accept catastrophic views of human destiny, it supplies a needed spiritual tonic to read a book that thus holds steadily to the long view.

The pilgrimage begins in fear. Other students of the origins of religion may have adduced other causes, but Mr. Wells, as a psychologist, goes straight back to terror.

> Primordial man, before he could talk, . . . feared the dark, no doubt, and thunderstorms and big animals and queer things and whatever he dreamt about, and no doubt he did things to propitiate what he feared or to change his luck and please the imaginary powers in rock and beast and river. . . . No doubt he had a certain amount of what is called *fetishism* in his life; he did things we should now think unreasonable to produce desired ends, for that is all fetishism amounts to; it is only incorrect science based on guess-work or false analogy, and entirely different in its nature from religion.

Then comes the fear of the Old Man of the tribe, demanding propitiation and a strict observance of *tabu,* if the other members are not to be snuffed out by that terrible Old Man's wrath. Even after death, "being still a terror to his own little tribe, it was easy to go on hoping that he would be a terror to other and hostile people." And so to the tribal god.

As time goes on speech develops; industry; the first conceptions of the requirements of community life.

"Self-suppression is beginning for men. Man has entered upon the long and tortuous and difficult path toward a life for the common good, with all its sacrifice of personal impulse, which he is still treading to-day."

It is out of this growing community life that what can truly be regarded as religion comes.

"Religion is something that has grown up with and through human association, and God has been and is still being discovered by man."

But it is hard to shake off the sinister impression of the religion that the Pilgrim knew in those Neolithic days, ten thousand years before the birth of Christ.

> Away beyond the dawn of history, 3,000 or 4,000 years ago, one thinks

of the Wiltshire uplands in the twilight of a midsummer day's morning. The torches pale in the growing light. One has a dim apprehension of a procession through the avenue of stone, of priests, perhaps fantastically dressed with skins and horns and horrible painted masks—not the robed and bearded dignitaries our artists represent the Druids to have been—of chiefs in skins adorned with necklaces of teeth and bearing spears and axes, their great heads of hair held up with pins of bone, of women in skins or flaxen robes, of a great peering crowd of shock-headed men and naked children. They have assembled from many distant places; the ground between the avenues and Silbury Hill is dotted with their encampments. A certain festive cheerfulness prevails. And amid the throng march the appointed human victims, submissive, helpless, staring toward the distant smoking altar at which they are to die—that the harvests may be good and the tribe increase. . . . To that had life progressed 3,000 or 4,000 years ago from its starting-place in the slime of the tidal beaches.

Millions of years to that; three or four thousand years to the present. Verily, the Pilgrim strides ahead with increasing speed!

It is impossible in the compass of a single article to follow the windings of the pilgrimage as Mr. Wells marks them out. Certain it is that he is much more interested in the fortunes of the Pilgrim than of the various kings and warriors who now begin to lift their heads above the margin of history. The increase of human knowledge is to him a thing supremely worth reporting, and inspires him to such an outburst as this:

It is a thin streak of intellectual growth we trace in history, at first in a world of tumultuous ignorance and forgetfulness; it is like a mere line of light coming through the chink of an opening door into a darkened room; but slowly it widens, it grows. At last came a time in the history of Europe when the door, at the push of the printer, began to open more rapidly. Knowledge flared up, and as it flared it ceased to be the privilege of a favored minority. For us now that door swings wider, and the light behind grows brighter. Misty it is still, glowing through clouds of dust and reek. The door is not half open; the light is but a light new lit. Our world to-day is only in the beginning of knowledge.

In his accounts of the growth of religious and political institutions Mr. Wells is particularly good, and the drama which he writes of the struggle between king and priest for power is remarkably vivid. As one would expect, it is impossible for him to evince much sympathy for the esoteric or ritualistic elements in the method by which the priest sought to maintain his authority, but with this goes a fairness in perception of the actual contribu-

tion to the Pilgrim's welfare made by the priest that deserves recognition.

> There is a curious disposition among many modern writers to deprecate priesthoods and to speak of priests as though they had always been impostors and tricksters, preying upon the simplicity of mankind. But, indeed, for long they were the only writing class, the only reading public, the only learned, and the only thinkers; they were all the professional classes of the time. . . . Outside the temples the world was still a world of blankly illiterate and unspeculative human beings, living from day to day entirely for themselves. Moreover, there is little evidence that the commonalty felt cheated by the priests, or had anything but trust and affection for the early priesthoods. . . . There were distinct limits to the degeneracy or inefficiency of a priesthood. It had to keep its grip upon the general mind. It could not go beyond what people would stand —either toward the darkness or toward the light. Its authority rested, in the end, on the persuasion that its activities were propitious.

Perhaps it is in that inability for a successful priesthood to "go beyond . . . toward the light" that Mr. Wells finds one of the reasons why he is not identified with organized religion.

But it is when the Hebrew prophets appear upon the stage of human affairs that religion begins to have that aspect of creative democracy that enthuses this chronicler of the Pilgrim. Swiftly the history of the prophets is sketched. Boldly is outlined "the breaking down of nations and kingdoms to form the great and changing empires of that age, the smashing up of cults and priesthoods, the mutual discrediting of temple by temple in their rivalries and disputes," until "except for the weak and the women there remained little comfort or assurance in the sacrifices, ritual and formal devotions." And then comes the climax: "Such was the world to which the later prophets of Israel began to talk of the One God, and of a Promise that some day the world should come to peace and unity and happiness."

> Here we are dealing with an overflow of moral ideas into the general community. The Hebrew prophets, and the steady expansion of their ideas toward one God in all the world, is a development of the free conscience of mankind. From this time onward there runs through human thought, now weakly and obscurely, now gathering power, the idea of one rule in the world, and of a promise and possibility of an active and splendid peace and happiness in human affairs. . . . It is not the place of the historian to discuss the truth and falsity of religion, but it is his business to record the appearance of great constructive ideas. Two thousand four

hundred years ago, and six or seven or eight thousand years after the walls of the first Sumerian cities arose, the ideas of the moral unity of mankind and of a world peace had come into the world.

And this, it may be said, is what Mr. Wells describes as the goal of the Pilgrim. The fact that he acknowledges its first expression to have been given by the prophets must settle the claim of his *Outline* to be regarded as a book of religion.

When it comes to describing the contribution of the Greek, particularly of such a Greek as Plato, or of such a forerunner of the modern scientific seeker as Aristotle, Mr. Wells is thoroughly happy. At the close of his section on Greek thought it is possible for him to declare that the three controlling ideas which are to give "first a new color, then a new spirit, and then a new direction to human affairs" are safely planted in the Pilgrim's mind. And these three ideas are the conception "of science, of a universal righteousness, and of a human commonweal."

So in the fifth and fourth centuries B. C. we perceive, most plainly in Judea and Athens, but by no means confined to those centers, the beginnings of a moral and an intellectual process in mankind, an appeal to righteousness and an appeal to the truth from the passions and confusions and immediate appearances of existence. . . . Mankind is growing up. The rest of history for three and twenty centuries is threaded with the spreading out and development and interaction and the clearer and more effective statement of these main leading ideas. Slowly more and more men apprehend the reality of human brotherhood, the needlessness of wars and cruelties and oppression, the possibilities of a common purpose for the whole of our kind. In every generation thereafter there is evidence of men seeking for that better order to which they feel our world must come. But everywhere and wherever in any man the great constructive ideas have taken hold, the hot greeds, the jealousies, the suspicions and impatience that are in the nature of every one of us, war against the struggle toward greater and broader purposes. The last twenty-three centuries of history are like the efforts of some impulsive, hasty immortal to think clearly and live rightly. Blunder follows blunder; promising beginnings end in grotesque disappointments; streams of living water are poisoned by the cup that conveys them to the thirsty lips of mankind. But the hope of men rises again at last after every disaster. . . .

The Pilgrim has now come to the point on his path where the first of the great religions arises to assist him. Surely no Buddhist can complain of the treatment which Mr. Wells accords his faith.

His picture of the Buddha is drawn with delicate sympathy (we shall refer to his portraits of religious leaders again), and his exposition of the Eightfold Path and the Four Truths leads him to this conclusion:

> Here, surely, we have the completest analysis of the problem of the soul's peace. Every religion that is worth the name, every philosophy, warns us to lose ourselves in something greater than ourselves. "Whosoever would save his life, shall lose it"; there is exactly the same lesson.
>
> The teaching of history, as we are unfolding it in this book, is strictly in accordance with this teaching of Buddha. There is, as we are seeing, no social order, no security, no peace or happiness, no righteous leadership or kingship, unless men lose themselves in something greater than themselves. The study of biological progress again reveals exactly the same process—the merger of the narrow globe of the individual experience in a wider being. To forget oneself in greater interests is to escape from a prison.

Withal, recognition is made of the shortcomings of the teaching of Gautama:

> He had no clear sense of the vast and many-sided adventure of life opening out in space and time. His mind was confined with the ideas of his age and people, and their minds were shaped into notions of perpetual recurrence, of world following world and of Buddha following Buddha, a stagnant circling of the universe. The idea of mankind as a great Brotherhood pursuing an endless destiny under a God of Righteousness, the idea that was already dawning upon the Semitic consciousness in Babylon at this time, did not exist in his world.

But we turn with eagerness to the account of the contribution of Jesus to human growth, and the influence of Christianity in forming a better world. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Wells has obviously been profoundly affected by his contact with Jesus. For while he is careful to insist that he must regard the Man of Nazareth as he would any other character in history, it is plain that he regards him as very much the superior of any other character in history. His historian's judgment—if it be an historian's judgment—sets Jesus upon the pinnacle of our race.

The only method by which an adequate impression can be given of Mr. Wells' enthusiasm for Jesus and his message is to quote him:

> We are left with the figure of a being, very human, very earnest and passionate, capable of swift anger, and teaching a new and profound doc-

trine—namely, the universal loving Fatherhood of God and the coming of the kingdom of heaven.

. . . This doctrine of the kingdom of heaven, which was the main teaching of Jesus, and which plays so small a part in the Christian creeds, is certainly one of the most revolutionary doctrines that ever stirred and changed human thought. It is small wonder if the world of that time failed to grasp its full significance, and recoiled in dismay from even a half apprehension of its tremendous challenges to the established habits and institutions of mankind. It is small wonder if the hesitating convert and disciple presently went back to the old familiar ideas of temple and altar, of fierce deity and propitiatory observance, of consecrated priest and magic blessing, and—these things being attended to—reverted then to the dear old habitual life of hates and profits and competition and pride. For the doctrine of the kingdom of heaven, as Jesus seems to have preached it, was no less than a bold and uncompromising demand for a complete change and cleansing of the life of our struggling race, an utter cleansing, without and within.

. . . God, he taught, was no bargainer; there were no chosen people and no favorites in the kingdom of heaven. God was the loving Father of all life, as incapable of showing favor as the universal sun. And all men were brothers—sinners alike and beloved sons alike—of this divine Father. In the parable of the Good Samaritan, Jesus cast scorn upon that natural tendency we all obey, to glorify our own people and to minimize the righteousness of other creeds and other races. In the parable of the laborers he thrust aside the obstinate claim of the Jews to have a sort of first mortgage upon God. All whom God takes into the kingdom, he taught, God serves alike; there is no distinction in his treatment, because there is no measure to his bounty. From all, moreover, as the parable of the buried talent witnesses, and as the incident of the widow's mite enforces, he demands the utmost. There are no privileges, no rebates, and no excuses in the kingdom of heaven.

But it was not only the intense tribal patriotism of the Jews that Jesus outraged. They were a people of intense family loyalty, and he would have swept away all the narrow and restrictive family affections in the great flood of the love of God. The whole kingdom of heaven was to be the family of his followers.

. . . And not only did Jesus strike at patriotism and the bonds of family loyalty in the name of God's universal fatherhood and the brotherhood of all mankind, but it is clear that his teaching condemned all the gradations of the economic system, all private wealth and personal advantages. All men belonged to the kingdom; all their possessions belonged to the kingdom; the righteous life for all men, the only religious life, was the service of God's will with all that we had, with all that we were. Again and again he denounced private riches and the reservation of any private life.

. . . Moreover, in his tremendous prophecy of this kingdom which was to make all men one together in God, Jesus had small patience for the bargaining righteousness of formal religion. Another large part of

his recorded utterances is aimed against the meticulous observance of the rules of the righteous career.

. . . So, too, we may note a score of places in which he flouted that darling virtue of the formalist, the observance of the Sabbath.

It was not merely a moral and a social revolution that Jesus proclaimed; it is clear from a score of indications that his teaching had a political bent of the plainest sort. It is true that he said that his kingdom was not of this world, that it was in the hearts of men and not upon a throne; but it is equally clear that wherever and in what measure his kingdom was set up in the hearts of men, the outer world would be in that measure revolutionized and made new.

Whatever else the deafness and blindness of his hearers may have missed in his utterances, it is plain that they did not miss his resolve to revolutionize the world. Some of the questions that were brought to Jesus and the answers he gave enable us to guess at the drift of much of his unrecorded teaching. The directness of his political attack is manifest by such an incident as that of the coin:

"And they send unto him certain of the Pharisees and of the Herodians to catch him in his words. . . . And Jesus answering said unto them, Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's"—which, in view of all else that he had taught, left very little of a man or his possessions for Cæsar.

The whole tenor of the opposition to him and the circumstances of his trial and execution show clearly that to his contemporaries he seemed to propose plainly, and did propose plainly, to change and fuse and enlarge all human life.

. . . They (the disciples) could not believe this hard doctrine of a kingdom of service which was its own exceeding great reward. Even after his death upon the cross, they could still, after their first dismay, revert to the belief that he was nevertheless in the vein of the ancient world of pomps and privileges, that presently by some amazing miracle he would become undead again and return, and set up his throne with much splendor and graciousness in Jerusalem. They thought his life was a stratagem and his death a trick.

He was too great for his disciples. And in view of what he plainly said, is it any wonder that all who were rich and prosperous felt a horror of strange things, a swimming of their world at his teaching? Perhaps the priests and the rulers and the rich men understood him better than his followers. He was dragging out all the little private reservations they had made from social service into the light of a universal religious life. He was like some terrible moral huntsman digging mankind out of the snug burrows in which they had lived hitherto. In the white blaze of this kingdom of his there was to be no property, no privilege, no pride and precedence; no motive indeed and no reward but love. Is it any wonder that men were dazzled and blinded and cried out against him? Even his disciples cried out when he would not spare them the light. Is it any wonder that the priests realized that between this man and themselves there was no choice but that he or priestcraft should perish? Is it any

wonder that the Roman soldiers, confronted and amazed by something soaring over their comprehension and threatening all their discipline, should take refuge in wild laughter, and crown him with thorns and robe him in purple and make a mock Cæsar of him? For to take him seriously was to enter upon a strange and alarming life, to abandon habits, to control instincts and impulses, to essay an incredible happiness. . . .

Is it any wonder that to this day this Galilean is too much for our small hearts?

To a much less degree, but in the same spirit, does Mr. Wells welcome for his Pilgrim certain gifts for his journeying that were made by Mohammedanism.

It was full of the spirit of kindliness, generosity, and brotherhood; it was a simple and understandable religion; it was instinct with the chivalrous sentiment of the desert; and it made its appeal straight to the commonest instincts in the composition of ordinary men. . . . The bulk of the people to whom the challenge of Islam came did not trouble very much whether Mohammed was lustful or not, or whether he had done some shifty and questionable things; what appealed to them was that this God, Allah, he preached, was by the test of the conscience in their hearts a God of righteousness, and that the honest acceptance of his doctrine and method opened the door wide in a world of uncertainty, treachery and intolerable divisions to a great and increasing brotherhood of trustworthy men on earth, and to a paradise not of perpetual exercises in praise and worship, in which saints, priests, and anointed kings were still to have the upper places, but of equal fellowship and simple and understandable delights such as their souls craved for.

Swiftly the progress of the Pilgrim is reviewed, for now we are coming close to these recent moments of time. The Crusades awaken the enthusiasm of the writer, as might have been expected of one who is himself so much crusader. And again, it is the power of religion that most stirs him.

The fervor of the response enables us to understand the great work of creative organization that had been done in Western Europe in the previous five centuries. In the beginning of the seventh century we saw Western Europe as a chaos of social and political fragments, with no common idea nor hope, a system shattered almost to a dust of self-seeking individuals. Now in the dawn of the eleventh century there is everywhere a common belief, a linking idea, to which men may devote themselves, and by which they can cooperate together in a universal enterprise. We realize that, in spite of much weakness and intellectual and moral unsoundness, to this extent the Christian Church has *worked*. We are able to measure the evil phases of tenth-century Rome, the scandals, the filthiness, the murders and violence, at their proper value by the scale of this fact. No doubt all over Christendom there had been many lazy, evil, and foolish

priests; but it is manifest that this task of teaching and coordination that had been accomplished could have been accomplished only through a great multitude of right-living priests and monks and nuns. A new and greater amphictyony, the amphictyony of Christendom, had come into the world, and it had been built by thousands of anonymous, faithful lives.

Here for the first time we discover Europe with an idea and a soul! Here is a universal response of indignation to the story of a remote wrong, a swift understanding of a common cause for rich and poor alike. You cannot imagine this thing happening in the empire of Augustus Cæsar, or indeed in any previous state in the world's history. . . . It is clear that we are dealing with something new that has come into the world, a new clear connection of the common interest with the consciousness of the common man.

We have no time to consider the story which Mr. Wells tells of the part played by religion while the feet of the Pilgrim are passing through the period that he speaks of as the "renascence of Western civilization." Tribute is paid the contribution of the church to popular education—in fact, Mr. Wells maintains that the idea of an educated commonalty of mankind upon which the hope of the future rests has come from the great propagandist religions—but he remarks that "though it is certain that the Catholic Church . . . opened up the prospect of the modern educational state in Europe, it is equally certain that the Catholic Church never intended to do anything of the sort."

Mr. Wells' treatment of the Reformation can scarcely be called as satisfactory as other portions of his *Outline*. There was too much theology mixed up with it; it had too many political angles; the final working out of a revival into such a formula as "Protestants if the Prince Wills It" is a bitter disappointment to him. And one suspects that the shift from the dogma of an infallible church to that of an infallible Bible cuts at the roots of his enthusiasm.

Much better is his treatment of the Puritans in England. Cromwell he admires, perhaps because that leader discovered that "there is something better and stronger than picturesque chivalry in the world, religious enthusiasm." He does not try to conceal his scorn for the spiritually blighted civilization of the eighteenth century, so sterile that

until the stirrings of conscience in Great Britain that developed into

the Methodist revival began, we can detect scarcely a suspicion that there still remained great tasks in hand for our race to do, that enormous disturbances were close at hand, or that the path of man through space and time was dark with countless dangers, and must to the end remain a high and terrible enterprise.

It is to this loss of vital religion that Mr. Wells turns to discover the rise of the doctrine of Great Powers, the worship of which, he declares, has become the real religion of Europe.

In a crowded English or French or German railway carriage of the later nineteenth century it would have aroused far less hostility to have jeered at God than to have jeered at one of those strange beings, England or France or Germany.

Yet he refuses to accept this worship as permanent.

Tremendously as these phantoms, the Powers, rule our minds and lives to-day, they are . . . things only of the last few centuries, a mere hour, an incidental phase in the vast deliberate history of our kind. They mark a phase of relapse, a backwater, as the rise of Machiavellian monarchy marks a backwater; they are part of the same eddy of faltering faith, in a process altogether greater and altogether different in its general tendency, the process of the moral and intellectual reunion of mankind. For a time men have relapsed upon these national or imperial gods of theirs; it is but for a time. The idea of the world state, the universal kingdom of righteousness of which every living soul shall be a citizen, was already in the world two thousand years ago never more to leave it. . . . By land or sea men want no Powers ascendent, but only law and service. That silent, unavoidable challenge is in all our minds like dawn breaking slowly, shining between the shutters of a disordered room.

Then comes the impact of the American and French Revolutions, those significant adventures of our Pilgrim in cleaving his way toward his kingdom. Then the momentary incident of Napoleon. Then the far-reaching effects of the educational and industrial revolution of the nineteenth century. Mr. Wells, being himself to a considerable degree a product of that ferment, is at his best in describing the bewilderment with which the church sought to face the changed mental world introduced by Darwin. Is it in sorrow or indignation that, in calling attention to the short-sightedness of the clerical leaders of those days, he protests that "the discovery of man's descent from subhuman forms does not even remotely touch the teaching of the kingdom of heaven"?

Surely one who has rejoiced at the clear perception of the

part played by religion in Mr. Wells' account of the pilgrimage up to this point must be stirred to the heart to see him, just as his Pilgrim enters upon these vital days in which we now stand, say:

> From this stage onward the historian can tell no longer of ordinary clerical Christianity as a power in men's affairs. In politics and social questions the appeal to its standards ceased. Yet never was there so imperative a demand in the world of men for a common basis upon which they could work together, a common conception of aim in which they could lose themselves. We shall find great masses of people inspired to passionate devotion, by ideas of nationalism, of imperialism, of class-conscious socialism. But official and orthodox Christianity no longer inspired. Men would no longer live by it or die for it.

And is this the end? Is the Pilgrim doomed to finish his way in a world deprived of Christian dynamic?

Evidently Mr. Wells so believes. Otherwise such a man as he would be actively identified with the Christian enterprise. To him the last compulsion of Christianity, as such, disappeared in the religious crisis of fifty years ago.

He does not, we rejoice to discover, deprive his Pilgrim of religion. In fact, he turns to religion as the hope for his Pilgrim's future.

> Out of the trouble and tragedy of this present time there may emerge a moral and intellectual revival, a religious revival, of a simplicity and scope to draw together men of alien races and now discrete traditions into one common and sustained way of living for the world's service. We cannot foretell the scope and power of such a revival; we cannot even produce evidence of its onset. The beginnings of such things are never conspicuous. Great movements of the racial soul come at first "like a thief in the night," and then suddenly are discovered to be powerful and world-wide. Religious emotion—stripped of corruptions and freed from its last priestly entanglements—may presently blow through life again like a great wind, bursting the doors and flinging open the shutters of the individual life, and making many things possible and easy that in these present days of exhaustion seem almost too difficult to desire.

When he comes, in his closing pages, to sketch what the future holds for his Pilgrim, Mr. Wells is still the religious enthusiast. For he foresees a coming world state

> based upon a common world religion, very much simplified and universalized and better understood. This will not be Christianity nor Islam nor Buddhism nor any such specialized form of religion, but religion itself pure and undefiled; the Eightfold Way, the Kingdom of Heaven, brother-

hood, creative service, and self-forgetfulness. Throughout the world men's thoughts and motives will be turned by education, example, and the circle of ideas about them, from the obsession of self to the cheerful service of human knowledge, human power, and human unity.

But it is just these closing paragraphs, with their reaffirmation of allegiance to a religiously organized world order, and their rejection of Christianity as the sufficient agent of that order, that must bring most searching of heart to those of us who are in accord with Mr. Wells' ideals, and yet remain Christians. We debate, from time to time, the powers of the church. But here is the question presented in a searchingly concrete and personal form. Here is one of our best minds, dealing with the *Pilgrim's Progress* of our race, and at the end regarding religion as our hope, but rejecting Christianity as a failure. Why? Why have we not won a man as predisposed in our favor as Mr. Wells?

There are many suggestions as to the answer to that question in the *Outline*. Mr. Wells has an embracing sympathy for all types of religious leadership, as is shown by his portraits of Gautama, Mohammed, and "the lean and strenuous" Jesus. So vivid are his portraits of these men that it has been hard to resist the temptation to quote them at length in this discussion.

But against this sympathy for religious leadership we must set an entire absence of sympathy, amounting to positive antipathy, for religious forms. Mr. Wells has small patience with creeds. We are of the opinion that he does the apostle Paul much less than justice, but he clearly blames Paul for perverting the influence of Jesus from "a doctrine of motive and a way of living . . . into a doctrine of belief." He is fierce in his denunciation of the theological disputes that marked the early church, speaking of them as "attempts to say exactly how God was related to himself." Jesus, he claims, "ignored . . . all that is most characteristically Christian in worship and usage" and "in the gospels all that body of theological assertion which constitutes Christianity finds little support." Paul is regarded as the founder of Christianity, not Jesus. And it is possible to foresee Mr. Wells' final break with the church when he says:

By the fourth century of the Christian era we find all the Christian

communities so agitated and exasperated by tortuous and elusive arguments about the nature of God as to be largely negligent of the simpler teachings of charity, service, and brotherhood that Jesus had inculcated.

Equally does he turn in disgust from the theological disputes and the doctrinal evolutions that have marked the other great religions. The play of his sarcasm upon such a cleavage as has brought about the differentiation between Shiite and Sunnite Moslems is like the crashing of a Crusader's battle-axe upon the unguarded head of a Saracen.

Furthermore, Mr. Wells has no sympathy with religious orders, at least with none claiming to be in exclusive control of spiritual mysteries. He can, viewing its achievements, sigh for the day when there may be a new order of Jesuits, devoted to the common good. But against the priest in the ordinary sense of the term he is in stern opposition. He believes in prophets.

And religious forms are to him anathema. One of the best passages in the *Outline* attempts to depict the amazement of Gautama if he should to-day visit Tibet.

> He . . . might go from end to end of Tibet seeking his own teaching in vain. He would find that most ancient type of human ruler, a god-king, enthroned, the Dalai Lama, the "living Buddha." At Lhassa he would find a huge temple filled with priests, abbots, and lamas—he whose only buildings were huts and who made no priests—and above a high altar he would behold a huge golden idol, which he would learn was called "Gautama Buddha"! He would hear services intoned before this divinity, and certain precepts, which would be dimly familiar to him, murmured as responses. Bells, incense, prostrations, would play their part in these amazing proceedings. At one point in the service a bell would be rung and a mirror lifted up, while the whole congregation, in an access of reverence, bowed lower. . . .
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> About this Buddhist countryside he would discover a number of curious little mechanisms, little wind wheels and water wheels spinning, on which brief prayers were inscribed. Every time these things spin, he would learn, it counts as a prayer. "To whom?" he would ask. Moreover, there would be a number of flagstaffs in the land carrying beautiful silk flags, silk flags which bore the perplexing inscription, "*Om Mani padme hum*," "the jewel is in the lotus." Whenever the flag flaps, he would learn, it was a prayer also, very beneficial to the gentleman who paid for the flag and to the land generally. Gangs of workmen, employed by pious persons, would be going about the country cutting this precious formula on cliff and stone. And this, he would realize at last, was what the world had made of his religion! Beneath this gaudy glitter was buried the Aryan Way to serenity of soul.

And this indignation against religious forms cuts another way.

> We have tried to imagine Gautama Buddha returning to Tibet, and his amazement at the worship of his own image in Lhassa. We will but suggest the parallel amazement of some earnest Nazarene who had known and followed his dusty and travel-worn Master through the dry sunlight of Galilee, restored suddenly to this world and visiting, let us say, a mass in Saint Peter's at Rome, at learning that the consecrated wafer upon the altar was none other than his crucified Teacher.

The real reason why Mr. Wells turns away from the Christian Church, at the very moment when he looks forward with eagerness to a religious revival, is that we do not convince him of our ethical passion nor of our absorption in the establishment of the kingdom of heaven. He believes that there are other things, having to do with church order or church doctrine, in which we are more concerned.

Is he right?

An Anglican clergyman recently made the statement that the only issue upon which he had found it possible to arouse passionate discussion within his communion was that of establishment. When one recalls the atmosphere of a General Conference one has deep misgivings as to what the actual first interests of Methodism are. It is hard to hold a quorum after the elections to office are finished; recently the body was most deeply stirred by a discussion of the place of the twenty-five articles of religion. Certainly there is enough basis for Mr. Wells' conclusion to afford us deep self-examination.

One is tempted to add one more question. Where will Mr. Wells, provided he lives another decade, leave his Pilgrim? Within or without the Christian Church? I do not think that it is useless to hope that he will end within. At least, not while he can say:

> We find spreading over the surface of human affairs, as patches of sunshine spread and pass over the hillsides upon a windy day in spring, the idea that there is a happiness in self-devotion greater than any personal gratification or triumph, and a life of mankind different and greater and more important than the sum of all the individual lives within it. We have seen that idea become vivid as a beacon, vivid as sunshine caught and reflected dazzlingly by some window in the landscape, in the teaching of Buddha, Lao-Tse, and, most clearly of all, of Jesus of Nazareth. Through all its variations and corruptions Christianity has never completely lost the suggestion of a devotion to God's commonweal that makes the personal

pomps of monarchs and rulers seem like the insolence of an overdressed servant and the splendors and gratifications of wealth like the waste of robbers. No man living in a community which such a religion as Christianity or Islam has touched can be altogether a slave; there is an ineradicable quality in these religions that compels men to judge their masters and to realize their own responsibility for the world.

Mr. Wells, as his footnotes prove, is open to the influence of such a type of Christian thinker as Dean Inge. It must be the effort of men of this type to win him to a comradeship in the spiritual adventure of Christianity. Yet when one contemplates that effort he perceives the necessity of meeting Mr. Wells' demand that religion be simplified, and that it contain all the good in all the formulas.

We speak of these great religions . . . as rivals; but it is their defects, their accumulations and excrescences, their differences of language and phrase, that cause the rivalry; and it is not to one overcoming the other or to any new variant replacing them that we must look, but to the white truth in each being burnt freely from its dross, and becoming manifestly the same truth—namely, that the hearts of men, and therewith all the lives and institutions of men, must be subdued to one common Will, ruling them all.

Yes, but the hope of bringing this to pass lies not in talking academically about it, but in our devotion to the purification of that religion which can possess and put into action the very elements that Mr. Wells, as we have seen, calls for, "the Eightfold Way, the Kingdom of Heaven, brotherhood, creative service, and self-forgetfulness." And if Mr. Wells, or his Pilgrim, sets out to discover the power that can bring this to pass, he will presently find himself called upon to embrace the mystery of Calvary.

THE SUBTLE POWER OF AN UNSEEN ERROR (DOCTRINAL TEST OF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP)

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Those who argue that doctrines were always taught and required in the church are correct. They have always been required of and taught by the entire enormous teaching forces of the church. They have been required of that teaching force, but especially of the ministers, by the constitution of the church. But those who reason from this that it is constitutional to make the twenty-five Articles of Religion a doctrinal test for admission into the church fall under the sway of a most subtle and powerful fallacy. A careful comparative analysis of the constitutional test for membership, and that of 1864 will make this perfectly clear.

The constitutional test for admission into the church is found in ¶ 29 of the Discipline. It reads, "There is only one condition previously required of those who desire admission into these Societies—a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins."

This test requires a doctrinal test of the keenest and most searching kind, because it plainly requires two things:

First, faith in those doctrines which Jesus taught to be necessary to salvation.

Second, faith in the Scriptures which record them.

Wesley made searching the Scriptures a part of the constitutional test. We have the doctrines defined by Jesus himself, and they are:

"Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

"He that believeth not is condemned already."

"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

"Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

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These are Jesus' Doctrines of Salvation as recorded in his own words. Two things of the most vital significance should be carefully noted in these doctrines.

First, they are errorless because he who uttered them was infallible. The bulk of the work of the church, including its teaching, must be done under the unavoidable limitations of human fallibility. But the Lord Jesus Christ has lifted the tests for admission into his church above the fallibility that cramps all human effort by defining them himself.

Second, Jesus allows no liberty of private interpretation about these doctrines; he distinctly declares that those who reject them shall perish. Jesus admits no person into his church who does not from the heart believe and obey his doctrines of salvation. The "only one condition previously required" of the constitution requires faith in and obedience to these doctrines as peremptorily as Jesus did. Jesus expounded and expanded these doctrines of salvation in various ways, but all his teaching concerning human conduct was built on his teaching on faith, repentance, the new birth, and obedience.

John Wesley did precisely the same in working out all the particulars of the General Rules, a careful study of which will show how broad is the ground covered by the constitutional test for admission into the membership of the church.

It should be noted, and this with the most penetrating insight, that the constitutional test for admission into the church is, fundamentally, Christian experience and Christian character. And it should be noted with the same discerning scrutiny that the test of 1864 will admit no person into the church on the basis of Christian character and Christian experience. And yet again it should be noted that Jesus' test for admission at the pearly gates, and the constitutional test for admission into the church, are one and the same thing. But nevertheless, under the test of 1864, what admits a redeemed soul into the pearly gates will not admit that soul into the membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

It is of the most supreme importance clearly and fully to understand John Wesley's relation to the constitutional test we are studying.

The first point to be considered determines very vital aspects of the subject. John Wesley wrote that test. This fact should be closely studied side by side with another fact. The first Restrictive Rule reads, "The General Conference shall not revoke, alter, nor change our Articles of Religion, nor establish any new standards or rules of doctrine contrary to our present existing and established standards of doctrine."

There has never been any difference of opinion in the church about the fact that those "existing and established standards of doctrine" were Wesley's *Notes on the New Testament*, and his sermons. This makes Wesley the constitutionally appointed expounder of the doctrines of the church, and what he taught therefore has constitutional force and weight. Consequently his judgment on the meaning of the constitutional test which he wrote is decisive and conclusive.

The material is herewith presented for an adequate study of Wesley's judgment.

In 1765 he wrote a letter so important to a clear understanding of his position on doctrines that it is here given in full, and should be studied with the closest attention:

You have admirably expressed what I mean by an opinion, contradistinguished from an essential doctrine. Whatever is compatible with love to Christ, and a work of grace, I term an opinion. And certainly the holding particular election and final perseverance is compatible with these.

"Yet what fundamental errors," you ask, "have you opposed with half the fervency as you have opposed these opinions?" I have printed near fifty sermons, and only one of these opposes them at all. I preach about eight hundred sermons a year; and, taking one year with another, for twenty years past, I have not preached eight sermons a year upon the subject (Calvinism). "But how many of your best preachers have been thrust out because they dissent from you in these particulars?" Not one, best or worst, good or bad, was ever thrust out on this account. Two or three voluntarily left us, after they had embraced those opinions; and two I should have expelled for immoral behavior; but they withdrew, and *pretended* not to hold our doctrine. Set a mark therefore on him that told you that tale, and let his word for the future go for nothing.

"Is a man a believer in Jesus Christ, and is his life suitable to his profession?" are not only the *main*, but the *sole* inquiries I make, in order to his admission into our society. If he is a Dissenter, he may be a Dissenter still; if he is a churchman, I advise him to continue so.

I think on justification just as I have any time these seven-and-twenty

years; and just as Mr. Calvin does. In this respect I do not differ from him a hair's breadth.

Three things are clear.

First. In Wesley's judgment what is necessary to salvation is not opinion but essential doctrine. What is not necessary to salvation, but compatible with salvation, as Calvinism, is opinion. Plainly doctrine not compatible with salvation Wesley would not have defined as opinion, but as deadly error.

Second. Wesley wasted no time preaching opinions, or controverting them, not even the Calvinism which he so deeply abhorred. He writes, "I studiously abstain from the very shadow of controversy. . . . For opinions shall I destroy the work of God?" When the Baptists had been making havoc of the flock he writes he was constrained "to spend near ten minutes in controversy, which is more than I had done in public for many months (perhaps years) before." He advised his preachers, "Let them never preach controversy, but plain, practical, experimental religion."

Third. Wesley never made opinions a test for admission into his societies. He writes:

> All my notions I draw from them (the Scriptures); and with little help from men unless in the single point of justification by faith. But I impose my notions upon none; I will be bold to say there is no man living further from it. I make no opinion the term of union with any man; I think and let think.

But John Wesley went further than this. In his Journal he writes under date of December 1, 1767:

> That a man may be saved, who cannot express himself properly concerning imputed righteousness. Therefore to do this is not necessary to salvation. That a man may be saved who has not a clear conception of it; (yea, that never heard the phrases). Therefore, clear conceptions of it are not necessary to salvation; yea, it is not necessary to salvation to use the phrase at all.
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> That a pious Churchman who has no clear conception even of justification by faith, may be saved; therefore clear conceptions of this are not necessary to salvation.
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> That a mystic, who denies justification by faith (Mr. Law, for instance), may be saved. If so, what becomes of the case of the church standing or falling? If so, is it not high time for us to get rid of bombast

and sesquipedalian words, and to return to the plain word, "He that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him"?

But Wesley's most remarkable utterance on opinion was in an address to the society at Glasgow. The grievous attacks on Methodists, and the bitter slanders on their doctrines and methods, led Wesley to give the people in that city on Sunday, May 18, 1788, an account of the rise and progress of Methodism. This was less than three years before he died, and when he was eighty-five years old. It expressed the matured convictions and practice of over half a century of enormous toil, including the preaching of over 40,000 sermons. This passage has been much quoted, but is added here to complete the record:

> There is no other religious society under heaven which requires nothing of men, in order to their admission into it, but a desire to save their souls. Look all around you; you cannot be admitted into the church, or society of the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Quakers, or any others, unless you hold the same opinions with them, and adhere to the same mode of worship. The Methodists alone do not insist on your holding this or that opinion. . . . Now, I do not know any other religious society, either ancient or modern, wherein such liberty of conscience is now allowed since the age of the apostles. Herein is our glorying, and a glorying peculiar to us. What society shares it with us?

How Wesley worked out his views in practical administration is seen in his dealing with John Cennick, whom he had placed in charge at Kingswood. Cennick adopted Calvinistic opinions, preached them and carried a large part of the society with him. After long and patient efforts to restore harmony, Wesley finally decided on separation, not for difference in opinion, but because of grave disorderly conduct.

Cennick and fifty-one others withdrew. One of them said to Wesley, "It is our holding election is the true cause of your separating from us." He answered, "You know in your own conscience it is not. There are several predestinarians in our societies, both at London and Bristol; nor did I ever yet put one out of either because he held that opinion."

Another of Wesley's most decisive writings needs the most careful consideration. The minority report of the Judiciary Committee of the General Conference of 1920 states, "Paragraph

29 in the General Rules, on which the majority opinion rests its contention of unconstitutionality, relates, in the opinion of the minority, to seekers of preparatory membership, and not to those seeking full membership." This is merely the opinion of the minority; the Constitution nowhere states it; they read it in.

John Wesley wrote ¶ 29. All historic quotations, all authorities like Porter, Wheeler, Bishop Merrill, must give way before Wesley's definition of his own meaning when he wrote the words "admission into these societies" in ¶ 29. It is recorded in the London edition of his works, Vol. viii, page 272, that by "admission into his societies" Wesley himself wrote that he meant *admission into full connection after two months on probation.* This fact must end all debate on the meaning of the words "admission into these societies" as used in the Constitution of the church.

Referring to applicants Wesley's exact words are, "That after two months' trial they may be *admitted into the society.*" Debate is excluded, for by "admitted into the society" he meant admission into full connection. For such admission the "only one condition previously required" of the Constitution was all Wesley required, and was exactly what he meant when he wrote the words into ¶ 29 of the General Rules.

The conclusions which follow from the attitude of Wesley toward opinions, as that attitude is so clearly, so trenchantly, and so repeatedly defined by himself, are irresistible.

First. It is clear that at least nineteen of the Articles of Religion which Wesley prepared for the church he would define as opinion. We have seen that he would hold even the Article on Justification by Faith as opinion.

Second. He held those opinions to be taught by the Scriptures, and set them before the church as a guide for its teaching.

Third. He never used the Articles of Religion as a test for admission into his societies, and never intended them as a test for admission into the Church of Christ. They never were so used during the first eighty years of the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and no other branch of Methodism has ever so used them.

Fourth. The test of 1864 has reversed the fundamental principle of Wesley's entire life, teaching, and administration as he wrote it into ¶ 29 of the General Rules, and has made a great mass of opinion a test for admission into the church. In other words, the General Conference of 1920 read into the constitutional "only one condition previously required," the exact opposite of what the writer of those words, the constitutionally appointed expounder of the doctrines of the church, intended.

The test of 1864 must now be critically and accurately dissected. When this is done it will become evident that had its nature and innate tendency been understood it would never have been enacted, much less supported by the General Conference of 1920. That test is the question, "Do you believe in the Doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as set forth in the Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church?"

The General Conference of 1864 enacted that pastors should ask this question of probationers when receiving them into full membership. This created the doctrinal test. In the majority report of the Judiciary Committee of the General Conference of 1920 the term "doctrinal test" always means this test, the only test before it for adjudication. It pronounced no judgment on any other test, as some have supposed. The relation of the test of 1864 to the Vatican Decree has already been pointed out.

Its next most striking characteristic is that it makes no distinction in values, for, as a test for admission into the church, all the twenty-five Articles are on an equality. This produces a truly astonishing result. It places the Article on the Celibacy of the Clergy on an equality with the Article on the Triune God; it places the Article on Purgatory on a perfect equality with the Article on the Word, the Son of God; it places the Article on Speaking in an Unknown Tongue on an equality with the Article on the Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for Salvation; it places the Article on a Christian Man's Goods on a perfect equality with the Article on Justification by Faith; it places the Article on Works of Supererogation on an equality with the Article on the Holy Spirit; it places the Article on the Marriage of Ministers on a perfect equality with that on the Resurrection of Christ.

All this produces a further most astounding result which those who enacted the test of 1864, and those who supported it certainly never intended, because they never saw it. No person can be admitted into the church on the basis of Christian character and experience. Whatever holy triumphs of redeeming grace applicants for membership may have experienced, such triumphs will not admit any person into the church because the test of 1864 has placed faith in a mass of nonessential opinion on a perfect equality with repentance, faith, the new birth, and the life of obedience. The church must fairly face the fact that what will admit a soul to heaven will not, under the test of 1864, admit that soul into its membership.

Now how the church became turned from Jesus' foundation of Christian character as the test for admission into his church, which Wesley so steadfastly taught, to faith in opinions on purgatory, the celibacy of the clergy, the marriage of ministers, works of supererogation, a Christian man's goods, rites and ceremonies, as a coequal requirement, is not difficult to see.

To the members of the General Conference of 1864 the Articles of Religion were of very fair aspect, and seemed sound and wholesome, as they surely are in their proper place and use. This because Wesley prepared them, and the church had kept them steadily before all its teaching agents as its standard of doctrine from the beginning. Easily enough their immeasurable difference in value, and the profound relations of that fact, were unnoticed. For the members of the General Conference of 1920 there was added to this situation a stately record, for when it assembled, the Articles of Religion had been a test for admission into the church, unchallenged, for over half a century, and they had been placed in the Constitution of the church in regular legal form in 1901. It was eminently proper that applicants for membership should avow allegiance to the Constitution, it was thought, and likewise it was reasoned time makes sacred and fixes the practice of many years.

The motive through all the circle was pure. No sordid selfishness tainted it at any point. This fair exterior completely concealed the deeply diseased heart of the subject, and in a very re-

markable way diverted attention from practical results that ought to have aroused the church.

Two of these practical evils will now be illustrated.

At the conference of Marburg, Luther, Zwingle, Melancthon, Œcolampadius, and other reformers met to discuss the Lord's Supper. With a piece of chalk Luther wrote in large letters on the velvet cover of the table, *"Id est corpus meum"*—This is my body. He held immovably that those words taught the Real Presence of the body and blood of Christ in the bread and wine of the sacrament. This has since remained the reverent faith of the Lutheran Church, very sacred to its members. Wesley would call this belief opinion, and pass it as harmless, but the test of 1864 compels a Lutheran who wishes to join our church to abandon this faith, precious to him through centuries of the most sacred associations.

One of our pastors writes:

> Last Sunday we received into the church by certificate and by confession. I had them all take the vows, but the vows I put before them were those found in the form for the reception of baptized children into full membership. You will remember that they are three in number, and that there is in them no doctrinal test. They cover completely the ground upon which anyone has a right to expect to be examined when uniting with our church and preserve for them the Protestant liberty of belief.
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> Now among those who joined were a couple who had been confirmed years ago in the Lutheran Church in the old country, Denmark perhaps. This man found out that there was something more than a mere formal religion, and was converted. But he had never joined any other church, though not adhering to the Lutheran people. He had worked for years in the Methodist Church in the country, but would never join because he always felt that there would be imposed upon him the obligation to believe this and that, and so he had no patience with that sort of thing. I went to see him the other day, talked it over with him, learned his position, sympathized with it, knew him to be a man of undoubted Christian character, and heard him say that he had no other hope of salvation than that in Christ, and did not believe that anyone else had any other hope, and I assured him that what he had said was ample credential for uniting with the church, and that he would have no doctrinal test imposed upon him. The result was that he and his wife united with us Sunday to the great delight, and some wonderment, of all. After I have asked a man if he trusts in Christ his Saviour, and whether he professes the Christian faith as contained in the New Testament, he has a right to tell me to mind my own business if I undertake to ascer-

tain the soundness of his theology before I will receive him into the church.

Now this pastor plainly did most grievously violate the test of 1864. And it is equally plain that he violated the test because he received the man into the church precisely as his divine Master would have received him into his church. Let it be most carefully weighed, this pastor, the finished product of Methodist education in Drew Theological Seminary and Simpson College, violated the test of 1864 because he did the perfectly rational, normal thing for a pastor to do; that is, he obeyed his divine Master, and the Constitution of the church. Further, let it be still more carefully considered that this pastor for thus obeying his divine Master and the Constitution of the church, can have his character arrested at his Conference, be charged with maladministration, and the unhappy presiding bishop would be forced either to pronounce him guilty, or rule the law unconstitutional, for the pastor was guilty, very plainly guilty of a flagrant maladministration of the law of 1864. For alas! that law admits no member of a sister church into ours by letter; he must in addition profess faith in our opinions on the Celibacy of the Clergy, the Marriage of Ministers, Purgatory, etc.

This pastor's letter suggests a very interesting fact. There is an enormous leakage in the test of 1864. It has been claimed that all the 4,000,000 members of the church have affirmed belief in the Articles of Religion. This is an error by increasing thousands, because the absurdity of putting the test of 1864 to children was at last perceived, and it was omitted from the form for receiving baptized children. Increasing thousands of children are thus received without the test of 1864. How can this curious incongruity be harmonized with the warning cry that omission of the test of 1864 will bring disaster to the church?

The second practical result of the test of 1864 requires the most impartial examination.

The writer saw the pastor of a very powerful church of more than 1,500 members receive 100 probationers into its membership. The pastor applied the test of 1864, and afterward the writer asked him if any of the hundred had any intelligent understanding

of the twenty-five Articles of Religion. He replied that to come right down to the point he supposed that none of them had. The writer asked a young man who had responded to the test if he had read the Articles. The lost and bewildered look that came into his face seemed to indicate he had never heard of such a thing. It compelled the instant abandonment of the question, and forced some very serious thinking. It is very difficult to understand how intelligent men have come to believe that this most unwise test question ever had, or ever can have any value. But very highly intelligent men say and write that the removal of this question by declaring it unconstitutional will disrupt the deep foundations of the church, and pull down disastrous ruin upon it. In fact one member of the General Conference of 1920 stated to the writer with the most intense feeling, that had the General Conference declared it unconstitutional there would have been a division of the church.

The very plain and simple fact is that this question has never been, and never will be, of the slightest value either in teaching or protecting sound doctrine, and its removal would have no more meaning to or influence upon the church than the killing of a fly.

The writer's experience in the thirty-five years of his pastorates reached only one result. Though he earnestly tried in various ways to secure an intelligent answer to the test he found it always impossible, and that the test degenerated into a meaningless form, having no impression on either the minds or hearts of the probationers who were received. If this were true in the highly educated church named above, what would be the condition in thousands of rural churches?

The minority report of the Judiciary Committee of the General Conference of 1920 reads, of dropping the test of 1864, "It would make of our Articles of Religion merely a set of recommended doctrines with no authority over the faith of the people, and any person, no matter whether he were Jew, Mohammedan, or Pagan, could claim membership in the church with impunity."

"Merely a set of recommended doctrines." Yet the placing of the Articles of Religion in the Constitution meant most cer-

tainly that the entire world-wide teaching agencies of the church were placed under the most solemn constitutional obligation to teach those doctrines.

What are those agencies?

First, 18,575 ministers and 14,505 local preachers, led by forty-two bishops.

Second, 3,935 schools, home and foreign, from university to elementary, and 171,427 scholars.

Third, the press, including the prodigious output of the Book Concern as catalogued, the eleven Advocates and Epworth Herald, also the METHODIST REVIEW, and the vast literature of the Sunday school.

Fourth, the hymnology in the Hymnal and other unofficial publications.

"Merely a set of recommended doctrines." All these world-wide and stupendous teaching agencies of the church are under the most sacred constitutional bond of duty to teach the Articles of Religion. This is the true function of the Articles in the church. So working they are powerful as the invisible and cosmic force of gravitation to move and mold the church. Used as a test for admission into the church they are perverted from their true and sublime function, belittled, stripped of living power, empty and useless as the blown-up bladders that schoolboys play with.

The history of the church demonstrates no fact more certainly than that when the test of 1864 is declared unconstitutional, as it certainly will be, and is banished and forgotten, the Articles of Religion will continue to stand in the Constitution of the church, and will continue to perform their exalted function as the unchangeable standard and the immovable foundation of its almost omnipotent teaching force.

It is well to study with reverent solicitude how beautifully the hymnology of the church teaches its doctrines.

The profoundest, and intellectually the most difficult of the twenty-five Articles is the first, which is on the Holy Trinity. This most abstruse theological definition is the product of the most intense struggles of the human mind. As a theological

definition it is cold and lifeless, with no appeal to mind or heart. That appeal can come effectively only as it glows with the life warmth of a living, throbbing human heart. Hence when Heber clothed that Article with the sublime poetry of his great hymn, a hymn that was born in the living depths of his own soul, and the great congregation sings it set to the impressive music of Dykes, mind and heart are thrilled when the last wonderful stanza is reached.

> Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
> All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
> Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
> God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Not till we join in the new song before the throne, and the light of eternity unveils the mysteries of time, will the church of Christ ever know how heavily it is indebted to its hymnology for carrying the whole circle of Christ's redeeming truth deep to the heart of man.

The church may inscribe it in letters of light upon her walls that her doctrines are safe and vitally effective as long as her teaching forces are true. And she may read her fate as if flaming in the firmament, that when her teaching forces are false her doom will swiftly fall.

The most remarkable aspect of the debate in the General Conference at Des Moines was the use made of the argument that the removal of the test of 1864 would work deadly harm to the church. No particle of evidence was presented, but it seemed to be passionately believed.

The eminent men whose letters are quoted below were asked two questions:

First. Have you observed that the absence of such a doctrinal test as ours has worked any harm in your church?

Second. Have you observed that the absence of this test has worked any harm in your mission fields?

The Rev. J. Alfred Sharp, president of the British Wesleyan Conference, writes:

> I have been deeply interested in the book dealing with the Doctrinal Test. Until the book and your letter came, I had no idea that you had

this question before you in so acute a form. Our position is as you state. We have no test for admission into our membership other than that which Mr. Wesley laid down, "A desire to flee from the wrath to come."

In regard to the two questions you put to me, I have no hesitation in answering the first. I do not think that any harm has come, but rather good, from the absence of the Doctrinal Test for membership in our church.

In regard to the Mission Field, I cannot speak, as I do not know that field by personal experience.

Personally, I should be very sorry to see a Doctrinal Test for membership, but I am strongly of opinion that those who use our property and occupy the position of the ministry ought to be pledged to the great truths of the Christian faith.

The Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., LL.D., General Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada, writes:

I have to make the following replies to the questions presented by you:

First. Have you observed that the lack of the Doctrinal Test has worked any harm in your church? I do not think it has. There is no demand for a Doctrinal Test for church members. We do not teach theology to ingroove the minds of our people in creed formulas, but to give the stepping stones to the highest possible Christian life.

Second. Especially, have you observed that the absence of the Test has worked any harm in your Mission Fields? The reply to this question is that there must be teaching to turn nonchristian peoples from the worship of dumb idols to the service of the living and true God. For that reason we teach them certain doctrines, but the ultimate test of membership does not lie in their adherence to the beliefs they have been taught, but in the effects of these beliefs upon their moral and Christian conduct. Our Missionary Secretaries are content with this.

The Rev. Henry Chapman Swearingen, D.D., Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, writes:

In reference to the question debated before your General Conference, it would not be proper for me to pass any opinion. I feel at liberty to state, however, in response to your inquiry, that so far as I am aware, there has been no agitation in the Presbyterian Church for a change in the basis of our membership. Of course there is an increasing tendency to organize communicants' classes in which children are given special instruction in the fundamentals of Christianity and in regard to the duties of church membership.

In foreign mission fields also a system of catechetical instruction is used with a view to informing new converts of the content of Christianity, prior to baptism and admission into the church. These methods are employed, however, merely to make certain that the applicant understands the significance of the simple condition of membership recognized by our church.

Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, writes:

> It so happened that your letter came when I was busily engaged in writing a chapter on the Catholic Spirit of Methodism to be incorporated in my book which I am now writing on *Distinctive Features of Methodism*, to be used by Sunday-school people of our church in their teacher training work.
>
> I was calling attention to the fact that aside from the baptismal confession of faith, namely, the Apostles' Creed, our Methodism has no doctrinal test for membership. I think you are absolutely right. My own opinion is that when your General Conference enacted legislation requiring that a candidate for church membership affirm his faith in the Articles of Religion it not only did an unconstitutional thing, but laid down an impossible requirement. For what do children know about theology? and what does the average busy layman know about theology? People are not theologians first and afterward Christians—they are first of all Christians—theology comes later if it comes at all. You have raised a very interesting question. I will look with interest to see what the issue will be.

These letters from the highest officials of the churches represented by them show that the tests of membership in those churches were precisely the same as in our own before the test of 1864 was enacted, that their methods of teaching are the same, and that, as in our church, so in theirs, the absence of the Doctrinal Test has worked no harm, not only, but according to the President of the British Wesleyan Conference, has worked good.

Our analysis of the test of 1864 has very clearly shown the following facts:

1. It substitutes faith in a mass of theological propaganda on the meaning of Scripture for faith in the Word of God itself.

2. It violates Methodist principles fundamental from the beginning.

3. It exercises one of the prerogatives of the Pope.

4. It is deeply intolerant of all other Protestant churches.

5. It makes a mass of fallible human teaching on nonessentials equal to Jesus' teaching on repentance, faith, the new birth, and obedience.

6. It allows no person to join the church on the basis of Christian character and experience.

7. It assumes credit for protecting and advancing sound

doctrine which does not belong to it, but belongs always and exclusively to the teaching agencies of the church.

8. It is utterly useless for the purpose for which it was enacted, the protection and promotion of sound doctrine.

9. Its deeper nature, and its far-reaching implications have not been understood.

10. The lack of such a doctrinal test in other churches has never caused any disaster, nor brought any embarrassment to the work either at home or abroad.

The most direct present effect of the test of 1864 is that it has caused a deep division in the church. The General Conference of 1920 sustained the test of 1864, but 364 of its members, including a wide circle of the ablest minds in the church, went home convinced that this test is a violation of the Constitution of the church. Such division upon fundamental constitutional principles profoundly disturbs the unity of the church. Between the two sides of the division there is perfect unity concerning the essentials, and this wholesome unity opens the way to heal the division, namely, let the General Conference of 1924 enact a doctrinal test which shall embody those essentials as they are defined by the Lord Jesus Christ and as they are accepted by both sides. The division then will permanently disappear, and the Constitution will be obeyed and vindicated.

Such a doctrinal test may properly assume the following form:

Do you believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments reveal to you the will of God for the salvation of your soul? I do.

Will you diligently and prayerfully study and obey them? I will.

Jesus said, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Have you by sincere repentance and heartfelt faith in our Lord Jesus Christ sought the forgiveness of your sins? I have.

Jesus said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Dearly beloved, are you now trusting with a loving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ for the new birth through the influence in your heart of the Holy Spirit whom he has promised? I am.

Jesus said, "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." Is it your steadfast purpose to live a life of holy and loving obedience to the commandments of our Lord Jesus Christ? By his grace assisting me, it is.

This test contains all Jesus' doctrines of salvation, but not in theological definition; they are stated in Jesus' own words. It fulfills "the one condition previously required" of the Constitution. To insert a theological definition of the new birth, or anything else, would be to repeat the error of 1864, and in a more aggravated form. The applicant simply believes and obeys the words of Scripture in which they are recorded. This is all that can rightfully be required either for baptism or for admission into the church.

The church has no right to make any product of fallible human judgment a test for admission into the church. It must make that test to be the plain words of the Lord Jesus Christ, unchanged by any human definition. What the Word, through the Holy Spirit, cannot do, it is plain that fallible human definition will never do.

That the Methodist Episcopal Church should depart from the broad standard of Christian liberty constantly taught and practiced by John Wesley throughout his life, and written by him into what is now the Constitution of the church;

That after this broad liberty had been maintained for eighty years, to the boundless blessing and enlargement of the church, it should be supplanted by the papal principle, as defined in the Vatican Decree, of the right to determine for all Christians what they must believe;

That this most profound change in the fundamental and constitutional principle of the church should pass unchallenged for more than half a century;

That when attention was called to it the whole mass of fundamental error should be passionately defended as necessary to the very life of the church;—

All this constitutes a development which should rivet the closest attention of every true lover of the church.

THE DOCTRINAL TEST FOR LAY MEMBERSHIP HOW IT WORKED IN THE MEMORABLE CASE OF A. BRONSON ALCOTT

WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN
Brookline, Mass.

FORTY or fifty years ago no New Englander commanded wider interest in intellectual circles than did Amos Bronson Alcott. His impressive form, acuteness of mind, "Orphic" sayings and writings, novel theories of education, Platonic mode of teaching by dialogues and conversations, his itinerations east and west wherever called by groups possessed of the old Athenian eagerness "either to tell or to hear some new thing," had made him even more than a national figure. Ralph Waldo Emerson, his intimate friend and neighbor, did not hesitate to write of him in these terms: "He is an idealist, and we should say Platonist were it not doing him injustice to give any name signifying secondariness to the highly original habit of his intuitive and salient mind." The Unitarians counted him one of the most unmatchable of their representatives. When, therefore, in the winter and spring of the year 1878-79, a rumor became current that Mr. Alcott had become a convert to evangelical orthodoxy, and had requested the calling of a meeting in which he could profess his new-found faith in Christ as unique Son of God and sole Saviour of men, both the Unitarians and Trinitarians of Boston were intensely interested. The below given anonymous communication to a New York journal, written the day after the meeting, and written by the man who presided on the occasion, gives a somewhat graphic account of the ordeal faced by Mr. Alcott, and of the admirable manner in which he acquitted himself. The disturbed radical mentioned in the communication was Frank B. Sanborn of Concord, then the best known of New England journalists; the representative Universalist was Dr. A. A. Miner, President of Tufts College; the Swedenborgian was Dr. James Reed, foremost leader of his denomination in America.

Nearly every guest was in one way or another a representative man. Here follows the account:

A Notable Night in Boston—Mr. A. Bronson Alcott as a Christian Confessor

Many a "conversation" in many a city has Bronson Alcott held, but never in any place one of the significance and interest of last evening's. For some time it has been known that this once preeminent representative of "New England Transcendentalism" no longer stands in his earlier theological attitude. Partly through the ripening of his constitutional Platonism, partly through closer and more intimate intercourse with Christian believers, partly no doubt through a guileless following of the "true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," he this spring reached a clearness and positiveness of evangelical conviction, which rendered it a kind of personal necessity to declare to others his new position. The intimation of his wishes came too late to enable his excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook, in whose parlors he has repeatedly spoken the past two winters, to arrange for an additional reception and conversation for the purpose, but Rev. Dr. Withrow, pastor of Park Street Church, kindly proffered his house instead.

Last evening (Easter Monday)—the evening fixed by Mr. Alcott—the invited guests assembled. Several of Mr. Alcott's Concord neighbors were present. Representative men of almost every type and shade of belief were there—Evangelical, Unitarian, Universalist, Swedenborgian, and "Free Religious." The eager, yet diverse interest with which all awaited the words of the venerable sage was something not soon forgotten.

To report the discourse and conversation which ensued would require columns. Beginning back in early manhood, he spoke of the influence long exerted over him by the doctrines and personality of Channing; then of the formation of "The Transcendental Club," and his connection with it; then of his gradually formed conviction that the drift of that movement was pantheistic; then of his later and larger intercourse with people of orthodox views, and his better appreciation of them.

This, by an easy transition, brought him to speak of the great doctrines of the Christian faith, and of his own apprehension of them. In the course of his remarks, and of the conversation following, he touched mainly upon the following points: The unique character of the Christian religion; the reality and value of divine revelation; the Trinity; the person of Christ; the lapsed state of man, and the atonement. As to the first, he professed his faith in Christianity as from above, as the first religion that gave the true knowledge of sin, as destined to supersede all other religions, and to be superseded by no other. As to revelation, he believed the intuitional nature of man to be a natural basis and beginning for it, admitted that it left us many things which are still mysteries, but claimed that even the mysteries are made easier and more apprehensible to our thought by its aid. On the Trinity he spoke at greater length,

affirming and illustrating its speculative necessity in all profound thinking, its presence in all historic religions and religious systems which had displayed vitality, its striking correspondence with the essential threefoldness of man—the image of God. Speaking of the Founder of Christianity, he thought the overshadowing question of the age was still, "What think ye of Christ?" Without using technical names or definitions he mentioned the Orthodox, the Arian, and the Socinian conceptions, but at last came back to the unequivocal admission of Christ's own claim of oneness with the Godhead, "oneness *of essence*." Human depravity is hereditary as well as personal. The great difficulty in regenerating the soul or the world is (to use his striking phrase) "to get rid of the old folks," that is, the sinful ancestry. The atonement was a supreme illustration of love's power vicariously to suffer for the good of the loved, but that which differentiated Christ's vicarious suffering from all that human love had ever prompted, making it unique and world-redeeming, was "the oneness of the sufferer with Deity."

These bald statements show how complete was the speaker's dissent from all Channingism, and from all transcendental or other rationalism, but they cannot show how rich and hearty and poetic was the vein of his discourse. Still less can they give any idea of the genial excitement of the sharp but friendly catechisings to which the new confessor was subjected. Now a sharp "New England divine" would press him with some evangelical technicality; a moment later some unhappy "radical" would seek to stagger him with a knotty question; a Swedenborgian doctor tried to land him in the "discrete degrees" and "correspondencies" of New Jerusalem theology; the leading Universalist of New England prematurely thought he "had him, sure," but amid and above all the good-natured cross-firing, his quickness of wit, and charm of expression, and naïve serenity of spirit shone out as rarely, if ever, before.

At one point he was almost lost in what seemed more soliloquy than address on love as the very essence of God. Apparently to disconcert him and bring him down to the level of criticism and logic, a well-known radical suddenly thrust in the question, "What is love?" "Ah, who can tell?" sighed Mr. Alcott, without a second's hesitation, and with absolute simplicity he soared on the higher, actually helped and not hindered by the attempted interruption. Another questioner tried to make him see the impossibility of ascribing suffering to a divine person, love being so essentially and unalterably blessed that nothing to which love prompts can be really a suffering. Not the twinkling of an eye did it arrest him. "Yes, yes, love loves to suffer!" was his answer, and the epigram was worth a dozen arguments as on he went. The turn by which he claimed ultimate prevalence for the Christian religion on the naturalistic principle of "the survival of the fittest" was exceedingly felicitous. As respects human nature and human needs, Christianity, he claimed, was "a perfect fit." So the style in which he characterized theological individualism, the American tendency to constitute "Churches of one member," was extremely enjoyable.

Mr. Alcott is in his eightieth year, yet his tall figure is still erect and

vigorous. His locks are white as the snow, yet his eye has no lack of luster. His benignant face has still firmness and color, and his fancy seems as active and alert as ever. It is reported that his deserted friends are affecting pity for the poor old gentleman, who "in his dotage has been captured by the Orthodox." If any of their quizzings last evening were for the purpose of eliciting evidence of the assumed senility, the keen rejoinders they received must have sent them home quite in despair.

So far as Mr. Alcott's present position is due to recent influences, it is doubtless largely traceable to personal intercourse for a year or two past with Joseph Cook and other evangelical persons. From certain statements, however, made by Mr. Cook at one of his receptions in the presence of Mr. Alcott, it might be inferred Mr. Cook rather discovered to Mr. Alcott the Christianness of his actual views, than led him to the adoption of entirely new ones. Probably he has had some influence in both directions. But whatever the agency by which it has been brought about, this new and unexpected confession of Christ by one supposed to feel no need of any Mediator, has produced a profound impression in Boston, and wherever American Unitarianism has gone.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Boston, April 15, 1879.

The object of the present writer in now and here reverting to that memorable evening, and in laying aside his long observed anonymity as writer of the above communication (printed in The Christian Advocate, New York, May 22, 1879), is to call attention to the bearing which the case of Mr. Alcott has upon the important discussion now in progress relative to the desirableness or undesirableness of requiring of all adult lay candidates for admission to an evangelical church public assent to an elaborately formulated creed. Having been one of the representatives of evangelical views confidentially consulted by Mr. Alcott with respect to his duty and privilege in the matter of personal church membership, I had full opportunity to learn his deep disappointment in discovering how effectively the doors of every accessible evangelical church were barred against him. His mother, he told me, had been brought up in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and she had had him baptized and confirmed therein in early life. Naturally his first inclination was toward that body, but in conference with a clergyman of that order he had been informed that before being received as a member he would be expected to assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion as printed in the *Book of Common Prayer*. These he now examined with care, but found in them,

both expressed and implied, the Calvinistic Predestinarianism which his soul abhorred. Then his thoughts turned to the great historical foe of Calvinism, the Methodist Episcopal Church. He studied its Book of Discipline with much interest, but from the start it was plain to me that a man of Mr. Alcott's lifelong oppugnance toward all intellectual dictation and dogmatizings and dogmas could never seek membership in an autonomous body of Christians which, as a preliminary, demanded of every applicant a public assent to one Englishman's redaction of the thirty-nine Anglican Articles, even though it reduced the thirty-nine to twenty-five and expurgated these from certain necessitarian notions. Moreover, in Concord, Mass., his home town, there was no Methodist society, or elsewhere sufficiently near, with which he could worship and enjoy the other means of grace. As for finding a congenial church home among the Baptists, two insuperable obstacles were in his way; first, his utter lack of faith in their doctrine as to immersion being the only valid form of baptism; and second, their insistence on the "Five Points of Calvinism." In the comprehensive Baptist Encyclopædia of 1880, which described itself as "A Dictionary of the Doctrines, Ordinances, Usages, Confessions of Faith, History, etc., of the Baptist Denomination in all Lands," on page 936 the public was plainly informed that "the foreordination of all the elect . . . and the preappointment of all earthly occurrences, is the doctrine of all regular Baptists."[1] In the days of which we are writing the Congregationalists of New England still sought in their inherited Calvinistic creeds protection against the tides of Unitarianism and Universalism which had swept away so many of their oldest churches and schools. The most esteemed of these bulwarks was the Westminster Confession —the honored standard of all Presbyterian churches throughout the English-speaking world. Its thirty-three chapters gave a dogmatic formulation and defense of Calvin's teaching every way

[1] In the preface of this same Encyclopedia is found a sample of denominational self-complacency which should take the first prize in any ordinary collection. It reads: "The Baptists began their denominational life under the ministry of the Saviour. They flourished at various periods in the gloomy ages between the first great apostasy and the Reformation of the sixteenth century. And in the coming conquests of truth they are destined to spread over the world, and unfurl their banner of truth over every home and heart of Adam's family, upon which the finger of inspiration has inscribed the words: 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.' "

superior to that furnished in the Thirty-nine Articles. Even after the memorable meeting of the National Council of the Congregationalists at Plymouth Rock in 1865 and its new "Declaration of Faith," not a clause of the Westminster Confession or of the Savoy Declaration was repudiated. Not until 1906 did the Congregational body take action intended to wipe out its inherited discriminations and protests against Arminian believers. Three years earlier the leading Presbyterian church of this country had not set aside the Westminster Confession, but amended it at a few points to make it less offensive to dissenters from its predestinarianisms and limited atonement. Both bodies widened their doors, but far too late for our waiting friend, who died March the fourth, 1888.

Thus, by reason of the prevalence of unscriptural creedal tests or conditions of lay membership in the churches, it came to pass that this rare spirit, of whom Emerson in his private journal years earlier had written: "The most refined and most advanced soul we have had in New England, who makes all other souls appear slow and cheap and mechanical, a man of such courtesy and greatness that in conversation all others, even the intellectual, seem sharp and fighting for victory and angry—while he has the unalterable sweetness of a Muse";—this thinker of whom Thoreau wrote: "He will be the last man to be disappointed as the ages revolve, for he anticipates more than any. And God will find it hard to astonish him. . . . I do not see how he can ever die; Nature cannot spare him"; this man of whom his keen-eyed biographer, Sanborn, writes: "He was the most filial son, the most faithful lover, the most attached friend, the most generous philanthropist of his time"; this philosopher of whom the philosophic William T. Harris (referring especially to Mr. A.'s conversations) says: "He kept the focus of his mind always on questions of ascent or descent, to or from the vision of God"; this sage and seer who even in his eightieth year could neither hide nor warp any truth or new insight to which our Lord had brought him, was left to spend the last four years of his life in grievous isolation, possessing no place where week by week he could worship and hold sweet communion with persons sharing his own new faith and hope and love. "He died," says his

biographer, "as lonely as he had lived."[1] This was more true than the biographer realized. Mr. Alcott experienced many disappointments, but this spiritual homelessness at the last may well have been the most cruel of all. His case should be an imperishable lesson to every evangelical church. At this time, in view of the weighty discussion now in progress, it should command the special attention of our Methodist Episcopal Church, showing all, as it should, the worse than unwisdom of that action of the General Conference of 1864, which changed the one aboriginal requirement for admission to our communion, and introduced a public creedal test which sundered us from every other Wesleyan body, and suddenly deprived us of the one characteristic of Methodism of which Wesley oftenest boasted, namely, its freedom from the slightest trace of dogmatism. See Wesley's tract on *The Character of a Methodist,* his *Further Appeal to Men of Reason,* and *Letter to a Roman Catholic.*

[1] In "Sleepy Hollow Cemetery" in Concord, the grave of Mr. Alcott is between that of Ralph Waldo Emerson and that of Thoreau, the author, both repudiators of the faith in which Alcott found the consummation of all his religious aspirations and hopes. At his funeral, in the home of his daughter Louisa May, each of the three speakers who characterized the departed was a well-known Unitarian. I was myself present, but I saw no other person representing so-called "Evangelical" views. To the memorable evening when Mr. Alcott publicly professed his faith in the Triune God no slightest reference reached my ear.

KNIGHTS OF THE FAR COUNTRY

ARTHUR W. HEWITT
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ON the green walls of my study hangs a water-color painting of Iona Cathedral. There is a soft radiance of golden sunlight on its ancient stone tower and walls. There is a white sail far out on the blue background of ocean. My lady of the manse, who painted the picture, has by its presence like a sacrament every day turned my memory to Saint Columba, lonely apostle of ancient Scotland. Then, with Columba of Iona, I see in imagination, one after another, those knights of the Far Country who, turning their backs on cities and kingdoms which they might have conquered, gave themselves to live and die for humble folks in lonely places. Theirs is the supreme chivalry. I see Father Serra treading the lone reaches of *El Camino Real* from San Diego to the Golden Gate. I see Father Damien giving himself to die among leper islanders, while the poet Tabb writes of him:

> O God, the cleanest offering
> Of tainted earth below,
> Unblushing to thy feet we bring,
> A leper white as snow.

I see Grenfell among the fishermen who face death every year on the Labrador. I see the saintly John Fletcher, mighty-minded and descended from earldoms, burning out his bright life in the wretched village of Madeley. Looming with Washington I see Francis Asbury, now revered as a mighty bishop in the church of God, then riding the desolate reaches as a lone pioneer in the utmost rural wilds of the world. I see him fording the rapid rivers full of tossing ice; braving the itch and the Indians; aching with fever; counting in delirium beyond the Allegheny Mountains the fancied houses where no houses would stand for fifty years to come. He had no home but the saddle and the pulpit. For forty-five years he rode five and six thousand miles a year, more than two hundred and fifty thousand miles, more than ten times the distance around the circumference of the world. Our bishops are

mighty in labors. There is Edwin Hughes in Boston; Luther B. Wilson in New York; William Burt in Buffalo; Francis McConnell in Pittsburgh; Joseph Berry in Philadelphia; William F. McDowell in Washington; Frank M. Bristol in Chattanooga, and Ernest G. Richardson in Atlanta. Up and down through the territories of all these men; twenty to eighty-four times into every State; sixty times across the Allegheny Mountains, rode the lonely Francis Asbury on horseback, "crossing the last mountain, stemming the last river, to carry the gospel of Jesus Christ to the last man"—riding

> "O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
> The night was done."

I see John Frederick Oberlin, lone and immortal among the blue Alsatian Mountains. He has turned his back on cities and honors to find in the bitter poverty of the desolate Vosges the places where he can be most useful. There are no schoolhouses, and the people will not build them; so this man of God builds them out of his own pitiful pay. There is no bridge across the mountain torrent, no road to civilization through the wild forest, and the people cannot be persuaded to make themselves a highway. So John Frederick Oberlin shoulders his pick and begins work with his own hands till the people follow him and the road is made. The agricultural reforms which he cannot teach otherwise he demonstrates in his own orchards and gardens. Ridiculed, hated, threatened with personal violence by his own people; braving suspicion from without because of his pastoral loyalty during the French Revolution, he marches right on. For more than sixty years in that remote mountain parish, the sick, the poor, the wretched, the wicked are sheltered in his great love until, honored by his nation and decorated with the gold medal of the Legion of Honor by the King of France, he dies among a transfigured people that love him. His name is now revered by the church of God to the ends of the earth. Such are the Knights of the Far Country. The King of Kings is their Overlord. They are brave in the battle, not fearing oblivion. They ride forth, not asking reward. They are chivalrous to save the helpless and forsaken. These are they who

have gone forth on lonely pastures to be pastors among God's poor.

The spirit of these Knights of God is the same that must transfigure the personality of the modern rural pastor. What outstanding characteristics must that personality show?

If, first of all, I say absolute *whiteness of soul,* holiness of character, you will think I am not speaking to the point, for that, you will say, is also a prime essential of the city pastor. Still I do want to insist that, in a manner beyond its application to the city pastor, any lapse in the rural pastor is fatal. In spirit and in essential righteousness there is no difference. In influence by circumstance there is a chasm. Little faults, or perchance foibles, in the personal life of a preacher may in the semi-incognito of a great city pass unknown or uncared for by his people. But out in the hills,

> By all ye cry or whisper,
> By all ye leave or do,
> The silent, sullen peoples
> Shall weigh your goods and you,

only, however sullen they may be about it, they are not inclined to be "silent peoples," out where interests are few and intense; where human nature is stark naked and unashamed; where everybody is encyclopedic about his neighbor's business. The rural eye is eerily photographic, the rural light is vividly strong, and the rural tongue has one quality in common both with the wind and with every one born of the Spirit, for it "bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof." Just now I am not resenting country gossip, I am recognizing an inevitable result of strong personal interest at close range, but it is easy to see what this will do to the man whose life is not up to the high and narrow standards set for him by folks who know him like a brother.

Benvenuto Cellini, through some optical illusion, after intermitting his sensuality with saintliness, believed that he had acquired a halo easily visible to the human eye, but he admitted that his halo could be observed more clearly in France than in Italy, which was his home. Home halos are best; radiance of holiness the brighter as we are the better known. If any man

aspires to the divine dignity of being a pastor in the church of God, in its most intimate relation, which is the rural appointment, he must be pure in heart, or his wall is Belshazzar's and the finger is writing. The reactions of his conscience must be instantaneous as flashes of lightning, foreordaining and stronger than steel. Numbers of men and women have wagered their faith on his. He is the nearest vision his people will ever have of how God is holy.

Behind the little brick manse where I have lived for fourteen years is a great apple tree. One night in May I looked out upon it when it was in full blossom. The heavens were black and starless, the clouds were low, the very air was inky and blank. One thing alone I could see, for a strong Mazda light in a window shone full on that white apple tree and brought it out in radiant relief, vivid and ethereal, against the thick darkness of night, whiter than Easter lilies, whiter than snow. This is a black old world at best and the souls of its priests ought to stand out radiant in the light of Christ, against the black darkness of sin, whiter than Easter lilies, whiter than snow.

Great and tender *patience* must characterize the rural pastor. "The city pastor, too," you say. Yes, it is one of many elements there, but it is supreme and strategic here. For there are three things which I insist we must never forget: The great intimacy of rural relationships; the great relative importance of the single rural individual; and the Indianlike tenacity of human beings in remembering any slight or wrong, real or fancied. The rural pastor who would not thwart his own work has patience which suffereth long and is kind. People will be slow and stubborn; a man may feel that they are insulting him, when they do not so intend; and sometimes the real, unmistakable insult will come. But absolutely never must the pastor's patience break or bend. Even if he must be severe it must be in perfect self-control, without shadow of impatience. Patience wins. Loving patience, putting its own imagination into the point of view of that other heart, avoids many a bitter regret. A man of national reputation in education told me that one girl in his college classes stirred his temper almost beyond control. He never asked her a question without seeing that she was whispering with her seatmate, even

while he was talking to her. Just before the time when, deciding he would endure it no longer, he was about to give her a scathing public rebuke, he had occasion to visit her home. There he learned that the poor girl was so deaf that she could not hear her teacher's questions. Watching his face closely she saw when the question was addressed to herself and inquired of her seatmate what it was, that she might answer. To be patient a little longer was better than to break an innocent heart. A boy in a country school was very dull and absentminded. At length his teacher learned that he was an orphan whose only remaining relative, an uncle to whom he was much devoted, had just died; and the woman with whom the child boarded said that every morning his pillow was wet with tears. To wait a little longer was better for that teacher than to discourage a brokenhearted boy. It is not otherwise with the pastor. Loving patience will lead to intimacy which will reveal the reason of all things. The kindest and most encouraging church member I ever knew was one whom at first acquaintance I dreaded and thought the most disagreeably critical. There was in my church an elderly woman (now in her grave) whom I had much disliked. I got the notion, on good grounds, I believed, that she was opposed to me and my work. I dreaded her. At length in a little circle where Christians were thanking God for their blessings this woman said, while her tears ran down, that the greatest blessing the year had brought to her was the return of their dear pastor. I felt like the old Roman in the first Latin book, who returned home and was met by his dog with bleeding fangs. He rushed into the house and found the cradle empty. He ran his sword through the dog. Then in a closet he found his baby, safe and sleeping, near the mangled, dead body of a wolf. It is always better to be patient a little longer.

So far I have illustrated by those instances where the offense was imagined, for nine tenths of the cases are such. Not sentimental like these, now comes that other case, hard and unbeautiful, the real offense. This, too, must be tranquilly faced. Only those who understand the dominant individuality, the primal and lasting emotions of country life can understand these two things: first, how big a rock is dropped into the stream of rural life, to make

its cascade forever, by any lapse in long-suffering patience; and, next, how the influence of a pastor depends on "peace, like a river," attending his way down the stream of rural relationships.

And do not think that you will go undefended because you are not hot in your own defense. An old man (now dead, more's the pity, for I needed him!) sat down in the chair of a Plainfield barber and made a disagreeable remark about the pastor. The barber stopped his work, looked down into the lathered face and said, "If I couldn't say anything good about the best friend this community ever had, *I'd keep my damned old mouth shut!*" Be a mountain, serene above the clouds, and good laymen and worldly folk with a command of language will make all the storm that is necessary.

No man need hope for success in the country church without a rich *sense of humor.* Ian Maclaren believed that this should be a part of any minister's examination for ordination. The humorous side of the country pastorate is worth its own chapter elsewhere, so here it will simply be said that the use of a sense of humor is not to afford amusement out of the abundant material at hand, and certainly not to make fun of the folk of the flock, but to save nerve frazzle and to give that sense of detachment which will prevent us from taking ourselves and our superficial troubles too seriously.

A fourth requisite is *genuine love for country people and rural scenery.* Poor, unschooled, and provincial some rural folks may be (are those in the city less so?); spontaneously near to nature they certainly are; but unless a man loves them and is one among them, he need not tarry. If with foreign missionary attitude and with his heart in the city, some transitory pastor tries to uplift them, he comes into bad odor more surely than if he walked the back pasture on a moonless night when skunks were in blossom. The pastor who feels that his rural location cuts him off from advantages of the city is not rural at heart. Are the cañon-streeted cities full of opportunity, glare, and joy? The rural-hearted man knows these things as well as any man, and can even endure the city's advantages for a few days at a time. But all which the city can offer is forgotten in the advantages, tre-

mendously more sublime, of living in the landscape. Would not I be an ass to choose narrow walls and call it opportunity? My mountains are blue as violets beyond the green hills; white lilies float on the sky-blue waters, and the gardens and forests are bright with emerald green, and sea green, and yellow green, and olive green and evergreen. And God comes down in October and splashes the forest with daffodil yellow and blood till the leaves fall and rustle over the vividly green hillocks of moss. I remember a woodland glade where rocks and fallen logs and standing tree trunks were all covered with green velvet, radiant with the sunset. I have heard harps of pine moaning to the winds of morning. I have heard the Aurora Borealis swishing eerily in the midnight, its great streams of white light flashing past the zenith all fringed with rainbow colors. Lighting the world in an ink-black midnight, I once saw a bright blue meteor bigger than the full moon racing across the heavens till it burst into a thousand fragments and drenched the night with darkness. Once I saw the full moon reflected as in a mirror by the cloud just beneath it. I have seen the world blue with leaping lightning while God rolled his thunders between the mountains. Falling all day with a million thin lines down the spaces, I have heard the rain pattering on the roof and have seen it rolling in coffee-brown rivulets down the road. Yellow in the sunlight as the streets in the city of God, I have seen a pasture hill a thousand feet high and completely covered with waving goldenrod. I have seen incredible gold and crimson in the sunsets, followed sometimes by afterglow skies, radiant, ethereal and vividly *green*. I have seen the world buried in new snow which burdened the spruces, covered every twig with shining frost, and glistened on the fields like white linen dotted with diamonds. The afternoon shadows upon it are blue as the waters of a mountain lake, and sunset turns the new-fallen snow to miles on miles of rose-tint and amethyst. And when the long, wonderful winter is over, April comes and we hear the robin, the crow, the frog, and the bishop.

> Go watch by brimming river
> Or reedy-marged lagoon
> The wild geese row their galley
> Across the rising moon,

That comes up like a bubble
Out of the black fir-trees,
And ask what mind invented
Such miracles as these.

So says Bliss Carman—so say we all. Can any city give us the piping frogs in the April twilight, the hermit thrush, the whip-poorwill or the golden robin? I missed Galli-Curci in Chicago, but I heard the song sparrow at home. O the fragrances of the open country—lilacs, new-mown hay, balsam trees, stacks of murdered lumber, wind off the fields of blooming clover, white daisies, or yellow kale in green waving barley! All these things the true rural heart will love till he would not surrender them for any wealth of the world. Chickens, calves, cabbages and cats—good are these, and those who live among them. Selah.

Face to face we clash with the fads of the day when we mention the word, but without *otherworldliness* it is better not to enter the rural pulpit. Practical, a man of human nature and common sense, the country pastor must be, but that is not all. With novel airs of modernity and omniscience we are told to think less of the golden streets of heaven and more of making good streets in our own village. There may have been a time when such remarks were original and useful, but they have been stale a long time. The mold on them is as long as a cat's whiskers. A man whose congregation wouldn't congregate advertised in the newspapers that he didn't preach otherworldliness. Anybody, without genius, or heart, or imagination, can preach the dull didactics of this world, but deep down under our worldly exteriors we are men of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Temporal clatter is not enough. Our feet are "slipping o'er the brink," "our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle," we shoot into the dim mystery of eternity with hearts aching for assurance of that kingdom beyond the stars.

John Wesley is an old man. When the Old Guard of the French army faced Wellington at Waterloo it had tramped the battlefields of Europe for twenty years; but for half a century this man who faces the congregation at Bolton has preached the Gospel of Peace down the valleys of England. He gives out the hymn:

Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;

but as he reads the next two lines an anguish of memory comes. Ingham, Hervey, DeLamotte, the friends of his youth, are gone; the bones of Whitefield are at rest across the Atlantic; Fletcher of Madeley is in his grave; and Charles Wesley, who wrote this very hymn, has been buried fourteen days.

My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee!

At these words the old heart breaks—white-haired Wesley sits down weeping behind the pulpit and buries his face in his hands.

If loneliness overcame the triumphant old servant of God in the midst of his inspiring task, what can it not do among the lonely homes in the remote countryside where the people are not, like Wesley, mighty in faith, and where the task is dull monotony? One week in winter I rode through eighty miles of snow, preaching the Word, burying the dead. Could I judge the heartache of the mourner other than by my own? I once hoped my younger brother would be my companion in the ministry. Long ago on the last night of the old year I saw him die. Once I had a blue-eyed baby. I leaned over her little basket one morning and kissed her—and found that she was dead. Once I had a dear father. When he was broken in body and mind on the cross of disease, I leaned over the counter of a store in Rutland and read the black headlines of the newspaper which said he had hanged himself in the barn. I have waded deep in dismal death. If I could ever have a pastor (as I have had to be one since I was eighteen years old) I should want him to bring me good news of the far country where there is no death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.

O mine, my golden Zion!
O lovelier far than gold,
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold!
For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep,
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

Around me, too, are folks who have fought their temptations for twenty years and are not victorious yet. Even yet, even for them, is Jesus mighty to save? Strong confidence, triumphant faith in the invisible world divine—without these a man must not be a rural pastor, though every steeple falls. Redemption from sin through Jesus Christ, immortality, heaven, God, the comradeship of the Redeemer here and now—there are mountain peaks like these, otherworldly, sublime. The rural church does not need those men who sit on ant hills.

Supreme and independent *courage* must be numbered as the next requisite. Noble is William Lloyd Garrison declaring, "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I *will be heard!*" Noble is William of Orange, commanding in the face of the foeman, "Break down the dykes! Give Holland back to ocean!" Noble is Garibaldi, offering his soldiers "hunger and cold and weariness, rags, blood, and death"—ere they follow him to victory. Noble is the iron-hearted old Andrew Jackson, one arm shattered by a musket ball, grasping a gun with the other hand and shouting to his mutineers, "Stand back! By the Eternal I'll shoot the first man that dares step from his tracks!" Noble is Henley, who sings:

> Out of the night which covers me,
> Black as the pit from pole to pole,
> I thank whatever gods may be
> For my unconquerable soul.
>
> It matters not how strait the gate,
> How charged with punishment the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate;
> I am the captain of my soul.

But nobler are John Frederick Oberlin and Fletcher of Madeley, self-crucified on a cross in the shadows; with no egotistic defiance of fate; with no exhilarant thrill of standing at a supreme moment in the face of the world.

In the eyes of a nation it must have been easy for the Iron Duke on the field of Waterloo to cry out, "Stand fast, Old Ninety-fifth! Old Ninety-fifth, stand fast! What are they saying about us in England to-day?" Bright idol of our cursed years of blood, it may have been easy for Saint Joan of Arc to die, crying out,

while ten thousand men were weeping, "Yes, my voices were from God, my voices have not deceived me." It may have been easy for Master Ridley to "be of good comfort and play the man," knowing that he lighted such a candle, by God's grace, in England as shall never be put out. Facing Reginald Fitz-Urse and his thugs like a lion at bay, robed in the almost royal garments of his archbishopric, contending for the high dignity of God's holy church, it may have been easy for Thomas à Becket to pour his blood before God on the floors of Canterbury Cathedral. Torn by the wild beasts or flaming in the night gardens of Nero, it may have been easy for the early Christians to die in triumphant testimony. It may have been easy for them to lift high their weapons before the throne of ivory and gold, crying, *"Cæsar, morituri te salutamus!"* as they went into the arena to die, for they knew that ten thousand eyes looked down upon them from that amphitheater, and far above the bloodthirsty Romans, far above Cæsar's throne of ivory and gold, far above the blue spaces of heaven they saw

> The lily beds of virgins,
> The martyrs' rosy glow,
> The cohort of the fathers
> Who kept the faith below.

But it is not easy for a man with the mighty ambition that goes with supreme power of character to turn his back on the world and go to the lone prairie and the mountain to give his life to God's humble poor, through long years of misunderstanding and disillusionment, far from the challenge of crisis or crowd, knowing that his name will never be heralded till he hears it new in the kingdom of God. O these are the true Knights of the Far Country. Forget your generals! Forget your martyrs! I know of but one courage like this. It is the courage of the poet. He sends his verse to the magazines. No editor wants it if it does not fill convenient space with conventional stuff. He sends his book to the publisher. It is rejected—gold will not trot on its track. He publishes a few volumes himself with scanty means wrung from his mountain garden. The critics ignore it, for they do not know. Once in a hundred times they choose the good—once in a hundred times they doom the bad—it is all, and equally, by accident—they

do not know—they cannot help it—God did not make them so that ever they could know. But foreordained by the kingdom of God, the great poet is serene. He waits like the mountains. He sings like the sea. Not for the poor honor of sitting in the Vatican or the White House would he give up the divine dignity of being the least of those immortals, whose mighty ones are Milton and Homer and David. Far down the dim moonlight of the ages he sees a path by which a wiser generation finds his house of song. He is kept by the courage of believing that his cadences will sing like the foaming deep, when the monuments of his critics are like the sand on the shore.

Not otherwise is the courage of the rural pastor. It rests on things unseen which are eternal. Its goal is far away. At first it is not hard. He is young, his comrades of youth are like him. By and by these follow the fashion. Some of them are famous in the cities; they cannot understand that their rural brother is not wasting the splendid promise of his life. It makes him lonely. Then the older relatives who have wanted to see him succeed before they die wonder why he really so fails of his promise. The real significance of his life is not outwardly evident, for, mind you, if he is the abidingly successful rural pastor *he is not doing the spectacular things now advocated by well-meaning people for a rural pastor to do.* He is running far deeper than these things, like rivers of water of life, into their immortal souls. And it is not easy to watch the cityward trend of your young people, like rivers that run to the sea. Forever sowing, most of your harvest is another's. But not all, if you abide. Your college classmate will go up on the bishop's platform and you will still be in your unfamed rural parish. But you will be loved beyond utterance in the humble hearts, and God will not forget your name beyond the stars.

Good night, dear brothers, shepherds on lonely pastures, knights of the Far Country. I do not know whether I have told you what the true country minister is like—God knows I have told you the pastor I should like to be. In the glens and mountains there is labor enough for me—the only city for which I look is the "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE QUAKERS TO CHRISTIANITY

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The influence of Christianity has always exceeded its numbers. No instance of this fact has ever outweighed the present position of the Quakers in the mind of the world. It amazes the average individual to learn that numerically there are about 125,000 in the United States, 20,000 in England, and not over 150,000 in the world.

Vigorous opponents of war, they are respected in every country of the world. They were the first agency of relief in the destroyed villages of France. To-day the French put a warmth of feeling into the name *L'Amis,* as the Friends are called. "They will be the last to leave," they say. Three years after the war these opponents of Mars still stay binding up the wounds. In their maternity hospital at Chalons-sur-Marne more than 1,000 war babies have been born. In Austria they have clothed 250,000 folks, supply milk to 4,000 babies, and supplementary feeding to 60,000 undernourished children.

They were the first disciples of the Man who taught "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors" to carry good will into Germany. Over one million children received a meal per day at their hands. In return little German children waved the Stars and Stripes and cried, "Uncle Sam is our Uncle too."

Professor Bicker, head of the Student's Social Service Department of Germany, said to Dr. Steiner: "The one bright spot in our dark times is the work and spirit of the Quakers. They came and gave food and themselves. They asked no questions and peddled no opinions. I am a Roman Catholic . . . but I am conquered by the Quaker spirit and I am not the only one."

The scorn of the Russian revolutionaries for religion and aught that does not fully indorse their views was compelled to

waver before the sincere Christian service of the Quaker mission in Soviet Russia. To them more than any other factor is due the removal of the bitter antagonism to organized religion. Nearly one million dollars has this little group contributed in food, clothing, and medicine to Russia's starving millions.

The Friends originated about the middle of the seventeenth century. They were called "The Children of Light," but the name Quaker was hurled at them in derision because George Fox, when sentenced to prison, told those about him to tremble at the Word of God. In 1654 about sixty young earnest men were engaged in this mission. In 1678 the Conventicle Act forbade the assemblage of five persons or more over sixteen years of age outside of the established church. During this period the young people of Quaker families kept alive their organization. From the beginning the missionary passion was manifest. The members spread their gospel to Ireland, Germany, and North America, where, now is there larger development.

In America the chief settlement was founded by William Penn. He had been expelled from Oxford for his views and had traveled in Ireland, Holland, and Germany. His father, Admiral Penn, died in 1670, leaving him £16,000 in claims upon the crown. In 1676, with several associates, he founded a Quaker colony in West Jersey. In 1681, in lieu of his grant of £16,000 from the government, he was given the territory now comprising the State of Pennsylvania. In 1684 the colony consisted of 7,000 inhabitants. A successful treaty was made with the Indians, which was never violated by either party. The colony was a refuge for the oppressed of all faiths. Nowhere in America was such tolerance displayed.

From their origin the Quakers were subject to bitter persecution. Fox, Penn, Barclay, and other founders were repeatedly thrown into prison in the Old World.

In America they fared but little better. Mary Fisher and Ann Austin were ordered by the Governor of Massachusetts not to land. They were taken from the ship. Their books were burned. They were deprived of all rights, stripped naked, and thrown in jail. During this era of persecution Quakers were sold

as slaves, three men had their right ears cut off, while Stephenson, Robinson, and Mary Dyer were executed.

During the War of Independence Quaker homes were looted and their property confiscated. Yet it was Betsy Ross, a Quakeress, who made the flag, and always were they risking their lives to save rather than destroy.

During the past three centuries changes have come in the ideals of the Friends, but their main contentions have remained.

The Friends are the only Christian mystics who have survived for a period as long as two hundred and fifty years. Their primary principle is the doctrine of "The Inner Light." They subscribe heartily to Jacob Boehme's declaration, "We are of God's substance; we have heaven and hell in ourselves." With Schleiermacher they affirm that "The consciousness of God and self-consciousness are inseparable." Dr. Rufus M. Jones states that "the Friends do not insist upon mystical experience as the only path to religion. This would involve an election no less inscrutable and pitiless than that of the Calvinistic system."

The difference between the ideals of the Friends and the average evangelical organization is seen in a comparison between Fox and John Bunyan, who were once both confined in the same jail. Bunyan saw an outward cross and wanted to be saved from hell. Fox saw an inner cross and desired to be redeemed from sin. The Quakers might well be called the pioneers of the Immanent God. They antedated modern science and philosophy in the adoption of the Empirical Method. Robert Barclay, the greatest Quaker theologian, began his *Apology*, not with a Chapter on God, but with an inquiry into the sources of religious knowledge.

In this the Friends are paralleled by the Wesleyan doctrine of "The Witness of the Spirit." Methodism, however, did not carry out the doctrine to the lengths of the Friends. It is a difficult matter to reconcile the doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit with the Articles of Religion. Wesley, however, possessed sufficient independence to abridge the thirty-nine articles. In this he rightly followed the Inner Light.

Quakerism negatively is the repudiation of the doctrine of external authority. It rejects mediators, priesthood, sacraments,

and seasons. To subject the living spirit to the traditions and formulas of the past is to utterly distrust the present spiritual realities in the life of man.

The Friends do not discard the past. They reverence it with a comprehension that is far more significant than the artificial thoughtless acquiescence of shallow minds. To them all Christian literature and statements are The Inner Revelation of God to the spirits of men. They are not infallible, but they are a sacred and inspired revelation. They are guide posts of the soul. But final authority is in the revelation of the spirit of God to the mind of man.

The Bible to them is an account of the Inner Light of God in the souls of godly men. It is emphatic testimony to the presence of God in the life of man. This constitutes the greatest possible reason for the belief that God reveals himself to men to-day as he did in the first century. They believe it is more important to attempt to realize Bible truths experimentally than to give passive assent to the same.

This insistence upon the individual responsibility to realize God in every relationship in life and the utter cutting off of artificial props which make for childish dependence in religious thinking has produced a type of character in the Friends which compels admiration in their most bitter opponents.

Their conception of the dignity and worth of personality is after all but the basis of redemption. The extreme contender for external and past authority, whether it rest in an infallible church, priesthood, or book, must base his argument upon a few individuals who believe in the worth of personality, the ability of the human soul to comprehend the divine mind for which the Friends are contending for all. We must either believe that the revelation of God is a special privilege for an elect few or the heritage of all men.

In this they are following the method of Jesus. He stood absolutely upon the authority of an inner experience. He accepted only that which in his innermost depths he believed to be the truth as revealed by God. He was constantly summoning men to attain to the life which their faith and personal relationship to God alone could make possible. So much did he believe in the

possibility of a direct revelation and guidance between God and man, he left his whole Kingdom to be developed upon this principle.

With no shibboleths to defend, with reverence in their hearts for their brothers' opinions, the greatest possible religious freedom has reigned. There is no motive for proselyting. Theirs is no development of an autocratic mind which would impose itself upon its fellows in the name of God. To them truth is so sacred that the use of the oath is not only superfluous but an insult to their ideals of manhood. With this spirit of freedom from external, hoary, and autocratic authority it is easy to understand how they refused to kill to impose even their democracy upon a battered foe.

They maintain that war has brought neither peace, unmenaced safety, nor internal welfare. They point out that society depends not upon force but upon loyalty. Napoleonism and Czarism collapsed when the inner faith of the people rejected them. Our armies, navies, and diplomatic corps exist to meet evil but fail to overcome evil with good. In war neither the church nor state plans to meet false propaganda with truth but rather with similar propaganda. We are not attempting to mobilize millions of men of good will but rather remain silent in the presence of propaganda as vicious as the Prussian, against Japan and Mexico. Force has not saved the women and children in war. The women and children of France and Belgium paid the price, and force did not prevent it.

There was a time when the church used the dungeon and the rack and even the gibbet to protect religion. To-day the Inner Light, however, has revealed the futility of these methods. We prefer the weapons of truth and love with which to redeem a world. On the clock of world's history but a few hours since man thought that a home founded upon brute force was absolutely necessary. The growth of the Spirit of God in the mind of man has compelled the abandonment of this method for that of love.

Jesus met violence, force, and persecution with gentleness, love, and forgiveness. Nietzsche uses volumes to say, "Look what happened to Jesus," and true Christian thinkers are willing to rest the Kingdom upon the conquering presence of the Spirit of

Jesus in the world. Verily "He is not dead." Nietzsche and his followers in church and state refuse to face the facts as to what tragically happened to Egypt, Greece, Persia, Babylon, Rome, and Germany.

The Jews took the sword and perished by the same. The Quakers believe war may have its benefits as peace may have its ills, but these are incidental. In the main war is the sum of all villainies, while peace is the sum of all blessing. They believe that resistance to evil must be lifted from the physical to the moral plane. Calvary was easy after Gethsemane. The early Christians refused to be tools in the army of imperial Rome. Tertullian said, "For what wars should we not be fit, we who so willingly yield ourselves to the sword, if in our religion it were not counted better to be slain than to slay." The true Christian does not get into trouble for the reason that he does not make trouble, seek trouble or expect trouble.

The militarists could have undoubtedly bested Penn in arguing a policy with which to deal with the Indians, but the facts are that Penn's colony did not lose a man, woman, or child. The same condition prevailed in Ireland in 1798-1800 during the rebellion. The only thing upon which warring factions could unite was, "Spare the Quakers; they do harm to none and good to all."

The Quakers have believed with a passionate faith that "love never faileth." War has produced hate, not love. The fact that it produces heroism or sacrifice no more justifies war than it justified the religious rite of human sacrifice.

To behold in one's nation not a bit of geography, cities and industries to be preserved, but rather one vast group of souls, made in the image of God, capable of communing with him, is the Quaker ideal of patriotism. The true patriot is the one who at all hazards will seek to keep this soul in conformity with the redemptive love of the Father. Anything less is contrary to the spirit of Jesus. This soul can only be nourished upon the truth, not upon selfish, poisonous propaganda. Its good will must not be merely a formal attitude for calm hours, but an eternal passion even when clouds of hate and war loom large. Men seem desperately afraid of physical honor, but terribly blind to the de-

struction of the soul of a nation. How long is my country safe? Lanier replies:

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as the God is God above,
The Brother every man below,
So long dear land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall grow."

Because the Quakers have stood in war time for what they believe to be the realism of the gospel of Jesus, they have been among the foremost upholders of a Christian conscience applied to social relationships. Witness Woolman:

"Traveling steerage in unimaginable horrors because his ship's cabin had been decorated by slave labor. He walked from end to end of England rather than countenance the cruelty shown the post boys in the chaises. On his death bed he refuses medicines until assured that none had suffered in compounding them."

"Impractical, quixotic, and foolish," jeers the critic. Just so! Likewise the same epithets might be hurled against one who theologians tell bore the sins of the world.

With denominations sagely debating a woman's right to proclaim the gospel from a pulpit, the contrast of the Quaker women proclaiming the good news in the seventeenth century is somewhat progressive. From their foundation they stood for temperance, and of their own volition freed their slaves in 1800. Their pronouncements upon social and industrial questions have always been among the foremost. Years before the modern social movement, the Quakers stated as their religious conviction, "Industry is indispensable, but should be looked upon as a means of service to the community."

The following are paragraphs from some of their recent declarations:

"The fullest opportunity of development—physical, moral, and spiritual—should be assured to every member of the community, man, woman, and child. The development of man's personality should not be hampered by unjust conditions nor crushed by economic pressure."

"We should seek for a way of living that will free us from the bondage

of material things and mere conventions, that will raise no barrier between man and man, and will put no excessive burden of labor upon any by reason of our superfluous demands."

"In the ideal state of Society we believe that all property, with the exception of such things as are necessary for personal and household use, should be owned communally. This conclusion is based on the following principles which we hold true:

"1. The chief purpose of life is the creation of spiritual values.

"2. This purpose is interfered with both in their own lives and in those of others, when men's efforts are directed to the acquisition, protection, and extension of private property.

"3. This purpose is furthered when men's efforts are directed to the service of the common weal."

Have they produced any practical fruits for human uplift? It was William Tuke, a Quaker, who first conducted a retreat for the insane and proclaimed insanity a disease. John Howard and Elizabeth Fry were the originators of modern prison reform. John Bright, the statesman who had so much to do with the Corn Laws and Reform Laws in England in the early nineteenth century, was a leading member of the Friends. In Great Britain, business men like the Cadburys and Rowntrees are leading the way among employers in finding a Christian way. In America we are indebted to the Quakers for Whittier, Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Russell Sage, and hosts of others.

Coming back to the fact that we are discussing a group who are numerically so few, we can join with Dr. William James in saying:

"The Quaker religion, which George Fox founded, is something which is impossible to overpraise. In a day of shame it was the religion of veracity, rooted in spiritual inwardness, and a return to something more like the original gospel truth than had ever been known in England. So far as our Christian sects to-day are evolving into liberality, they are simply reverting in essence to the position which Fox and the early Quakers so long ago assumed."

A PLEA FOR PLAIN PREACHING

Richard Deming Hollington

Providence, R. I.

The other day the textbook on Salesmanship which is used in the Y. M. C. A. drifted onto my desk. Part 1, "The Sale a Mental Transaction," begins "Why study psychology? A sale is the culmination of a series of experiences occurring within the mind of the customer. The salesman is the active agent in that transfer of thoughts. He uses his own mental and moral power to assist the customer's faculties in arriving at a decision to buy. It is vitally important, therefore, for you to know how the mind works, because knowledge of its ways of working should enable you to work with it instead of against it. You must know how they think and how to create conditions in which your own mind and the prospect's may find a common meeting ground and come to agreement. If you know the laws of mental action, and know how to utilize those laws, your chances of success are far better." Then follows a complete treatise on the application of psychology to selling goods. The last time an expert bookseller visited the parsonage, there crept over us a suspicion that something was wrong with our thinking process. We knew we did not want the books, yet there we were with pen in hand on the dotted line. It took a great effort of pure will power to blurt out, "No matter what you say I do not want the books." Now we know! That bookseller knew the mind of the average man and knew how to overcome or sidetrack every objection. The whole business world is building now on the principles of psychology. In the magazines the advertisements are not only more bulky but vastly more interesting than the plain reading matter. Study the way some soap or toothbrush puts in the mind of the public the "fixed idea" that they will be perfectly unhappy, or unhealthy, or unsafe until they buy that particular brand of goods. "Now there's a Reason," and a method which means multitudinous sales.

In a sense the preacher is a salesman; he has the most vitally

important "goods" in the market, and, contrary to opinion expressed in some high quarters, there is a call, a constant demand for spiritual goods, but the breakdown is in the sales method. His "goods," staple and sound, are not "pushed" with intelligence, they are not "put over" in such a way as to meet the market conditions. To speak plainly, the spiritual salesman knows his "goods" vastly better than he knows the people to whom he is to bring them. In other words he is not a good psychologist.

To "sell" our ideas scientifically we must change our minds with regard to certain things. When a spiritual salesman begins to look over his "prospects" the first revision that he must make is concerning the average mentality of the people whom he expects to sell. One of the dear illusions that was perfectly destroyed during the war was that we as a nation are a particularly intellectual people. If any preacher is still living in the "Before the War" period of complacent satisfaction with our mental attainments, let him get from any library the *Army Mental Tests,* or better let him digest the facts in Professor McDougall's *Is America Safe for Democracy?* Without going into detail Prof. E. S. Conklin in *The Direction of Human Evolution,* page 103, sums it up: "Forty-five millions, or nearly one half of our whole population, will never develop mental capacity beyond the stage represented by a normal twelve-year-old child and only thirteen and a half million will ever show superior intelligence." The same authority declares that the attempt to educate the forty-five million beyond the fifth grade of school is wasted effort. The twelve-year-old is the "D" grade, and the "superior intelligence" the "A" grade, and the population at large is about 8 "D" to 1 "A." Some morning after the disquisition has been properly rationalized in the pulpit let the preacher shake hands with his audience and mentally grade them: "Here is a 'D'; this young woman is a 'B,' possibly an 'A.'" And in any average audience, as in any average crowd, the "Ds" and the "Cs" will have it by a tremendous majority. Then if he be a reasonable man let him seriously look over his "disquisition" and find out how much of it a "twelve-year-old mind," untrained in concentration, could understand. If he knows the A, B, C of the human mind he will

then see why the flagging interest, the drowsiness, the yawn, and the restlessness after twenty-five minutes. He has brought his goods to the wrong market, or reverse it, there is no market in his audience for the kind of mental goods which he has offered.

All this is no reflection on the church, but a simple acknowledgment of the fact that a church audience is just a section of the strata of everyday life and is made up of average Americans. Possibly some comparisons would tend to show that the church audience is probably above the average. Anyone who is familiar with the inanities of most of the movies, the crude titles, and the popularity with which "slap stick" and Charlie Chaplin are received knows that the movie audience must be 99 per cent "Ds." Educational matters are not on a much higher grade. The director of the School of Education of Yale University has declared, "We are a nation of sixth graders taught by eleventh graders." Professor McDougal says, "By and large we are a grammar school people lacking the mental stamina to sustain a high school education." Nor is there much relief in contemplating our democratic rulers. Professor Allen Johnson of Yale said at New Haven, October 26, "Studies of State Legislatures show that on the average only 15 per cent of our representatives have had a college education, and, what is worse, not 50 per cent have enjoyed a full common school education."

Now the point to the preacher, who would learn, is this, to use such words and such pictures as the people can understand. These studies are the repentance brought on from personal experience. Several years ago a bright young mechanic attended our Easter service at the earnest solicitation of his wife. Anxious to know his impression, his wife informed me, "He said he knew you must be a 'high educated' man, for he couldn't understand half you said." Having repented it is a pleasure to lead others to the bench. Within the last month, within twenty minutes of 150 Fifth Avenue, in a prominent Methodist pulpit, the clergyman used the following words: "Ecclesiastical, subjective, scholastic, dogma, theological, heresy, creeds, authoritative, verbose, predestination, bombastic, irrational, ethical, pathological." It would require an audience of all "As" simply to understand such language, let

alone understand the thought. Perhaps we need a new interpretation of the 15th Article of Faith: "It is a thing plainly repugnant to the Word of God" to speak "in a tongue not understood by the people."

As salesmen we must also realize the fact that there are not only different grades of mental life, but also different qualities of mentality. We theologues trained in juggling intellectual problems overlook the fact that there are other and perhaps deeper sources of knowledge. James Bissett Pratt outlines two sources of knowledge, quoting from Professor James, "There are two kinds of knowledge—knowledge of acquisition and knowledge about. Knowledge about is seen in ideas and abstract thoughts. It is conceptual, descriptive, representative, communicable. Knowledge of acquisition is the immediate and direct experience" (*Religious Consciousness,* page 400). Among all classes of psychologists there has arisen a suspicion as to the validity of the purely intellectual processes. Professor Bowne used to say, "If a man wants to take a day off he will always find some way of thinking what will give him his day off," which was another interpretation of Frederick the Great's brutal saying, "Whatever I do there is always a college professor ready to give a philosophical reason for it." The will to believe is a larger element than has been commonly perceived. Dr. Bonsfield, from the standpoint of psychoanalysis, says:

> Man rationalizes everything; if he be a total abstainer he will bring what seems to him absolute proof that alcohol is the invention of the devil. If he be a drinker of alcohol in small measure, then he will justify that by equally plausible reasoning. If he be a Roman Catholic, he will show quite clearly that this is the only religion which may safely steer any man to Heaven, while a member of some other church will, with apparently infallible logic, show that the Pope and all Popish things are wiles of the devil. That which we wish to prove we rationalize and, working from imperfect premises we prove to ourselves to be true. (*Elements of Practical Psychoanalysis,* page 251.)

Professor MacPherson affirms:

> When people act thus contrarily to their ostensible persuasions, they are impelled by some motive force of which they are more or less unconscious or the power of which they do not accurately gauge—some suppressed wish, based on an emotion which, while they may be unaware of

its existence or strength, possesses for them a high value. When, imagining ourselves *virtuous*, we *act wrongly, however strong and compelling* the *emotion* that drives us to action may be, we are generally—that is, if we are normally constituted—assailed by doubts before, during, and after the action. To meet this situation the role of persuasion is then enlarged. To reconcile our doubts, to satisfy our sense of the contradiction between the beliefs we profess and the deeds we do, we proceed to "reason" with ourselves, determined to justify our beliefs and conduct at any cost, regardless of the claims of consistency and truth. And the more conscientious a person is, when his conduct is widely at variance with the moral sense of humanity, or if he feels in any degree uncomfortable when contemplating it, the more deeply does he feel the need for justification: so that the more likely he is to build an elaborate structure of reasoning, often on a very shaky foundation, with a view to retaining his self-respect. How deeply seated, one may reflect, must be the root of righteousness in human nature, to give rise to the travesties of reasoning by which often we succeed in justifying ourselves!

We throw a pleasing camouflage over our assailable beliefs and actions, and so enable ourselves to retain a facile self-respect. Life, it is sometimes said, is a warfare; certainly camouflage plays a conspicuous part in both. (*Psychology of Persuasion*, page 44.)

Not only is there arising this doubt as to the validity of "knowledge about," but there is also an increase of respect for the validity of experience knowledge and the price of intuitive beliefs and convictions. Concerning the great fundamentals of life, intuition seems superior to intelligence. The basic intuitions are the experience knowledge of generations of human minds handed down as part of their mental inheritance and by and large have vastly greater validity than the purely intellectual speculations of a single individual. Now while "D" minds may be short on the formally intellectual side, they are most often endowed with keen intuitions, especially in regard to moral and religious problems, and it is this vast common sense of the common experience of the common man which is both foundation and buttress for religious belief. In fact history of dogma shows us one after another the idols of the den in theological speculations smashed by the plain sense of right and wrong of the unlettered common people. Admiral Tia Ting-kan, a Chinese thinker, recently said, "The older I grow the more contempt I have for the processes of human reason and the more respect for the processes of the human heart" (Asia, Dec. 1921, page 994).

Last week the man who had been janitor for twenty-five years in my old theological seminary died. He was a sturdy Scotchman, John McCleod by name, and after twenty-five years of friendship with him, his character stands out so gentle, kind, and firm, such a gentleman in all his patient ways with impatient men, that I count my faith in him one of the finest influences of my theological course. Next in theological importance was the Irish washerwoman, who used to say: "You be a preacher?—you speak to Saint Peter, that he lets me into a back seat." During my friendship for her she buried three sons in one grave with coffins paid for by the theologues. Her religion was darning socks and mending "unmentionables" for her "byes" out of work hours. Now the basement and the subbasement of the seminary gave a tonic to a faith that breathed but feebly in the rare intellectual atmosphere of the lecture rooms above. The faith of the kith and kin of these folks is worthy of respect and consideration. In the seminary one professor invariably began his prayer, "We thank thee, O Lord, that we do not have to approach thee by any process of ratiocination," a prayer which some preachers need to learn, for their approach is always over the intellectual highway. The superstition of intellectualism that every plain fact must be logically proven causes a vast waste in befogging people about fundamental things, and, in some cases, a cruel wrong, as when an "A" intellect "rationalizes" his own egotism or perversities into "grave doubts" about some of the fundamental truths, and then projects these personal delusions as preaching to upset the deep rooted faith of people who "know" by intuition and deep experience. The glamour of this intellectual superstition is, too, responsible for a fundamental failure in the pulpit to-day. The average "B" and especially "A" men spend their time in argumentative justifications or explanations of facts perfectly axiomatic to the man who knows by the knocks he gets and knows that some one gives him his knocks. Preaching tends to become a dilettante intellectual delectation. Yet just now the world needs the plainest brown bread moral food. Plain, unvarnished adultery in word and deed is destroying the American home. In the hard friction of to-day the trade marks of a man, honest and veracious, have been

worn away and the smooth, unscrupulous, untrustworthy rascal is posing as the man. The National Association of Credit Men at their last convention declared, "We are in a wave of business dishonesty such as the nation has never before known." In a time when the movies and the stage are preaching "Happy is the man who commits adultery," it needs sometimes a stern prophetic "Thou shalt not" to bring the truth home. Plain truths in plain words for plain people must purify both pulpit and pew.

There was a Preacher once of whom it was said "the common people heard him gladly," because they understood his words and they knew his life. After a long, long course of experience one comes to see that the intellectual people are not always the best, not always even good people. Many very well developed minds seem to have withered their hearts in the process and with their self-knowledge they have grown also self-concerned and self-centered. In a long experience with groups of business men and also with college faculties, one discovers that wisdom and patience and broad sympathies do not always mark high intellectual training. There are great values in sympathy and patience and dogged perseverance that are the possession of plain people that sometimes dry out in the intellectual sun. Some of the most delightful, wholesome, and nobly self-sacrificing characters one meets are untutored in books, but wise in that love of God which passeth all knowledge. My sales psychologist says, "A sale is made to the feelings, not to the intellect; reason does not buy, imagination buys." The First great Salesman who "sold" life to men understood, and with consummate skill stirred the imagination of men until every bird and flower and sky and star advertised the love of the Great Father and the vision of what they might become as the sons of God awoke them to a greater and larger life. By no means would we disparage intellectual culture, but rather urge that every Bringer of Good News, by diligent study of himself and his work and his people, pass from the bombastic, flamboyant "exhibitionism" stage of preaching into that far finer art where everything is submerged in the greatness of the message and becomes so transparent as to transmit undimmed the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

THE STUDIES OF SOME FAMOUS FOLKS

MADELEINE SWEENY MILLER

Johnstown, Pa.

STUDY-DWELLING people are always wholesomely curious about the places where men of intellect have created the works for which folks remember them. Everyone who delights in a literary "workshop" of his own enjoys rambles in those of others. "In what room did Wordsworth do most of his writing?" is the first question of the visitor to Rydal Mount. "Where was Longfellow's study?" is the query of the pilgrim to the old aristocratic Cambridge mansion by the Charles. And who would not be pleased to spend an evening in that corner of "No. 10 Downing Street" where Lloyd George, apart, thinks the last issues of his policies through? Parsonage guests would rather have a glimpse of "the minister's study" than of any other room in the house, while preacher-visitors are more eager to see the brother's laboratory of the spirit that even his latest heir, for—who knows?—may he not at last have discovered the perfect filing system or invented an elastic magazine stack, to care automatically for the ever-increasing deluge of periodicals submerging his desk like a Lauterbrunnen avalanche?

Of all the studies which may be actually visited to-day, that of Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford is the most romantic, the most dreamlike and withal the most conducive to comfortable literary work. But why should it not be so? To his innate habits of scholarship, Scott brought the artistic sense, the romantic imagination and the necessary means for bringing his air-castles down into stone and mortar—a place wherein the characters of his books, the children of his brain, might delight to be born. It is our rare good fortune that it has been left largely as "The Minstrel of the North" arranged it and that firsthand observations of it in various stages of its growth have come down to us from two satisfactory sources—Washington Irving and John Lockhart.

The word "growth" is chosen advisedly, for just as the beautiful castle by the quiet Tweed evolved, in sections, from the cottage of 1812, just so, the study improved as the additions were made to the "baronial pile" which contributed to Scott's crushing financial disaster and the consequent labor of honor which so greatly increased the volume of his literary bequest to the world, but at the cost of the life-strength of the beloved "Shirra" (sheriff). When Washington Irving visited him in 1817, a single room served for drawing-room, study, and library.

"Against the wall," wrote the observant guest, "was a long table, with drawers; surmounted by a small cabinet of polished wood . . . wherein Scott kept his most valuable papers. Above the cabinet, in a kind of niche, was a complete corslet of glittering steel, with a closed helmet, and flanked by gauntlets and battle-axes. . . . On each side of the cabinet were bookcases, well-stored with works of romantic fiction in various languages, many of them rare and antiquated. . . . The evening passed away delightfully in this quaint-looking apartment, half-study, half-drawing-room. Scott read several passages from the old romance of 'Arthur,' with a fine, deep, sonorous voice, and a gravity of tone that seemed to suit the antiquated, black-letter volume. It was a rich treat to hear such a work, read by such a person, and in such a place; and his appearance as he sat reading, in a large armed chair, with his favorite hound, Maida, at his feet, and surrounded by books and relics and border trophies, would have formed an admirable and most characteristic picture." It is little wonder that Irving found it almost impossible to sleep that night!

"The idea of being on the borders of the Tweed; the idea of being under the roof of Scott in the very center of that region which had for some time past been the favorite scene of romantic fiction; and above all, the recollections of the ramble I had taken, the company in which I had taken it, and the conversation which had passed, all fermented in my mind."

The industry of Scott, toiling tirelessly, that Abbotsford might be more and more a place wherein he "could play the grand old feudal lord again," has a very pathetic aspect. The writing of *Rokeby* and the building of an important part of the house were

coincident. "Five days every week until the middle of July he did Court of Session duty at Edinburgh. Saturday evening saw him at Abbotsford. On Monday he licked into shape his new domicile, and again at night he was coaching it to the city. . . . 'As for the house and the poem,' he writes to Morritt, 'there are twelve masons hammering at the one, and one poor noddle at the other.' He did not then know the luxury of a private 'den.' "

But it is the completed study, as Scott's genius finally arranged it to his satisfaction, which to-day sends into raptures the book-loving pilgrims to Abbotsford. I know of no room in Europe to which we turn more eagerly than this. It was early June on the Border and foxgloves and wild roses made a fairyland of the fresh green corridors of trees through which we drove. Sir Walter had planted many of the leafy beauties himself and through the forest concealing the house from the ancient roadway had loved to tramp with dogs and gun. A lovelier approach to the mansion by the silver Tweed would be hard for poet's fancy to conceive.

The garden and shrubbery to which the "Laird" had given such devoted attention were admired on the wing—for we were restless to be inside the shrine of Scott's "own romantic" mind. It is a small room, compared to the grandeur of the more formal library, yet large enough for that order and efficiency which characterized the poet. A cozier study it would be impossible to design. Its very walls are builded of books stacked even to the cornice of the high ceiling, with a charming balcony running around three sides. That balcony contributes more to the romantic appearance of the room than any other feature. We could see, in fancy, the Antiquary limping up the little stairs in the dead of night, after hours of historical research or the painstaking proof reading of an anonymous novel, wearily feeling his way along the gallery to the private doorway leading to his bedroom. How still those midnight hours must have been, with the dogs and sheep and all the creatures of Abbotsford long since asleep, with only the silver rippling of the Tweed tinkling down the meadow.

From a broad window framing almost one whole side of the study, the flat-topped desk made of wood from the Spanish Armada derives its "left side light," allowing the desk chair to come

comfortably near the open fire which Hamilton Mabie has made us believe indispensable to the ideal study, with its revelations of

> A weaving, flowing
> Life, all glowing.

On the hearth, we seemed to see Maida and the other favorite dogs, the companions of evening labor on such occasions as the composition of *Waverly,* whose last two volumes were written in the *evenings of three summer weeks!* We marveled at the concentration Scott must have brought to his task, for the charm of North Country summer twilights, extending even to ten o'clock, calls loudly to the open, even in Edinburgh, and much more so in the Tweedside castle of Sir Walter.

The worn leather on the right arm of the comfortable elbow chair brought the author of *Ivanhoe* and of *Marmion* very close. We wondered if he might not have written with his pad propped against it, for the desk was much higher than could have been comfortably reached by one sitting in the chair. The well-filled shelves of reference books are a testimonial to the success of his scheme for securing the return of loaned volumes. For when he graciously allowed one to be removed, he put in its place a wooden block of similar size, labeled with the title of the missing volume, the name of the person borrowing it and the date of the loan—a scheme worthy of widespread duplication to-day.

The trophies and relics mentioned by Irving as being in the old study were given a place in the armory of the enlarged Abbotsford, where Rob Roy's sword, Napoleon's pistol and Scott's own gun are but a few of the fascinating relics constituting the most splendid private collection of such curios in the world.

After Abbotsford's very tangible evidences of Scott's study habits, we found ourselves looking about in Stratford for corresponding survivals of Shakespeare's sanctum. Where were we to picture the Bard of Avon's hand moving across the pages of his folios? Was his study in the prosperous New House at Stratford, where the later days of retirement offered leisure for the astounding volumes of his works; or was it in a wing of the old Globe Theater, with the thousand and one distractions of ever-roaring

London in his ears? Some scholars decline to believe that he wrote them down at all for publication, claiming rather that he merely dictated an "acting" copy some time prior to the performance. To have published the plays for reading would have injured the patronage of the theater, these students believe, and Shakespeare was too shrewd for that. Their theory is an interesting explanation of the many discrepancies and inaccuracies to be found in our present editions of the plays. But we like to think that all Warwickshire —the very heart of England at her best—was the poet's study; that under a hawthorn hedge he crept in a summer shower and in its leafy coziness dreamed out the lines:

> I must go seek some dewdrops here
> And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

In such a spot must he have penned his lines to Helena:

> Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
> More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
> When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

With a poet, the real moment of composition is when the idea is felt, not when it is recorded. We like to think that a willow bower along the winding Avon—that gentlest of English streams—was the study wherein he caught the vision of Ophelia's fair body, as she came with her rosemary, for remembrance, and her pansies, for thoughts.

> There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
> That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
> There with fantastic garlands did she come.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
> Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
> When down her weedy trophies and herself
> Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
> And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
> . . . but long it could not be.

At twilight, the blue-ceilinged fields he crossed to Ann's were his study, and the bird-filled, wooded meadow concealing the meanderings of an invisible rivulet. In such a place as this, we fancy, he created Oberon's lovely lyric:

> I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxslips and the nodding violet grows,
> Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
> There sleeps Titania sometime of the night.

From the loveliness of Warwickshire's nightingaled forests and their legends, Shakespeare drew his fairy woodland scenes and, in turn, cast over them a veil of poetry which enriched even their natural beauty. Irving felt this very keenly upon his visit to Stratford. "Under the wizard influence of Shakespeare," he wrote, "I had been walking all day in a complete delusion. . . . I had heard Jaques soliloquize beneath his oak, . . . had beheld fair Rosalind. . . . Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions." Everyone turns rhapsodist in Stratford—even we broke out into lyric ecstasy as we discovered a yellow rose bending over Ann's upper window, close to the old thatched roof, while birds across the road sang lullabies to the budding hollyhocks and garden daisies.

There is ground for claiming the wide and star-decked room of nature as the study of the universal poet, for many a genius whose habits we know more certainly than Shakespeare's has built his study in the open. Hawthorne had his corridor of meditation at Concord between two long rows of trees against the dark hillside; oh, to be sure, he had, also, the attic nook in "wayside," with its trap-door and ladder, so easy to pull up at the approach of intruders, with his desk built high, that he might rest by writing standing. But it was the outdoor study among the trees that he loved. I like to think that it was here that the mature novelist, returned from abroad, and his promising young neighbor, Louisa M. Alcott, then at work on *Little Women*, exchanged their wisdom during strolls in that study between the trees. We are very certain that industrious Louisa, dividing her time between the needs of her unfortunate family and her literary labors, used the seat built around the stout old orchard tree as a study-refuge. And the glades of the neighboring Walden Pond—surely these were the chief writing-places of Henry D. Thoreau—that author whose least concern was the remuneration of his works.

A Naturalist's Study

It was in his porch-study in the cabin near Roxbury that we first saw John Burroughs, not far from the "Boyhood Rock" which to-day marks his resting place. I quote from my own record of impressions upon that occasion: "At last the cabin loomed into view, under the friendly canopy of an orchard. Behind the fancy log railing, built by the naturalist's hand, something white gleamed. It moved. It sparkled in the August sunlight. It was the snow-crowned, bearded head of the prophet! He looked up from the ample chair which accommodated him and his portfolio, with a gracious smile, showing no signs of chafing under our intrusion upon his article for the Atlantic. . . . Observing that our eyes fell upon the clay bust which stood close by his chair, he asked, naïvely, 'How do you like it? An artist has been modeling me to-day and this is the result.' . . . He had evidently moved out of the inside of the cabin onto the porch, for there were his bed, a table with field-glass, books, manuscripts, walking-stick, and all the accouterments of his August living."

Studies on the Wing

Many folks have the faculty of setting up a study even on their travels. Irving, in his little parlor at the Red Horse Inn at Stratford, seems as cozily contented as ever he was at "Sunnyside." This little room, about twelve feet by ten, with its one window looking onto the quiet, broad street of the quaint town; with its coal-fireplace set into an old mantel of carved oak, was an ideal place for the temperamental "Geoffrey Crayon" to use as his study, when, "after a weary day's travel, he kicked off his boots, thrust his feet into his slippers, and stretched himself before an inn fire. Let the world go by as it might, let kingdoms rise or fall. . . . The armchair was his throne, the poker his scepter, and the little parlor . . . his undisputed empire." It is no wonder that the English adopted Irving upon the publication of *The Sketch Book;* for with the "scepter," "throne," and other relics preserved in that little inn parlor to-day, is the following tribute from his pen: "In bidding this last adieu (to England) my heart is filled

with fond, yet melancholy emotions; and still I linger, and still, like a child leaving the venerable abode of his forefathers, I turn to breathe forth a filial benediction. Peace be within thy walls, O England! And plenteousness within thy Palaces; for my brethren and companions' sake, I will now say, Peace be within thee!"

On his 100,000 miles of itinerancy, John Wesley carried his study with him in the form of a traveler's desk, about the size of a modern "Corona," with a sloping shelf, ink bottles and drawer for stationery. This little case is one of the rarest treasures of the City Road Rectory to-day.

Francis Asbury carried his own study through the American wilderness in his saddlebags—and a library for other folks as well. I know a bishop's widow to-day who, wherever she goes, leaves behind a trail of fresh, unusual books her alert mind has discovered.

Poets' Studies

There are as many varieties of poets' studies as of meters. Edgar Guest, the laureate of home-loving Americans, pounds out his syndicated six lyrics a week in a Detroit newspaper office or on a "rapid-transit." Robert Frost, the infrequency of whose publications indicates a long "ripening" period, writes from his "inactive" post on a university faculty to which he has been called, that he may be guaranteed leisure and a congenial atmosphere for the productions whose appearance is hailed as a literary event, and thus adds luster to the fostering institution. Ponderous Amy Lowell, who, in spite of her metrical idiosyncrasies, is nevertheless recognized as an invigorating leader in contemporary American literature, writes in the cultural atmosphere of a New England home inherited from wealthy merchant forebears. Her library is one of the finest private ones in America, her collection of Keats manuscripts surpassed by only one other in the world.

The room in Longfellow's Portland home which charms visitors most is not the aristocratic library, which in his day looked away to the waters of the Bay; nor the boyhood bedroom he shared with his brother, but the little back study on the first floor, overlooking the garden, where he wrote:

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

Perhaps we felt the attraction of the room all the more poignantly because it was again the sort of day of which the poet sang—dripping with New England chill. His presence was made very vivid to us by a little piece of faded paper, framed and hanging on the wall, informing Stephen Longfellow of his indebtedness to a certain physician for services rendered to his wife, upon the birth of his son, Henry.

Parsonage Studies

Two parsonage studies have left their imprint upon my spirit—that of James M. Buckley at Morristown, New Jersey, and John Wesley's, in City Road Rectory, London.

Up a stairway, whose walls were well covered with photographs of old and new world scenes, Dr. Buckley led us one summer evening, remarking: "These are the things around which you must build your home—these cultural relics of visits to the world's shrines of religion and art are the real elements that constitute mine." The study itself seemed a mountain of books sending landslides of volumes into every available hall-space and cupboard—seldom have we felt such a pressure of books—cases stacked to the ceiling, tables groaning, specially shelved cupboards packed to capacity. With the pride of a bibliomaniac, Dr. Buckley pointed to a large collection of volumes all relating to insanity. "This is one of my particular hobbies," he remarked. "Mental aberrations interest me."

In the Wesley's study on the second floor of City Road Rectory, as in Scott's at Abbotsford, a satisfying collection of relics "details" the thought-life of the master-spirits. But, whereas Scott's has the charm of its original arrangement, Wesley's has been turned into a museum. The windows look over a little yard, containing a monument to Susannah Wesley, across the sordid congestion of City Road, to the Bunhill Burying Ground, that most moldy, crowded acre of God in the midst of London's roar. Often

must John Wesley have looked over at the grave whose inscription reads: "Mother of 19 children, of whom the most eminent were John and Charles Wesley, the former of whom was, under God, the founder of the Society of the People called Methodists." The original, weather-eaten stone bearing these words and the quaint verse which follows them is preserved in the study to-day and its presence there is rather disturbing.

In a beautiful, glass-doored mahogany bookcase of the period is Wesley's own library, including fifty volumes of extracts and abridgments from the most important works in practical divinity then extant; and the first fifteen volumes of The Arminian Magazine, begun by Wesley in 1778 and, like his "grandfather's clock" by the door, *still going*. His study lamp of black metal, with a place for a candle; the muffler with his initials worked in one corner; the last quill pen with which he ever wrote; the miniature collection of hymns published in 1779 are eloquent of his personality. The "tokens" which were passes to the communion service, and the old love-feast cup—a sort of white bowl with pink and blue butterflies on it—are memorials to the vital power of early Methodism.

Many interesting pictures have been collected in the study-museum: one of Susannah Wesley in her younger days; one of the memorable fire at Epworth Rectory; another, of the meeting of the Holy Club at Oxford. On one side of the fireplace is his study arm-chair—and on the other, the Conference chair, upholstered in red velvet.

Charles Wesley, too, is remembered by the secretary-desk on which he wrote many of his fine old hymns; its mirror, bookcase top, and drawers below make it worthy equipment for a poet of any day. It is said that Charles often dashed into the Rectory, after tying his gray horse outside the gate, exclaiming, "Pen and ink! Pen and ink!" For often the sacred lyrics jogged themselves into his mind as he rode along and he was disturbed until he confided them to paper.

One treasure, kept to-day not in the study but in the adjoining bedroom, is the famous tea-pot presented to "J. Wesley, founder of Methodism," by Josiah Wedgwood, founder of the Wedgwood

potteries. It is blue and white and very large—capable of brewing many cups of tea to cheer away the London damp and dreariness. On it is burned one of the earliest records of "The Wesleyan Grace":

> Be present at our table, Lord,
> Be here and everywhere adored.
> These creatures bless and grant that we
> May feast in Paradise with Thee.

One's study-desk is the shrine of his soul's thought-life. Every student has a very personal feeling for his own, which I have endeavored to express in the following lines:

> My desk is like a vast plateau
> Where I may go
> When work is done,
> And with my pen or book may run
> Across the world to Borneo,
> And thrust myself headlong abroad
> Into the Universe of God.
>
> The piles of books like mountains rise
> Above the level place where lies
> A drift of sheets whose whiteness glints
> Like snow all tracked with fresh thought-prints.

SPIRITUAL VISION OF NATURE POETS

LUCIEN CLARK
Chevy Chase, Md.

NATURE and poetry are extremely friendly and both are handmaids of religion. Jesus was a poet as well as a prophet. He so thoroughly understood and deeply appreciated the relation between the Kingdom of God and the material universe that he greatly enriched and illuminated his spiritual teachings by frequent references to Nature. His parables and the Sermon on the Mount bud and blossom like vines in springtime. It was the Great Teacher who said, "Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." "Behold the fowls of the air: they sow not, neither do they reap." "Behold a sower went forth to sow." "The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed." "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone."

Many great poets have been prophets also. They loved Nature and saw more in it than we do. To them it was a vast volume on every page of which were written lessons of spiritual beauty and significance. Some of these teachers call us away from books and schools and the drudgery of study, to go into the fields and forests among mountains and streams and learn at first hand things deeper, higher, richer than books can teach. Wordsworth, who lived close to Nature, sang:

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can.
>
> Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
> Our meddling intellect
> Misshapes the beauteous forms of things:
> We murder to dissect.
>
> Enough of science and of art,
> Close up these barren leaves;
> Come forth, and bring with you a heart
> That watches and receives.

Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Holty was one of the best German lyric poets of his time. Born near Hanover, 1748, he died at the early age of twenty-eight. His father was a country minister and the poet grew up in the country among flocks of sheep, choirs of singing birds and fields of ripening grain. The music of "the murmuring brook," "the whistling trees," and "the whispering grove" stirred his soul and awakened his poetic genius. His heart was wedded to Nature. The city had little charm for him. He saw God in the work of his hands and a passion for the beautiful in Nature gave color and fragrance to his poetry as in these lines:

Happy the man who has the town escaped!
To him the whistling trees, the murmuring brooks,
The shining pebbles, preach
Virtue's and wisdom's lore.

The whispering grove a holy temple is
To him, where God draws nigher to his soul;
Each verdant sod a shrine,
Whereby he kneels to Heaven.

Then he admires thee in the plain, O God!
In the ascending pomp of dawning day—
Thee in thy glorious sun,
The worm, the budding branch.

There are two nature teachers, the scientist and the poet. The former appeals to the intellect, the latter teaches through the heart. Thomas Edward Brown in a few charming lines on "My Garden" leads us into the presence of God, where the beauty of the flowers shows forth "the beauty of the Lord," and the fragrance of the roses and lilies is the very breath of the Creator.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens, when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

More convincing than the profound reasoning of the learned theologian who tried by a series of great sermons to convert a skeptic but only made him a more pronounced unbeliever, is the voice of "green things growing" interpreted in simple measures by a real poet. The argument which can be relied upon to win the atheist must be aimed at the heart and not the head; for it is in his heart that he had said "No God." Music may melt the heart, but logic has no such power, and poetry more than philosophy can persuade the will.

Another nature poet sees Christ in the growing corn and ripening fruit, repeating his miracles as the seasons roll. Who can read these lines of John Charles Earle without a profound sense of their surpassing beauty and fine sentiment?

Wide fields of corn along the valleys spread;
The rain and dews mature the swelling vine;
I see the Lord is multiplying bread;
I see him turning water into wine;
I see him working all the works divine
He wrought when Salemward his steps were led.

Blessings on the nature poets. They anoint our eyes with eye-salve that we too may see. Most men see in the corn growing in the valley only so much pork, so much money, so much sordid gain. Yet lo, Christ is not only in Paradise but in the cornfield, in the vineyard, transforming the elements and feeding the multitude as he did aforetime.

The dealings of Providence are mysterious. Cowper was right, "God moves in a mysterious way." It requires large faith to drive away fear and worry in such a world as this. Nature has its mysterious ways. The wisdom and goodness of God are not always entirely manifest in the seasons and in the order of Nature. The poets help us to learn this hard lesson. The nature poet may encourage our faith as much as the faithful preacher. James Ballantine sings about a "Drap o' Dew."

Confide ye aye in Providence,
For Providence is kind;
And bear ye a' life's changes
Wi' a calm and tranquil mind.

In lang, lang days o' simmer,
When the clear and cloudless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain
To nature parched an' dry,

The genial night, wi' balmy breath,
Gars verdure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass
Keeps its ain drap o' dew.

John Bannister Tabb was a Roman Catholic priest, a lover of Nature, a true poet with fine poetic feeling and a genius for interpreting the language of birds and flowers and growing grain. The last stanza of his song to the Wood-Robin which "seeks not praise nor empty plaudits of the emptier heart," but hiding from the vulgar gaze of curious men is moved by "the Maker's smile alone," is a touching appeal:

Teach me, thou warbling eremite, to sing
Thy rhapsody;
Nor borne on vain ambition's vaunting wing,
But led of thee,
To rise from earthly dreams to hymn eternity.

It is not surprising that so many poets should choose the sunset for the theme of their song, for it is full of poetry. If anything in Nature could draw the music out of a singer we should say a charming sunset could. "The Golden Sunset," by Samuel Longfellow, is the theme of one of the most musical poems in the English language. One should read it all to see the beauty and learn the lesson. We can give only the closing lines. They contain the spiritual interpretation of the ravishing picture which Nature has painted on the sky.

So when for me life's latest hour
Soft passes to its end,
May glory born of earth and heaven
The earth and heaven blend.

Flooded with light the spirit float,
With silent rapture glow,
Till where earth ends and heaven begins,
The soul can scarcely know.

Margaret E. Sangster sings a similar song entitled "At Evening," which was recently published in the Christian Herald.

When sunset turns the lake to gold beneath the sky's warm blue,
My eyes can almost look on God, so near his presence steals;
I feel a sudden, tender thrill—the same a dreamer feels,
Who wakes from some vague reverie to see his dream come true.

I find God's smile in every tree, I know his kind eyes shine
Where clouds are parted in the west; the misty, scented air
Is like a voice that calls to me and lifts my soul in prayer—
And—almost—as the twilight grows, I feel his hand in mine!

William Cullen Bryant was a lover of Nature, a lover of song, and of everything beautiful. He had a keen sense of spiritual truth. He was a precocious youth and in his seventeenth year wrote the poem which made him famous. He has left a number of fine songs of Nature, but one which is familiar to all lovers of good literature points to the unseen power which guides the bird straight through the trackless air to its proper destiny, and suggests that the same power will guide the soul of man through this wilderness world to its home above the sky. It is addressed "To a Waterfowl."

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along the pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the sky thy certain flight
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

How similar to the lesson the great Teacher taught when he took a bird for his text!

Certain literary critics strenuously object to the moralizing of these nature poets. They call it preaching. "Thou shalt not preach," says John Burroughs, and then adds this comment: "Our

moral teachers and preachers often fail to see that the first condition of a work of pure art is that it be disinterested, that it be a total and complete product in and of itself; and that it is its own excuse for being. Its business is to represent, to portray, or, as Aristotle has it, to imitate Nature, and not to preach or moralize. Our ethical and religious writers and speakers are apt to call this disinterestedness indifference."

But if Nature preaches why not the nature poet? Can he sincerely and completely represent Nature and hold his peace with regard to the most eloquent voice of Nature? Some of our American poets are great preachers and prophets. Prof. C. Alphonso Smith of the United States Naval Academy, in What Can Literature Do for Me? quotes the German scholar, Eduard Engel, who has written an excellent history of American literature, as saying: "The fundamental characteristic of American literature is its idealism. All really great American writers, all whom the Americans themselves consider great, have, without exception, been idealists, almost extreme idealists. American poets have been the real preachers of the nation. Poetry is to the Americans a sacred thing, and it is no accident that from an American poet, from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the world received the beautiful poem, whose refrain, 'Excelsior!' has become the watchword of idealists in all lands."

Then let the poets preach, and we will all say, Amen!

THE BACCHAI

R. C. McBride

Washington, D. C.

Opposition to the liquor traffic and to liquor drinking is not modern. You have read the warnings against "strong drink" found in Hebrew literature. Had not the liquor business been a trifle shady in those days, King Solomon might have found himself up against a suit for damages from some wine dealer there, and no doubt a jury would have given a verdict of "guilty," unless it had already been discovered that "The king can do no wrong."

In one of his popular books, Mr. Solomon admonishes, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red. . . . At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." True, he names no names, but assuredly he refers to the firm of Eben ben Abner; and he intimates that the stuff dealt out by that son of Israel is loaded up with snakes and bugs and things not specified. But there was no suit for damages.

So much for Hebrew literature and the agitation for the Eighteenth Amendment some three thousand years ago.

Perhaps it is not so commonly known that Greek literature includes a drama directed against the wine business and its evil consequences, a work greatly admired for literary excellence and dramatic power. The play was written by Euripides, an Athenian poet, born 480 B. C. It stands alone, in some respects, among the literary works of antiquity. Ostensibly it was written in honor of Bacchus, but in effect it was a bitter arraignment of that deity. It is considered one of the best of his productions, and he is justly ranked as one of the great poets of the golden age of Greek literature. This tragedy, *The Bacchai,* was probably his latest work. It was not presented until after his death, when it was placed on the stage by his son.

We need not assume that Euripides wrote this play at the prompting of a high moral purpose. Probably the moral and economic bearing of his theme appealed only indirectly to his

mind, yet his words ring true, and the picture which he presents is drawn from life. At Athens he had been persecuted by foes and rivals for alleged irreverence toward the gods. In his earlier writings, it was charged, he had treated the popular religion with scant respect. So annoying became this opposition, that he withdrew to the court of Archelaus, king of Macedon, where he remained till his death, 406 B. C.

Here he wrote *The Bacchai,* which may be regarded as his final reply to his enemies at Athens. "You charge me," he seems to say to them, "with treating your gods with disrespect. Well, here is one of your gods: take a look at him!" Then he places before them the picture of a brutal tyrant, cruel, bloodthirsty, drunken, terrible.

The story of the play is substantially this:

Bacchus, the god of wine, came to Thebes to establish his worship in the Greek cities. With him came a company of women, the Bacchai, brought with him from Asia. These with their associates are called also Bacchantes and Mænads.

Cadmus, the founder of Thebes, had resigned the sovereignty to his grandson, Pentheus, son of his daughter Agave and her husband Echion. Bacchus was the son of Semele, an older daughter of Cadmus, and of the god Zeus. But Semele, before the birth of Bacchus, was slain by a lightning stroke, because of the jealousy of Juno, the wife of Zeus. The child was rescued from the flames, taken to Asia and nourished by mountain nymphs, until he was ready to claim divine honors.

When Bacchus first came to Thebes, Semele's sisters, Agave, Ino, and Antonoe, regarded him as an impostor: but he inspired them and many other women of Thebes with Bacchic madness and drove them to Mount Cithairon to celebrate his rites there in wild orgies.

Pentheus opposed this worship, deeming it subversive of morals and harmful to his people. But Bacchus lays on him also a spell of madness, and he finally persuades the king to go with him in disguise, to witness the worship on the mountain. He dresses him as one of the women of the Bacchic company. His appearance would attract the ridicule of the spectators, but he

thinks that all will admire him. He fancies that he can bear up Cithairon and all its dells on his shoulders.

As the king and Bacchus disappear from the stage, the Chorus breaks forth in a song of fierce and savage gloating in anticipation of the destruction of the king.

> Haste to the mountain, ye swift dogs of madness;
> Go where the daughters of Cadmus resort:
> Drive them in frenzy
> Raging against the daft spy of the Mænads,
> Lurking disguised in a woman's attire.
> Manifest Justice, go thou with sword in hand:
> Smite with a deadly wound,
> Slaying the atheist, lawless and wicked, the earth-born
> Son of Echion.

Bacchus and the king reach the mountain during an interval of the dances. Some of the women are adorning the implements of their worship, and some would raise a voice of Bacchanalian song, and this would be answered back in a like responsive melody, while the rugged cliffs about them flung back the murmur of many voices.

The king expresses a desire to ascend a pine tree near at hand, to better observe the service now in preparation. Bacchus reaches forth his hand, easily draws down the tree, places Pentheus among the higher branches, eases the tree back to an upright position, where the king will be in full view; and the preparation for vengeance is complete.

The god raises a cry of alarm and warning; he flashes a holy light over land and sky. The Bacchai spring to their feet and gaze about to discover the cause of the alarm. There is unearthly silence, no song of bird or rustle of leaf. Again the voice of the god sounds forth, calling upon them to punish the intruder on their worship.

They discover Pentheus and rush toward him. They hurl at him rocks and clubs. Failing to dislodge him, they dig up the tree, drag it to the ground, and rush upon their victim. His mother, now a wild maniac, reaches him first, and all the women crowd forward to the attack with shrieks of insane fury.

The horror of his situation seems to recall him to a degree of sanity. He recognizes his mother, and he appeals for mercy: "O mother, I am thy child, Pentheus! Pity me, O mother! Do not slay me, thy child, for my sins!"

The mother grasps the hand stretched in pleading and tears the arm from the body. They all rush upon Pentheus with the ferocity of maddened wolves; they tear him to pieces with their hands and scatter the fragments far and near. A servant who has witnessed it comes upon the stage and narrates this terrible occurrence. The Chorus then joins in a song of savage exultation and dances with glee, gloating over the death of their enemy.

Agave now joins the dancers, bearing in her hand the head of her son, which she has torn from his body. She joins in the mad revelry, and she boasts of her prowess. She shows the head to the citizens, telling them of the great deed of the women.

Cadmus and some of his servants draw near, bearing fragments of the body of Pentheus, which they have collected with difficulty. He says that he saw Antonoe and Ino on the mountain together, raving maniacs, and that it was reported to him that Agave was returning to the city "with Bacchic foot."

He now sees her among the company on the stage. She recognizes him, and congratulates him that he may now "boast a great boast," because he has by far the best daughters: they have taken a great prey with their hands. Here is the head of the lion: he must suspend it as a trophy on the wall of his house, and call his friends to a feast.

The sorrowful reply of Cadmus seems to be totally uncomprehended by the unfortunate woman. She thinks he is morose and unappreciative. She hopes that her son will not be of a like disposition, but eager to measure his prowess with that of the young Thebans in games and in the chase; and yet, he is fit to contend only with gods!

Cadmus bewails the unhappy mental state of his daughter, but expresses the reflection that this may be better, because a return to sanity would involve the memory of her murderous deed. Something, however, in the words of Cadmus seems to catch her attention. Her question indicates that reason may yet be restored.

Agave. But which of these things makes for joy or grief?
Cadmus. First upward to the sky now turn your gaze.
A. 'Tis done; but why dost bid me look on this?
C. Is it the same, or think you it has changed?
A. Bright as in other years, and more divine.
C. Is there still some wavering in your mind?
A. I do not understand; and yet some change
Seems to come over me within my breast.
C. Can you attend my words, and answer give?
A. O father! I forget your latest words.
C. To what house came you on your wedding day?
A. You gave me to the earth-born one, Echion.
C. And can you tell who was your firstborn son?
A. Yes, that I know. Yes, Pentheus was his name.
C. What head, then, is this held in your arms?
A. This! 'Tis a lion's head, the hunters say.
C. Look closely now: brief is the task to see!
A. Alas! Ah, me! What hold I in my hands!
C. Look at it closer still; more clearly learn.
A. I see the greatest grief! O wretched I!
C. Seems it to you a lion's shaggy front?
A. No—no! But in my hands is Pentheus' head!

She inquires where and how he died, and is informed of the circumstances of the tragedy.

Finally Bacchus appears and closes the case. In the most heartless manner he announces punishment and added suffering for those who have suffered so much already. He lays the blame for all this misery on themselves, especially on Pentheus. In opposing the wine god, he forfeited all rights; he merely got what he deserved. For the offense of Pentheus, Cadmus and all his family are driven into exile, and the liquor power is triumphant.

So ends *The Bacchai,* a terrible play, well suited to do honor to the god of wine. It is the protest of an earnest patriot and friend of humanity, who recognized in the organized liquor power of that day a danger to all that is best in society.

A PAGE OF POETRY

"TO ONE IN PARADISE"

M. E.

Thy feet are set in unfamiliar ways,
  Beyond the rainbow-gate and sunset walls—
  And dost thou miss, where twilight never falls
On fadeless trees, the tender morning haze,
Or, from the gleaming streets, the evening dew?
  And I that loved thee—shall I turn my face
  From that unending summer noon, to trace
Thy footprints in the twilight walks we knew?

Dear, look not back: Earth's friendship, like the year,
  Is failing; heartless chatter floods the street;
    From changing squares I watch thy mem'ry fade—
    And raise tired eyes to Heaven, unafraid
  But that thy smile shall make its splendor sweet,
Thy brightness bring the shining saints more near!

BEHIND THE VEIL

Henry Barnett

Kobe, Japan

O God, may sails never become for me but swinging canvas,
  Nor children's faces stop with touching sense;
May trees which once declared themselves in whispers
  Not hem me round, mere stolid loops of fence.

O God, may winds still be for me low-flying angels,
  And waters change my thoughts like people's words;
May clouds, so mortal, yet say things immortal;
  And may I spring, drawn by the flight of birds.

O break my flesh, if need be, with wild thunder;
  Cleave with hard blows this closing shell of Things;
And dying, let me die on spears of wonder,
  Not on blunt pickets cloyed with broken wings.

Hold back the curtain from the Eternal Being,
  Which like an ocean smiles 'round temporal ships:
For it were better far to pass, thus seeing,
  Than staying to have no apocalypse.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE HIGHER LOYALTY

A Meditation for Independence Day

Patriotism, the love of one's own land, has been entitled the "first of civic virtues." Without doubt, nationalism is a part of the divine plan for the development of humanity, and this national passion is its necessary inspiration.

However intensely this fire of love of country burns in the American heart, there is nothing distinctly national in this sentiment. The history of all lands is the record of patriotic achievement. This passion thrilled the wailing chords of Judea's captive bands beside the waters of Babylon as they remembered Zion; beneath the sapphire skies of Greece and the purple mountains that look down on Marathon, it hurled back the Persian hordes that would have doomed Europe to Asiatic stagnation; behind the short swords of the Roman legions this feeling fired the stern hearts that carried the Roman eagles to universal conquest; lured by its light to death it only yielded on Warsaw's heights to sheath its reeking sword in the shroud of Kosciusko; doubtless in conquered Germany to-day it still keeps its *Wacht am Rhein* with sentinel tread in tune with the beating of Barbarossa's heart in his mountain tomb; it has lighted *la Belle France* to glory and built for England that British sense of duty which is a stronger bulwark of defense than even the protection of the narrow seas; it sings in the Switzer's song of freedom, echoes from mountains across the narrow fiords of Norway and chants on the Mincian plain the jubilant strain of Italy united and redeemed. While we cannot claim that love of country is peculiarly an American virtue, ours is a prouder boast that we possess a larger patriotism, a higher

loyalty. Ours is not the narrow pride of race and nationality, but the broader sense of human brotherhood. The rights gained in our struggles for freedom are not the rights of a race or a class, but the rights of human nature. This cornerstone of democracy which the builders of thrones rejected, the founders of our Republic have set at the head of the corner and invested it with a majesty and sublimity which attests the divinity of its origin.

George Washington was not making an appeal to national selfishness or preaching political isolation when he warned us against "entangling alliances." Such alliances have often been made by commercial greed and autocratic militarism. The Father of our Republic would certainly have sustained such a fellowship of nations as would help to disentangle economic, racial, and territorial difficulties that threaten the peace and welfare of the world. For America, which avowedly entered the World War to "make the world safe for democracy," to refuse full partnership in every high effort to secure the best results of that war to the ends of the earth would be both un-American and un-Christian.

American ideals are more than racial and national aims; they are world dreams. To be 100 per cent American, one must be as internationalistic in his faith and hope as he is nationalistic in his love. There is a real peril in much of our jingoistic and chauvinistic talk and organizations. They are really an attempt to impose the Prussian conception of the unmoral state upon the American mind. That Neo-Machiavellian doctrine is still poisoning the political life of the world. Final victory for democracy will never be reached until patriotism ceases to be defined as a narrow and selfish ideal which confines a nation's duties by the bounds of geography, race, class, and caste. Only a real enthusiasm for humanity as a whole can make any national spirit worth surviving. A people that live and act only for themselves and their own interests do not deserve to live and cannot capture the love of great souls. The man who loves the world is the one who really loves his own land best.

The severest of all patriotic sacrifices is not in fighting and dying for one's native land. That is not, as it has been called, the supreme sacrifice. The most tragic task is to criticize and oppose

our country when we know it is wrong. Such brave and lonely souls there have been,

> Who, loving as none other
> The land that is their mother,
> Unfalteringly renounced her
> Because they loved her so.

There may be times when one in a very ambiguous sense must say with Stephen Decatur, "My country, right or wrong," but only in the meaning that one seeks to save his land from being slain for her own sin. But to love one's country most heroically and to serve it most bravely is to withstand its passage down the path of shame. We only love her best when we consent to punish her for her own good. Perhaps the supreme patriot of all history is the prophet Jeremiah, stigmatized as a traitor to his own order and his nation, who in utter heartbreak dared to utter the most unpalatable home-truths to the disgust of a populace saturated with the trivial and tawdry teachings of so-called 100 per cent patrioteers. He became the Cassandra of all Hebrew prophets whose denunciations were destroyed by a wicked king and disbelieved by a perverted people. Greater and still more lonely in his national devotion is He who wept over the city of his love as he proclaimed its doom. To praise a people whose politics are impure, whose business is base and whose society is selfish, to caress a country cursed with moral ugliness, to love without censure a land filled with injustice—the higher loyalty may long to do these things in its patriotic devotion, but cannot for conscience' sake.

Robert Browning, in a poem entitled "The Patriot," has poignantly portrayed this sad truth. His hero remembers that not long before he had been the object of popular applause:

> It was roses, roses, all the way,
> With myrtle mixed in my path like mad;
> The house roofs seemed to heave and sway,
> The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
> A year ago on this very day.

But it is the "old, old story" of the crowd that cries "Hosanna!" to-day and "Crucify!" to-morrow. A year later this same patriotic spirit sings a minor melody:

There's nobody on the housetops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows sit;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shamble's Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

Such is the disillusionment that often haunts the higher loyalty. The highest heroes frequently have the fewest worshipers.

He only truly loves his country who loves God and righteousness more, for only God and the right can save any land. He only truly loves America who loves humanity more, for in true American democracy the love of country is made perfect in the love of all mankind.

"America First!" What a silly slogan if we leave the slightest taint of selfishness in its meaning! No nation can be *first* without a world-vision. The first of nations will be that one which, having the power of world-leadership, accepts the challenge and makes the necessary sacrifice. Such a dream of duty calls for a higher loyalty in its citizenship than the poor patriotism boasted by its politicians.

THE SON OF MAN AND THE SABBATH

"The sabbath was made for man and not man for the sabbath; therefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the sabbath." In these words, as well as by his example, our Lord saved the day of rest and worship from the sure decay threatened by Jewish legalism. This he did by confirming the institution on its spiritual basis and revealing its higher reason in its relation to the well-being of man.

"The sabbath was made for man"; not for the Jew only, but for the whole race of mankind; not for one age alone, but for man universally, under every circumstance of time and place. Because man everywhere and always needs a Sabbath, therefore everywhere and always will he know the blessing and be under the obligation of that law of holy rest which was given at the beginning with regard to the higher necessities of his nature.

"The sabbath was made for man." This language implies

the beautiful Genesis story which makes the Sabbath contemporary with man, made for him when he was made. When the temple of nature had been finished, with its doming skies and buttressing mountains, with its organ music of whispering winds and roaring billows, there was placed at its sacred altar man, the priest as well as king of nature; and then God "blessed and sanctified" a day on which he should, in special manner, offer the incense of praise and thanksgiving. A day of worship was the first gift to a being capable of worship. Not to the physical realm of things does the rest day come with its highest meanings; it is for man, the spiritual being, made in the image of his Maker, made to trust, to adore, and to love, that the Sabbath is made. He alone can realize that divine rest of the spirit which has as its pattern the repose of God after his work of creation. As a witness and teacher of his supernatural relationships and being, the Sabbath was made for man; made, that, by its aid and influence, he might transcend his earthly life and assert his loftier nature and destiny.

The Sabbath being "made for man," it is not so much by restraint of the body as by the freedom of the spirit that its obligation is fulfilled; it is not a chain to bind him, but a liberating angel that opens the door of those spiritual palaces of light whose stately, shining walls arise unseen beside our huts of clay. "Man was not made for the Sabbath," to work the treadmill of the burdensome requirements with which human traditions had surrounded it; but because man's whole nature needed the Sabbath, therefore it was given to be a perennial spring of gladness, the uplifter of his life, and the enfranchisement of his soul.

The phrase, "made for man," has reached beyond even these high meanings. Not only the bending heavens with their burning lights; the fair earth with its mountains, valleys, and plains, the waving forests and the fruitful fields, the subtle forces of the air and the hidden treasures of the mines—not only were these made for that being in whom nature consummated its meaning by coming to self-consciousness; but time brought its gift of days as well: six robed in russet garb of service, but one in queenly raiment clad, with shining fingers pointing the way upward and onward to that eternity of bliss of which it is the God-blessed symbol set in time.

It is a part of the provision made for man at the creation, as needful for him as the buoyant air, the sparkling water, or the bountiful soil.

Our Lord constantly emphasized the positive rather than the negative aspects of the divine law. He defends himself from the charge of desecrating the holy day in healing the sick man at Bethesda by saying, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work" (John 5. 17). The day is not made sacred by inactivity; it is made holy by being devoted to holy acts. This is not a denial of the seventh-day rest of God after his work of creation; rather does the Master point out that rest with God, and indeed all true rest, is not merely a cessation of effort, but a change of activities. God rests when he passes from the physical work of creation to the larger task of providence and redemption. So man shall but keep the day holy by changing from ordinary worldly labor and business to spiritual activity. It will be truly a day of rest when made a day of worship. When not used for sacred purposes it soon ceases to afford any real repose. By the Sabbath man is linked to his Father in heaven; and to him, as to the Creator, true rest is found in the change from creative toil to redemptive and merciful tasks. As on the six days of labor he follows the Creator in his path of material effort, so on the seventh day he holds communion with the Father of his spirit in the sacred employments of holy aspiration and benevolent duties. The law of worship is higher than the law of rest, and is its guardian and security; while the law of love is higher than either, being based in the very nature of God. The Sabbath is therefore never so much or so truly the Sabbath as when it is a day of love.

> Bright shadows of true rest! Some shoots of bliss;
> Heaven once a week;
> The next world's gladness prepossessed in this;
> A day to seek
> Eternity in time; the steps by which
> We climb above all ages; lamps that light
> Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich
> And full redemption of the whole week's flight.

A SABBATH DAY WITH THE SON OF MAN

If our Lord sometimes sought solitude in lonely vigils on the hills, he loved society still more and spent his life among the habitations of men. And so "he came down to Capernaum," and made it the center of a gracious ministry among the dense populations surrounding the Galilean lake. The Son of Man came to save and serve the sons of men. The gospels paint no fairer picture than that of the first Sabbath day at Capernaum, in which we see the great Physician walking the wards of his hospital in the city beside the sea. (Mark 1. 29–45; Matt. 4. 23–25.)

Jesus and his first four disciples spent that Sabbath morning at church. About all that now remains of this place of high privilege are the white marble ruins of the synagogue which may have been the one given to the Jews of Capernaum by the loving generosity of a Roman centurion. If our Master had been as indolent and narrow as many of his professed followers, he might have found many a reason to stay away from meeting. The worship had grown formal, the teaching of the scribes was lifeless and platitudinous, and the living spirit of the old Scriptures had been hedged about with dead tradition. Yet he and his disciples did not therefore give up the good habit of church going; better still he put new life beneath the ribs of its spiritual death by his living reverence and vital teaching. At least one man was saved that morning by the message that disturbed the demon dwelling in his soul and delivered him from its foul mastery.

The Sabbath afternoon was spent at the home of Peter, one of the four first followers of the Lord. It is well to go to church to meet and hear the Saviour; it is better still to invite him home with us. The humble hut of the fisherman became a new center of healing and help. The Master, who had rebuked sin in the synagogue, saves a sufferer in the home. It is passing strange that the only one of the twelve apostles whom we certainly know to have been married has been claimed as the founder of a celibate clergy! Peter not only had a wife, but a much-loved mother-in-law, afflicted with malaria from the low marshes near the lake. A gentle touch, a word of power, and her fever follows the demon

of the morning to the desert, and the suffering woman proves both the reality and completeness of her cure by preparing the evening meal in loving ministry to her Lord. Simon's wife's mother was the first deaconess, the forerunner of the multitude who have been "saved to serve."

The Sabbath evening was spent on the street. The synagogue is too small, and Peter's house too narrow for the patients of the great Physician. The sun has set on sea and town, but another Sun has risen on the midnight of man's misery. It is the dawn of deliverance to those who dwell in the darkness of the shadow of death. The ministry begun in the synagogue and continued in the domestic circle goes forth to touch all varieties of human weakness and wretchedness. Shall it not be so to-day that we shall light our torches at the altars of worship and with them kindle the flame of holy love on the hearthstone and illumine the gloom of the whole life of humankind?

Professor Bruce has pointed out three great lessons of the healing work of our Lord. The first is the sympathy of the Saviour. The evangelists at once apply to him the Isaian prophecy of the suffering servant of Jehovah:

> Our sickness alone he bore,
> Our pains, he carried them.

The servant of the Lord is also the helper and healer of humanity.

The second lesson is prophetic. These miracles of mercy foreshadow a redeemed universe from which disease and death shall have disappeared. It has been a criticism of the world order that sickness should be catching and not health. Jesus showed that perfect moral and physical health is contagious. "As many as touched him were made whole."

The third lesson is his inspiring example of beneficence. A new note is sounded in religion—that of social service. Holiness henceforth is helpfulness and sanctification means service. The touch of love is the cure of sin.

> O Master, from the mountain side
> Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
> Among these restless throngs abide,
> O, tread the city's streets again!

Till sons of men shall learn thy love
And follow where thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

THE MAKING OF MAN-CATCHERS

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet Voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

When Jesus would seek messengers for his kingdom he did not go to a university for professors of ichthyology, but to the waterside, where he found fishermen with first-hand knowledge of the fish. In the realm of reality, doing always ranks higher than knowing; an art is always more vital than a science. A man might know all about fish and yet be unable to catch them. But the Lord did not choose these four fishermen, Peter and Andrew, James and John, on account of their ignorance, but because of qualities which the routine of schools could not have given them. The lake was their primary school; winds, waves, tackle, bait, and fishes were their textbooks; their craft taught them the watchful patience, the tactful skill, and the hardy courage which fitted them to enter their three years' course in the college of the Carpenter, from which they graduated at Pentecost to undertake the capture of a world.

It is most likely that the Master did not choose his disciples hastily, but that his observant eyes had watched them at their work, carefully noting their temper of soul, readiness of resource, and varied gifts. The straightforward good sense of Andrew, the impulsive initiative of Peter, and the brooding vision of John all appealed to him as marks of apostolic fitness. What though they were weatherbeaten from the winds and roughened by rude toil?

They were real men, who had wrought out their manhood in a craft whose discipline was at once difficult and delicate.

While their illiteracy was not in itself a fitness for discipleship, it had this advantage, that they had little to unlearn. They had no hard crust of tradition to break through, no false philosophies to forsake, no wornout theologies to give up. They were in little danger of entangling the simplicity of the good news in endless controversies; they were not the men to manufacture mental puzzles to perplex mankind. They had in large measure the naive directness of the child-mind, to whom the springlike breath of the new kingdom came as a native atmosphere. Their very environment was a training school. Not in isolated Judea, with its narrow bigotry and prejudice, but in the Galilean towns, with their bilingual speech and their broader outlook on the world and life, did the King find the ambassadors of the Kingdom.

Probably they were comparatively poor men, and that helped not a little. They did not need to strip themselves of the conventions of custom, the fashions of the time, or the sophistications of society. They were foot-loose to follow him. Wealth had not blinded their eyes to real worth. Where the rich and powerful could not see the King in the Carpenter, their simpler souls caught the vision of his inward greatness. They were willing to take lessons in catching men from one who had proved that he knew their own work better than they themselves did. He who could help them fish gained thereby a claim upon their help in casting the gospel net.

These four first followers of Jesus were not unready; they had heard the Baptist's call to repentance, and their souls had leaped up at the sound of the heralding trumpet. This new call to loving and loyal service found an echo in their heart hunger and aspiration. While scribes and Pharisees demand signs of his Messiahship, he wins his true disciples without working a single miracle; they are of "the inner circle," true kinsmen of the Christ by spiritual selection. He called them from their craft with his "Come and see;" three years later he will command them from the consummated cross and the conquered crown, "Go ye and make disciples of the nations."

And yet we must not forget that when the Risen Lord would send his truth beyond Jewish borders to the Gentile world, he did not entrust the task to those fishermen, but laid his hand upon a scholar from Tarsus. The constructive work of the Kingdom can never be carried out by illiterate men. It is Paul, and not Peter, through whom the gospel shall go to the uttermost parts of the earth. It is John Wesley, the Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, who sees the world as his parish and starts the modern movement of evangelism.

Wider than little Galilee, there stretches for us the vast sea of human life, with its storms of trouble, its depths of depravity, and its welter of lost lives. Through the tumult of the world storm the Master of all good fishermen still calls us to the capture of living souls. "Follow me!" It is the persuasion of a person, not the compulsion of a creed, which seeks our surrender of spirit and service.

Jesus calls us! By thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

THE OLDEST RIDDLE IN THE WORLD

A STRANGE story, yet not uninstructive, is that of Samson, the Hercules of the Hebrews. There is something very lovable about this sportive giant, so full of fun and frolic, whose very name means "sunshine." He was the original "man who laughs," fond of practical jokes, as when he sends the jackals through the wheat with firebrands tied to their tails, or, in bravado, carries off the city gates, as schoolboys do signboards on Halloween. An inveterate punster, we hear him joking after a ghastly victory over the uncircumcised, "With the jawbone of an *ass* have I *assailed* my *assailants*." (In the original Hebrew the pun is on the word *lehi*, jawbone, and not *ass*.)

He is the author of what is perhaps the oldest riddle in the world. In the sun-dried carcass of a lion which he had slain long before on his way to his lady love the wild bees had made their

home and filled it with luscious honeycomb. That incident suggested his riddle:

> Out of the eater came something to eat,
> Out of the strong came something sweet.

And he tells it at the wedding feast, betting a suit of clothes apiece with the stupid rival suitors who only guess it by intriguing with the faithless bride. He soothes his sense of shame for her perfidy with another jest:

> If with my heifer ye did not plow,
> Ye had not guessed my riddle, I trow.

This oldest riddle in the world is also the eternal puzzle of providence. All of us have found the honey of life in strange hives, and sweetness in the bitterest experiences of life.

Lions lie everywhere in the path of love, whose "course never did run smooth." Its road lies through the roses, but somewhere in its hedgerows of delight, lions of pain and difficulty are sleeping, ready at any moment to wake and pounce upon us. If you would not suffer, you must not love; for out of love flow the sweetest joys and bitterest pains of living. Even when the divinest love and the Heavenly Lover came on his love quest to earth, his way led past a cross.

The lions in our pathway must be resisted and conquered before they yield sweetness. This is indeed one of the subtlest tests of character: How do we meet and deal with trouble? What is our attitude to the ills of life? The true philosophy of life is not the lazy optimism that says all is for the best, nor the pensive pessimism that believes in no good, but a strenuous meliorism that wins by struggle good out of ill. The love of man is in the wilderness to subdue it; and in the carcass of its slain lions shall he find the honey of victory. Out of conquered doubt comes unclouded faith; out of mastered fear, heroic courage; out of slain sin, white-robed holiness; out of the jaws of destroyed death, the honey of immortality.

It is God who gives the strength to slaughter the lions that lie in the path of love. Perhaps Samson was not a giant after all, no bigger than the rest of us; the Book only says that the "spirit

of Jehovah came upon him." Do we ever wonder at the heroes and the saints and feel helpless to emulate their triumphs? Remember that God made them heroic and holy and that he can do the same with us, and bring out of the very jaws that would consume us the sweet honey for our own consumption.

Christian biography is full of the stories of bane transformed into blessing, through patience and perseverance. Lieutenant Maury's crippled leg robbed the navy of a commander, but created the physical geographer, whose study of ocean currents made the sea safer for sailors everywhere. From the deaf and dumb child in Thomas Gallaudet's home came speech for the silent children of the earth. Milton's blindness turned his light inward and gave humanity its sublimest vision of the unseen world. Poor nerve-racked, sensitive, half-crazed Cowper creates comfort to myriads of tortured spirits as he sings:

> Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
> The clouds ye so much dread
> Are big with mercy, and shall break
> In blessings on your head.

Death is the universal devourer, but one day death shall be destroyed, and under its skeleton ribs God's bees shall bring, distilled from the flowers of paradise, the honey of life eternal. Then shall come, after all the lions that threaten love have been slain, a final wedding feast, at which shall be asked the last of all time's riddles: "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? And whence came they?" And the answer is not unlike that to the old riddle of Samson: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER

Among suggested courses for postgraduate work this year for Methodist preachers is study of the prophet Jeremiah. A leading and inspiring text-book is Professor Longacre's *A Prophet of the Spirit*. There are few modern commentaries on Jeremiah in English; far the ablest is that in two small volumes in the New Century Bible, by A. S. Peake. Among books dealing with the career and teaching of the prophet is Cheyne's

Jeremiah, in the Men of the Bible Series. One should read also the article by Dr. A. B. Davidson in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*. Those who read German should possess the masterly commentary by Cornill. The two volumes in the Expositor's Bible by C. J. Ball and W. H. Bennett are rich in material for the pulpit. The four following sketches do not go very far into the heart of this spiritual seer, but may be a starting point for some young preachers. They are abstracts of sermons by the editor of the REVIEW.

JEREMIAH AND THE "JINGO" PROPHETS

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes; they were those who stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumacious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

Jeremiah of Anathoth is one of the greatest of those noblest heroes of history, the men who could stand alone for God and calmly stake

> One faith against a whole world's unbelief,
> One soul against the flesh of all mankind.

His eye fixed singly upon the will of Jehovah, his soul became full of light and so he caught the vision of the supremacy of righteousness above all earthly and selfish considerations, and learned the lesson that nothing pays but God.

This absolute loyalty to spiritual convictions brought him into collision with both church and state. Official religion had invested Jerusalem and the temple with a false sanctity. Have we not abolished the high places and put away idol worship? Since now there is only one central sanctuary for the worship of the true God, will he not care for his own? It was the everlasting assumption that there is some saving charm in orthodoxy, and that salvation is secured by institutional and confessional regularity. For these false prophets who antagonized Jeremiah were simply the organized prophetic guild, the professional interpreters of Jehovah's will to the people (Jer. 26). They were the superloyal supporters of the official religion, furiously faithful to the church and passionately patriotic to the state. Perhaps the phrase "jingo-prophets" would fairly describe their mental and moral attitude. Unfortunately, they were not a transient type; the time-saving minister of to-day, with his ear to the ground that he may echo popular prejudice, and his loud defense of vested rights and existing institutions, is their lineal descendant. Too often a rigid regularity in religious matters has been made the very bulwark of social and political abuses.

Naturally the priests thought Jeremiah an impious blasphemer when he pronounces doom upon the very house of God. No wonder the mob called him unpatriotic because he will not approve everything Judaic and sustain "our country right or wrong." To him religion is more than the temple, and the nation is more than the throne. God will no more spare his church than any other institution. Zion is not more inviolable to him than was Shiloh, that northern shrine now ruined and desolate.

Jehovah will vindicate justice even by the destruction of his own people and city. There is no shallower creed than the superficial optimism which refuses to see the concealed corruption lurking beneath imposing ecclesiastical strength and apparent national prosperity. The true prophet will often seem profoundly pessimistic with regard to his own age. In the white light of what ought to be, he sees the deformity of what is, and so he evermore appeals to eternity to right the wrongs of time. His is the higher optimism of the ideal glory, in whose glowing beauty the real is a faded thing.

The true prophet still must suffer obloquy and persecution. If the preacher criticises public morals, or leads a crusade against some evil securely intrenched in social custom, financial interest, and political power, he will soon be denounced as a disturber of the public peace. The newspapers will solemnly admonish him, or cover him with ridicule. Yet now, as in the days of Jeremiah, there is always the righteous remnant, the salt that saves to-day from rottenness, the seed of the harvest of to-morrow. It is a proof that the work of prophetism from Amos to Jeremiah had not been a failure, that there had been created in Jerusalem a holy minority who cared more for conscience than for conventional dogmas. The germ of spiritual religion had been planted in the soil of a nation's life. We to-day are debtors to the faithful few who pleaded the cause of the persecuted prophet. Great souls create greatness all about them. A prophetic pulpit makes a prophetic church.

These were the true patriots who with clear-eyed vision of their country's vices strove not to cover but correct its crimes. What Lowell has said of the Puritan is always true of this higher patriotism:

> He did not, with his pinchback ore,
> His country's shame forgotten,
> Gild freedom's coffin o'er and o'er
> When all within was rotten.

Private sincerity is public welfare. There is an aristocracy of virtue made up of God's confessors, prophets, and martyrs. They may claim the lordship of the future, having the Master's promise: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom."

The Book and the Penknife

The penknife of the impenitent sinner is a poor weapon against the two-edged sword of the Spirit. So found Jehoiakim, King of Judah. This bad king was a palace builder, the mortar of whose mansions had been mingled with the blood and tears of a suffering people. The reform party in his court planned to bring him to repentance by reading in his hearing from a roll of the prophecies of Jeremiah (Jer. 36). With characteristic brutality he takes the leaves as they are read, cuts them up with his penknife, and burns them in the brazier in his winter house. He is a type of that rebellious spirit which hears with impatience the warnings of God's Word and blindly rejects them.

He cut it because he did not like to hear its message. There is a natural antagonism between the depraved heart and the Book of God.

It will not abate its demands of duty, or compromise its claims upon conscience. Full of consolation to the contrite, it has no word of comfort for the impenitent. Many a man has been compelled to confess, "I am afraid the Bible is true."

He cut it before he had heard much of it. Only three or four leaves were read in his hearing. Much rejection of the Bible is based on partial knowledge. Nearly every noted infidel can be convicted of gross ignorance of its contents. Hume confessed that he had never carefully read the New Testament. There are difficulties with parts of the Scriptures which a larger knowledge would solve. We ought to read past the terrors of the law to the blessings of the gospel. The partial problems fade away in the larger light of the providential history.

Jehoiakim has many modern imitators. There is the sectarian penknife which cuts out all that does not fit into my pet creed. The vicious proof-text method has involved the Book in unmerited contempt, and started the infamous slander that "the Bible is an old fiddle on which you can play any tune." Modern scientific exegesis is changing all that and creating a consensus of interpretation. In the light of the historical method a thousand difficulties vanish.

Then there is the philosophical penknife, the spirit which says "What I do not understand, I will not believe." And so rational presuppositions are invoked to reject the supernatural element in Holy Scripture. Truth is larger than the measure of any one mind. Life is greater than logic, and reason does not exhaust reality. Mystery in divine revelation is not a hindrance, but a help to faith. We can believe the book to be from God because it has heights we cannot seek and depths we cannot fathom.

Of the same sort is the scientific penknife which whittles away at the supposed scientific shortcomings of the Scriptures. It is well to remember that the accuracy of the physical outlook of this literature is no part of its real power or usefulness. It is not given to teach us how the heavens go, but how to go to heaven. Besides, we may well wait awhile and find out what science really is. Guesses are too dull to cut very deep.

Worst of all is the sinner's penknife, which, like that of Jehoiakim, cuts away at the code that condemns our character and conduct. It is as if the leper should break the mirror that reflects his loathsomeness. The Bible is banished from heart and life by an insolent bravado, frivolous folly, or supercilious contempt born of sinful desires and willful wickedness. Sin is the deepest sort of skepticism. There is a note of dislike in that mocking music to which men dance a jig on the grave of a dead faith.

It was a useless mutilation. We have not destroyed revelation when we have disposed of the Bible. So it was in the case of Jehoiakim. Jeremiah had the whole rewritten in an enlarged and revised edition. And the judgments came to pass all the same; the doom was not delayed but rather hastened. God's Word cannot pass away, for its spirit is eternal. The outward form may perish, but his will abides. His truth

is more than parchment, more than printed page; these may be destroyed, they are but the body of the book; it has a soul which can defy the knife of criticism or the burning coals of unbelief. Get rid of the Bible and what then? God is still left, and duty, and human sin and need. To really destroy it, one would have to blot out the might and majesty of literature, the loveliness of art, and the eternal hopes from the heart of God's children.

> One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world has never lost.

The penknife of the king really cut conscience, hope, and love from his own heart; the flame that burned the scroll seared his own soul. It is not God who fails, when his law is disobeyed and his mercy refused; it is man who fails, with a failure that makes angels weep and causes jubilee in hell.

The Prophet, the Palace, and the Prison

The holy city of Jerusalem often manifested an unholy hatred for holy men. "Thou that killest the prophets," was the burden of our Lord's lament when he wept over the sacred city. Such a man as Jeremiah could hardly be popular in any smug, self-satisfied community, proud of its prosperity and contented with its civilization. He denounced the very things of which they were vainest, condemning the palace building of Jehoiakim and praising the rude simplicity of the Rechabites. He exposes the illusion of so-called progress and unveils the shams of social conventions. This appeal to reality and life is always wholesome, but never agreeable to the leaders in business and politics.

Yet many things were happening to shake popular confidence in the existing order. Zion has been proved to be not inviolable; Nebuchadnezzar has already carried away the precious vessels of the sanctuary and many of her noblest sons. Jerusalem, lying in the pathway of empire, between the Euphrates and the Nile, has become but a pawn in the great game being played out by Babylon and Egypt. Many of Jeremiah's predictions of coming Babylonian supremacy were being fulfilled. The "jingo-prophets," representing the official and state religion, still stoutly stick to their story; they insist that Jerusalem cannot be destroyed. It was easy for them to be brave on the popular side, for it cost them nothing. It is the true prophet of Jehovah, who, setting himself against popular prejudice and the current of society, risks all for his testimony for a spiritual against a formal piety. But so much of his testimony has come true that in spite of the hatred of the priesthood and the official prophets, a certain cautious respect for him and his message is growing up in the mind of the king and some of the leaders. The pathway of his life at this time lies between the palace and the prison (Jer 37. 1-21).

Zedekiah, the king, hopes by cajolery to extort some favorable oracle from the stern messenger of God. It is all very modern, this attempt to dragoon a faithful preacher into echoing the selfish dictates of popular prejudice. They cannot understand, these worldlings, that the minister

can only proclaim the message that God gives him. So the king again and again applies to the prophet for counsel which he will not follow. People who consult the preacher, frequently do so in the hope that they will get the advice they want. Zedekiah and the princes of Israel have no intention of obeying the voice of Jehovah through his servant, unless that voice shall be an echo of their own desires. Zedekiah even asks Jeremiah to pray for him. How can the prophet hopefully pray for a ruler who persistently refuses to do the will of God? The king seems to vaguely imagine that the prayers of a true prophet may save him in spite of all rebellions. He is not the only one who, having run up a bill to the devil, tries to sneak out when pay-day comes.

The insurgent soul of Jeremiah will not submit to the subtle coercion of the palace; there is nothing left the leaders but to condemn him to the damp of the dungeon. The occasion is not long wanting. As the man of God is passing through the city gate on the way to a business engagement at his native Anathoth, he is arrested on the charge of desertion to the Chaldeans. The pretext is plausible enough. He has perpetually proclaimed his belief that Jehovah is working with Chaldea and against Egypt, and now that bands of Babylonian troops are known to be in the neighborhood, what is more reasonable than to suppose that he will take the advice he has given to others and find a short cut out of all his troubles by seeking refuge with them? It is just what any one of his accusers would have done in his case! Perhaps the prophet made a mistake in trying to leave town at such a critical moment. The true man, who has identified himself with the cause of right, must never forget that by all his slightest acts that cause will be judged. "Let not your good be evil spoken of," is the counsel of a holy caution which God's witnesses must never fail to heed. Few of the great reformers of history have wholly succeeded in escaping the self-righteous reproach of their critics and perverse misinterpretation of trifling details of their conduct.

The palace tries to save him from the prison. Doubtless, if he had only consented to be silent, if only in his interview with the king he had desisted from denunciation, he might have been set free. There is nothing finer in spiritual history than the persistence of this strong soul as he calmly stakes the truth of eternity against the lie of time.

Jerusalem, Destroyed, Yet Delivered

"The world's history is the world's judgment"; so profoundly says Schiller, the German poet. Nations, which have no immortal souls to await the last great assize, are judged in time rather than in eternity. And so the shores of the past ages are strewn with the wrecks of dead and damned civilization. The same doom awaits the sinful peoples of to-day that in their worldly pride of power forget God; "all our pomp of yesterday" shall at last be "one with Nineveh and Tyre." The fall of Jerusalem before the power of Babylon, in 587 B. C., is more than a historic tragedy, written in flames of fire, in the horror of hunger and famine and in the frenzy and fury of human passion; it is an eternal

symbol set in time of the truth that the final interpretation of history is not economic or political, but is moral and spiritual. Nations live or die according to their conformity to the invisible kingdom of God.

The "jingo" spirit of Judah, fostered by priestly pride and professional prophecy, had stoutly contended that Zion is inviolable. Now, the event proves the vanity of their contention. Less than any other can the chosen nation escape the inexorable law. If God is to be true to himself, he must be supremely so in dealing with his own people. The darkest and deadliest doom of all awaits, not the wicked world, but a corrupt church.

Yet the work of Jeremiah had not been in vain. His was a sad fate indeed; the gentlest of souls, the demands of truth had tuned his tongue to the most terrible of warnings. With the temper of a dove, he becomes the stormy petrel in an awful historic tempest. His life found no sunset peace and passed before he could see the triumph of his testimony. But he did not fail; his supreme aim, which was to spiritualize religion, to substitute an inward law of righteousness written in the heart for external devotion, was helped, not hindered, by the Babylonian captivity. He had created the righteous remnant of which Isaiah had prophesied, who were like an ark of God to sail over and survive the deluge of national desolation. The Jewish state perished that the Jewish Church might live. Her political power passed forever that her spiritual mission might never fail. The fire that fell on Zion's towers was a purifying flame, to purge the worldly dross of a people's life that only the refined gold of their holier life might be given to the world as a heritage. The tears of Jeremiah were not shed in vain; they were a fructifying dew, nourishing the holy harvests that have fed the fruitful souls of all later generations. Judah, like her coming King, was crucified in the flesh that she might have a resurrection in the spirit.

A new note now enters prophecy. Amos, Hosea, and Isaiah had addressed a collective conscience and denounced social sins; Jeremiah and Ezekiel preached the doctrine of individual responsibility, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Babylon, by its very policy of denationalizing the countries it conquered, unconsciously helped this process of ethical evolution. Though the chosen nation dies, the chosen people lives; the crust of custom is broken, and henceforth religion shall be more than a national cult; it shall be the personal relation of a soul to its God. The temple has fallen and its sacrifices are suspended; henceforth every soul is a sanctuary when the broken and contrite heart is the acceptable sacrifice. Doubtless many of the most passionately personal of the psalms in the great hymn book of Israel date from this period.

So Jerusalem was not wholly destroyed and Babylon did not completely triumph. Centuries later, another exiled seer, with still clearer vision than Jeremiah, shall see the symbolic meaning of the great conflict between the heavenly kingdom and the world powers. Babylon, harlot of nations, shall sink into the abyss, and a new, holy spiritual Jerusalem, a spotless bride, shall come down from God out of heaven. The doctrine of the inviolability of Zion, the city of Jehovah, was utterly

false of the earthly Jerusalem, sunken in sin and shame; it is eternally true of that holy city of God, whose foundations are apostles and prophets and whose walls are built of the saintly souls of all the centuries.

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freedmen are,
Of every age and clime.

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock,
The eternal city stands.

THE ARENA

A STUDENT'S VIEW OF THE COURSE OF STUDY

One who has followed Dr. Sloan, "the courageous champion of militant Methodist orthodoxy," in his fight to purge the Conference Course of Study of its "blighting and withering volumes," cannot help but wonder what effect these books might have on one who has been studying this course for the past few years.

Are these students a lot of poor dupes who are about to sink in the abysmal waters of intellectual and spiritual inertia, and will they only be saved by Dr. Sloan, who is so frantically waving the red flag of danger? This certainly is the impression among the students themselves. The cry is raised, "Who shall save them?" and, "Look out for the wolf," and there is no wolf. There is not even a trace of the sheep's clothing. As the discussion goes merrily on, one cannot help but gather that these "young ministers who ought not be compelled to read and study unsound books" are in such an embryonic stage of development that they might become colicky should they imbibe any of this addled Conference Study Course stuff (or, as Dr. Sloan would suggest, "coarse stuff").

Is Dr. Sloan justified in saying that "everyone who has read thoroughly the books in the new course of study knows that they do these things: reject Christ's resurrection, deny the reliability of the New Testament record, make Jesus mistaken with respect to several items of his teaching and even his gospel, reject his second coming, his propitiatory sacrifice, justification, the fall, and that make the gospel, as it has been preached in the Christian centuries, not the responsible teaching either of Jesus or his apostles, but an evolution in which Jewish rabbinism, Greek philosophy, and many other influences play a part"?

Is this the sort of an impression that a student in the Conference Course of Study receives?

Let one answer.

For the past three and one half years I have had the very delectable experience of studying in this course under the Board of Examiners of

the Rock River Conference, and expect to complete my work this fall. I have had the pleasure of reading, studying, praying over, and writing about these very volumes Dr. Sloan so heartily condemns. With what result?

With this result. My faith in Christ has not wavered for one moment. It has become stronger and firmer than before. I am more convinced than ever that the gospel of Christ is a "power unto salvation to every one that believeth."

For the past four years I have subjected a rural charge to a laboratory test. Having become inoculated with the truths this Conference Study Course teaches, I have tried them out on a rural congregation to see what would happen. This thing has happened.

Four years ago there were only two or three men in the Sunday school and they could only be found after diligent search among the back seats of the Women's Bible Class. To-day these men have to have a room by themselves and are the largest and the most active class in the Sunday school. Several weeks ago about ten of this class put on a Laymen's Gospel Service with such success that they will soon be available for gospel work in our neighboring towns. The Sunday school is more than doubled in attendance. There were thirty-eight in Epworth League last Sunday night and one hundred and sixty-five in church service and we have only about four hundred population, with one other church. Centenary obligations have registered 100 per cent since the day the pledges were made. We believe that the gospel of Jesus Christ gets grown men saved.

This is no isolated case. The men with whom I have taken these examinations year after year are fellows who are serving well in the charges in which they are placed, and my experience is that there are few men taking the Course who are not doing pastoral work. These men are sincere and courageous in their work. Handicapped by lack of theological training, they appreciate all the more their Saviour's need for trained leadership.

There is no use to point out the value of the thirteen condemned books which Dr. Sloan insists should be outlawed because they are causing the church to drift away from the "faith once for all delivered to the saints," but I would like to say a word for one or two of these so-called heretical volumes.

I. *New Testament History.*—Rall

Having attended Garrett for a few months (being forced to leave on account of ill-health), I have had the privilege both of hearing Dr. Rall lecture and of studying his volume. Never for one moment, in the class room or out, has there come to my mind any question concerning Dr. Rall's scholarship, reverence, devotion to, or success in, his Master's task of training young men to leadership in the Christian Church. The enviable record for accessions to Christ and the church that Garrett students have is evidence enough that they are taught the gospel that gets grown men saved.

For clearness, conciseness, and for general good reading there is no volume that more reverently and constructively sets forth the beginnings of Christianity than Rall's and I turn to it instinctively over and over again.

II. *The Five Great Philosophies of Life.*—HYDE

Dr. Sloan does indeed question the intellectual loyalty of our Board of Censorship when he insists that this "baldly hostile book of Hyde's be expunged."

This condemnation is urged because the author "has reduced Christianity to the ethics of love in which Christ stands only as a great teacher and ideal." Not a bad deduction if we believe the gospels when they say, "If ye love me, keep my commandments," and, "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and, "We love him, because he first loved us."

If dogma is a declaration of principles, then it implies a program of action. Maybe Hyde is wrong about creeds, but anyone can readily see who wants to, and this includes the wayfaring man and fools, that to hold this principle of love involves dogmatic Christianity. There is therefore no such thing as a Christianity that is merely ethical.

But why spoil a perfectly good Conference Course of Study by removing such a stimulating and thought-provoking volume, simply because of a worn-out definition or two?

Hyde causes Christianity to stand out above all other philosophical thought as a mountain above a plain. After reading the first four chapters and realizing the futility of Epicureanism, Stoicism, Platonism, and Aristotelianism, you wonder why God in his mercy did not send his own Son several hundred years earlier. Such an impression has come from no other volume that I have read. The thrill of this book will be with me as long as I will ever be able to lisp the Master's name.

So these disputed volumes go. We usually find what we are looking for. If we come with the super-sensitive mind of a militant Methodist orthodox, we can find plenty and enough to summon us to combat, which is more or less on the "shadow-boxing" nature. On the other hand, if we come with a mind which is open and receptive to the great truths of the gospel and their interpretation by the scholarly minds and reverential hearts of our modern leaders of thought, we cannot help but have our faith strengthened, our love kindled, our hopes anchored, and our hearts made firm and strong in the things of Jesus Christ.

The insidious propaganda then is doing something more than attacking the intellectual loyalty of the Commission on Courses of Study; it is heaping scorn and ignominy upon the students themselves, who having reached the place after long years where they are able to discern the right hand from the left, are now to have dealt to them in homeopathic doses only that which has been previously predigested and diligently distilled.

These fellow-students to the man have accepted the unconditional discipleship which Jesus expected and demanded. The gospel is being preached, hearts are being gladdened, souls are being won, and this is

not in spite of the Conference Course of Study, but because of it. "Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Winslow, Illinois. ROYAL SYNWOLT.

ADMINISTRATION OF CHILD-WELFARE WORK IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

IT is made effective through two main channels. They are the General Boards to which have been allocated various phases of such work and the organized parish with the pastor in charge. It is worth while to examine the specifications.

Of the official board and pastor, ¶ 54 says, "Whenever a baptized child shall be deprived of Christian guardianship, by orphanage or otherwise, the Pastor shall ascertain and report the facts in the case to the Official Board or to the Leaders and Stewards' Meeting; and such provision shall be made for the Christian training of the child as the circumstances of the case shall admit or require."

Of the General Boards, ¶ 591 says: "Emphasizing the need of child welfare work, we commend the work of the Methodist Child Welfare Society, whose objects and purposes are to carry on work for destitute and neglected children with reference to home-finding and supervision, probationary care of the delinquent, specialized health-care, information in mental hygiene and visualization, to the end that not only the children of the churches, but all children who have been overlooked and neglected may find available for their benefit, that care of body, mind and spirit that is essential to the realization of an abundant Christian life." This report was adopted. On motion, it was then referred to the Board of Hospitals and Homes.

In enumeration of the duties of the District Superintendent, ¶ 190, § 14, says: "To inquire carefully at each Quarterly Conference if the rules respecting the instruction of children, including instruction in temperance, have been observed." Sec. 15: "To make diligent inquiry at each Quarterly Conference as to the social and recreational program provided for the young people."

Of the pastor, ¶ 182, § 10, says, that it shall be among his duties "to form Classes of the larger children, youth, and adults for instruction in the Word of God, and to attend to all the duties prescribed for the training of children."

Quarterly Conference procedure is clarified further by ¶ 107, § 7, which says that a part of the business may be, "To elect where desirable, on nomination of the Pastor, a Director of Religious Education, whose duty it shall be, together with the Pastor, to have general supervision of the entire educational program of the Church." And § 8: "To elect, on the nomination of the Pastor, a Director of Social and Recreational Life who shall, with the concurrence of the Pastor, promote the Social and Recreational life of the young people."

The purpose of the specifications in ¶ 591, which by adoption became a part of the work and duties prescribed, will be effectively realized in the exercise of humaneness, compassionate help, and formative uplift toward all children discovered to be in neglect, with varying emphasis upon the enumerated objects as circumstances permit or require. From every point of view it is desirable that this work should be carefully administered through Board, Conference, and Committee. Where officials realize the need and do their duty this will be done.

BURDETTE B. BROWN.

New York, N. Y.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

LEONHARD RAGAZ AND THE RELIGIOUS-SOCIAL MOVEMENT IN SWITZERLAND

IN the eyes of many earnest people Ragaz is the most interesting personality of the day in Switzerland. He is a man who knows how to compel attention to his message. Those who will not hear him for his cause listen because they cannot choose but hear.

Ragaz is a Swiss by birth (he was born in 1868), but the whole course of his early development helped to give him an international mind. He studied theology chiefly in Berlin and Jena and traveled in various countries. After laboring very successfully as pastor in Basel he was called in 1908 to Zurich as professor of theology and associate preacher in one of the churches. This double office he held until something more than a year ago, when he not only resigned it but also withdrew from the ministry. His reason for this step he states frankly. His personal Christian faith remains unshaken, but he holds the ecclesiastical organization to be unfaithful to the mission upon which Christ sent his followers. He felt that he could do the work to which he felt himself called only in freedom from ecclesiastical restraint.

Ragaz is by nature a fighter. His favorite weapon is the pen. He works prodigiously. In the course of five years, along with the labors of his professorship, which he never slighted, he wrote two important books, a large part of *The Social Program*, a number of pamphlets, and every month a long article in his monthly Neue Wege. The two books referred to are *Die neue Schweiz* and *Die pädagogische Revolution*. And then he carries on an immense correspondence. Writing so much, he does not always give to his productions elegance and finish, but they are never wanting either in vigor or in depth. In all his discussions and criticisms he is very bold and direct, and yet he is free from personal rancor.

The theological standpoint of Ragaz was from the beginning liberal. In some respects he has become very radical, in others he is and always has been more "positive" than many a theologian of our time. He certainly emphasizes the Lordship of Jesus in an impressive manner. On

the other hand he is very critical in his attitude toward ecclesiastical tradition. He has often attacked a current conception of religion, "Religion is a veil which hides the Christ from us." But by "religion" he does not here mean the soul's fellowship with God; he means the outward system, the body of the institutions, forms, rites, dogmas popularly supposed to make up religion. It is religion in this sense that Ragaz would discredit; that he recognizes the value of real religion is evident from the subtitle of his Neue Wege, which he describes as "Leaves for Religious Work." But the mere forms of religion are futile. "Jesus wants a life, not a religion. He gave no formal religious instruction, he instituted no rites, no forms. He was even doubtful as to their place and was at all events free in his use of them. No fixed creed! The confession of faith he demands of his followers is that by faith they contend for the cause of God. No clergy! For Jesus all men are priests because they are men. All days are holy. God is the great reality, and 'religion' falls before God. . . . The representatives of the religion of his time understood this, and they crucified Jesus." In another place Ragaz says: "The ecclesiastical form of Christianity has had its day; the spirit of the gospel, having loosed itself from the direction of the churches, is undertaking to conquer the world."

Ragaz's most important book is *The New Switzerland*. In it he sets forth all that is essential in his program of social and political reform. He is unsparing in his criticism of the evils of the past and present. Yet he is no pessimist. He is an ardent believer in the destiny of Switzerland and in his own mission.

There is no people, Ragaz says, but represents some one idea. The idea which Switzerland personifies is democracy, which he defines as "respect for the personal worth of each member of the social body." Hitherto Switzerland has applied this principle only partially. The task is to extend the application also to the social and economic domain, and to accomplish a renewal of the entire life of the people. This renewal is urgent.

Ragaz is a socialist, but not of the sort that believes the work of social renewal can be accomplished on a materialistic basis. "Socialism," he writes, "is not only an economic system, it is a moral ideal. To fix for it a purely utilitarian and egoistic aim is to kill its soul. It cannot exist except in an atmosphere of liberty, of mutual helpfulness and of respect for mankind. The principle opposed to socialism is the system of violence. Capitalism practises violence upon the small folk; the civil state has at its service the school, the press, the church, and above all the army; political absolutism, all the systems that depend upon the division of men into two classes, masters and servants, these are the great generators of violence. Socialism combats them. And so it will not do that it too should bow before the altar of violence. That would be contrary to the end which it wishes to attain. The means ought to be in harmony with the end pursued."

Even from these brief quotations it will be seen that Ragaz is not only immeasurably removed from Bolshevistic tendencies, but that he

has no faith in any social program that is not founded in religion and the eternal principles of morality. He is a socialist in so far as he is persuaded that the reign of God on earth must bring with it a new social order in which the worth of each individual member of society is practically recognized. He is a Christian first and a socialist afterward. The socialism that he champions is not a modification of Christianity, but the social working-out of genuine Christianity. He is in the closest touch with the French "Christianisme social" under the leadership of Wilfred Monod and Gounelle. His standpoint is similar to that of such leaders in our own country as Walter Rauschenbusch and Harry F. Ward.

Long before the catastrophe of 1914 Ragaz and his friends (among whom special mention should be made of pastor Hermann Kutter) struggled against militarism and nationalism as being obstacles to the coming of the kingdom of God. As to nationalism, he was not so foolish as to belittle the significance and the right of the individual nation. It was the ruinous egoism of the nations that he opposed. In the years before the outbreak of the World War Ragaz felt that a crisis was imminent and that humanity was rushing headlong toward an abyss. "The whole world had been precipitated into the gulf, the reign of violence and mammon, and, besides, was allowing itself to be ruled by it." As the crisis was approaching, the thing for the Christians to do was to bow the head, to humble themselves with all the guilty world. It was for the Christians also to react, to protest against the mobilizations." War, Ragaz insisted, will never be abolished until Christians no longer *can* make war, and, in the name of their Christianity, refuse to bear arms. "My life," he said in 1918, "during these last years has been a perpetual struggle against war."

From the beginning of the great war Ragaz's sympathies were largely with the French. He was horrified at the invasion of Belgium and deeply distressed at the devastation of Northern France. But his sympathy was not, after all, of the partisan sort that would exclude the German people. He longed that France might be saved, but not that Germany might be destroyed. He assured his friends in Germany, who were grieved by his severe criticism of German policy, that he had the friendliest desire for the well-being of the German people. The cause which Germany was serving in 1914 was evidently in opposition to the cause to which Ragaz had devoted his life. To his eyes Germany, even a long time before the war, was in the power of a demon that was leading it to its ruin: the demon of nationalism. Nationalism existed, it is true, in all countries, but its stronghold was in Germany. And so, in wishing for Germany's defeat at arms, he was really wishing for the ultimate salvation of Germany.

In spite of his sympathy for France, Ragaz was sometimes mildly reproached by his friends in France for what they termed his neutrality. Speaking for himself and those closely associated with him he wrote: "They have reproached us for being neutral. When did we ever say that we wished to be neutral? We take sides in every situation where we see clearly. We are not ashamed of this, and should be ashamed, much

rather, of the contrary. In the face of moral questions there is no neutrality. True enough, we do not take sides *for* the Entente as *against* the Central Powers, but we takes sides *for* the cause which we serve as *against* that which is opposed to it." If in the great struggle of our day for a better world a fighter like Ragaz is to be thought of as a neutral, where should we seek for the combatants?

In his Neue Wege Ragaz shows himself a very competent critic of international politics. His comments, in the January number of the periodical, on the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, reveal his characteristic mood and attitude. He is disposed to make the most of the good that he finds in it, and he finds much that is good. "It would be hard to overestimate the importance of this event." "It is significant in the first place that the Conference was held in Washington. That marks the reentry of the United States into the task of solving the world's political problems. But it would not have come about . . . if in Washington a man had not believed, fought, and suffered, whom an evil and thoughtless world derides and crucifies because of his 'failure.' Without Wilson no Harding to call a disarmament conference. The old tragic spectacle repeats itself, that upon the highway, which a pioneer in distress and tribulation has hewn out, another, who denies him with words, can easily pass onward to successes at which the world applauds. . . . Moreover, Harding and Hughes and with them the whole world, so far as it is accustomed to think, can perceive, in the light of the situation as they faced it in Washington, what sort of task Wilson had before himself in Paris. If Harding and Hughes now—now, when America is again dictator of the world and when the three years that have elapsed since the armistice have cooled and clarified men's heads—supported by all America, could but half accomplish a tenth part of the task, which Wilson, in the midst of the intoxication of hate and victory, in part denied by his own people, in the first flush of the Allies' self-assurance, was expected to accomplish, one will perhaps be able to measure how Wilson struggled and what he accomplished." The concrete results of the conference—especially, however, the spirit of the American people—give us assurance of larger things yet to come.

Ragaz is particularly hopeful also regarding England. "The way in which England has solved the Irish question is a far-shining torch of hope for a new spirit in the world of nations and at the same time a new proof of the world mission of this people. They are doubtless able also to solve the Egyptian and Indian questions in such a way that the British 'Empire' will grow into a federation of free peoples."

JOHN R. VAN PELT.

BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE IDEAL OF HISTORICAL WRITING AND ISRAEL'S RELATION TO IT

This is the first time that I have had the honor to submit an article to the Methodist Review. In doing so I think I can render no better service than by seeking to throw some light on historical writing in ancient Israel. A widespread mist of doubt—to put the case mildly—rests at present upon the historical narratives of the Old Testament, especially the earlier ones; and my aim in this article is to present some facts and considerations that may help to dispel this mist.

One voice recently raised against the historical books of Israel declares that "the priests wrote most of the Bible and used it to get gain for themselves and to malign as much as possible their enemies." But the little book in which these words occur is partisan in character, addressed to the lower popular instincts, and need not detain us. How unjust its accusation is, is evident from the fact that the income of the priests was by no means large, as one may see from Deut. 18. 3f. Further, the Hebrew writings do not say anything untrue concerning the enemies of the priests. On the contrary, they do not even gloss over the faults of their friends, such as David and Solomon, as may be seen from 2 Sam. 12. 1ff. But aside from such attacks as this upon the historical books of Israel—attacks that manifestly have their origin in class hatred and anti-Semitic race hostility—there are still two main types of attack upon these books.[1]

A frequent reproach brought against them is that they are simply expositions of a "philosophy of history." It is claimed that certain people in Israel worked out for themselves a general picture of the origin and course of Israel's history and then embodied this picture in an historical work. But the historical books of Israel show by their factual structure that they were not designed to give expression to a later artificially constructed conception of the history of this people. For what Israelite could have later thought out for himself such an extraordinarily varied and complicated course of events as we find in the history of this people from the time of Abraham down? Who, furthermore, if he had sought to paint an ideal picture of the past of his people, would have introduced into this picture such things, for instance, as the enslavement of Israel in Egypt, and the constantly recurring rebellion of the forefathers against Moses and the prophetic religion? We need not, therefore, concern ourselves any longer with the refutation of this second form of attack on the value of the ancient Hebrew historical books.

There is, however, a modern judgment passed on the Israelitic historical books that carries more weight, because it emanates from the representatives of historical research themselves. A considerable number of these men are at present accustomed to say that these books are for

[1] Herm. Schneider, *Zwei Aufsätze zur Religionsgeschichte* (1908), p. 2.

the most part of slight historical value, inasmuch as they were written long after the events related in them and were constructed out of quite unreliable material. This view now widely held concerning the historical books of Israel receives expression, for instance, in Herm. Weinheimer's *History of Israel* (1909). There one finds not a word concerning the history of Israel before their sojourn in Egypt, and the only sentence justifying this procedure reads as follows: "Over the preceding period of Israel's history darkness reigns" (p. 9). Such is the common judgment now expressed in the name of science. Another view runs thus: "Biblical history is harmonistic; critical history seeks only the truth."[2] Still another current assertion is this, that the Hebraic historians "painted their pictures on a background of gold." Others, finally, have the hardihood to declare that in the oldest history of the Jews "the origin of their people and their national home are dealt with as though they represented the beginning of the history of the world."[3]

In order to be able to estimate aright the justice of such verdicts as these, it will be well to follow two different paths. The first consists in comparing the historical books of Israel with the historical writings of their contemporary and cultural neighborhood; the second consists in judging these books in the light of the ideal, that is, in the light of the highest principles of historical writing. Both of these paths we will seek to traverse as rapidly as possible.

I

Those who venture to pass such adverse judgments as the above on the Hebrew historical books ought first to acquaint themselves with the character of historical writing in antiquity as a whole. They would then see to what a high stage of development historiography attained among the Hebrews. Let us, therefore, take a look at the literatures of antiquity, so that we may obtain a trustworthy basis for judging aright the historical books of Israel. Let us take a general view of the historical works that we find among other ancient peoples, and endeavor to form a judgment concerning the rank that belongs to them as compared with the similar works of the Hebrews.

Now among many peoples in antiquity the stage was not reached where historical books were produced at all. Even the Egyptians, whose "delight in writing was amazing,"[4] hardly reached that stage. There have, it is true, been preserved for us Egyptian narratives, dating from the Middle Kingdom (since about 2000 B. C.), that recount in choicest language many a story, as for example, the story of the nobleman Sinuhue, who fled to Palestine out of fear of a new king and there lived as a "barbarian," or the story of the Sailor, who came to the island of the serpent and was so well received by the old serpent, or the story of the Peasant whose ass was stolen from him and who discoursed so eloquently concerning the wrong done him that at the king's command

[2] Stade, *Geschichte des Volkes Israel*, I, p. 11.

[3] Ad. Bour, (in Vienna), *Vom Judentum zum Christentum* (1916), p. 15.

[4] Ad. Erman, *Die Hieroglyphen* (1917), p. 83.

his case was dragged along so that he was compelled to deliver many more of his eloquent pleas and beautiful plaints. But none of these narratives are history in the proper sense of the term. And the same may also be said of the "historical inscriptions" that appear in the time of the New Kingdom (since 1580 B. C.). "Only seldom are they simple, sober accounts such as we would wish them. As a rule the details themselves are assumed to be known, and to make up for them the fame of the king is extolled all the more enthusiastically."[5] One of the most important of these panegyrics of a particular reign is the long Papyrus Harris which sets forth the military successes of Rameses III (about 1200 B. C.). But on the whole so little was done in the way of historical writing that the priest Manetho (about 270 B. C.) was compelled to use the popular tales of his day in order to secure material for his first work on the history of Egypt.[6]

Turning to the Babylonians and Assyrians, we find that only in the following way did they make a beginning in the direction of historical writing. They began, it is true, a so-called Eponym List and carried it on for some time, that is, a roll or catalogue of the high dignitaries of the kingdom, who, like the Greek archons and the Roman consuls, gave their names to the successive years. This list is, therefore, simply a bare catalogue of names, which, it may be incidentally remarked, covered a period of 228 years (893-666 B. C.). The registers, which are now commonly called "administration lists," possess somewhat greater similarity to historical books. They add to the names of the Eponyms their office, but in addition to this as a rule only a military campaign or some other noteworthy event, such as an epidemic or a solar eclipse like that of June 15, 763 B. C., which was total for Nineveh, or a rebellion or some unusual religious proceeding, which rendered that particular year noteworthy. But everyone recognizes that these "administration lists" have only a "very scanty" resemblance to historical books. The same judgment is to be passed on the "Synchronistic Table" which gives a survey of the relations between the Babylonians and Assyrians. And the situation does not differ much in the case of the great royal inscriptions, which are best divided into "annals, war histories and panegyric inscriptions." In the "annals" the events in each year of a king's reign are given in chronological order. But records of this kind are unfortunately not numerous. Furthermore, in the "war-histories," as for example in the cylinder of Sennacherib (705-681 B. C.), which includes eight of his military expeditions, the enumeration of the campaigns is very arbitrary. "What the Assyrian scribe is pleased to call the first or fourth or eighth expedition is not always the expedition of that number undertaken by the king in question, but the first or fourth or eighth of those expeditions that he found it convenient to take note of in his report. The expeditions that he omitted he simply did not count."[7] Our conclusion then is that on the Euphrates and Tigris

[5] Erman, *Ibid.*, p. 88.
[6] W. Max Müller, in the *Encyclopedia Biblica*, col. 1221.
[7] C. P. Tiele, *Babylonisch-Assyrische*, p. 27f.

they did not get beyond the composition of chronicles of a certain kind. Indeed, the "Babylonian chronicle" is the name given to one of the literary products of Babylonia.[8] Quite different were the achievements of the Greeks in the field of historical writing. They attained, in the fifth century B. C., to a high degree of development in this field. With them historical writing attached itself to the poetic narration of the epic, as was natural since poetic productions in general form the earliest parts of national literatures.[9] Herodotus inherited from the dying epic poetry the inclination and the capacity to take great masses of disparate material and build them into a unified structure. The unity which he aimed at is that of style. Thucydides advances beyond him chiefly in this respect, that he confines himself to the task of seeking to grasp the real forces at work in the world. To set forth the causal connection of events and their starting point in the spiritual impulses of the leading personalities, is his highest aim. His work on the Peloponnesian War is for this reason commonly regarded as marking the beginning of the "pragmatic" method of historical writing. "No such masses of heterogeneous material grew together for him as for his predecessor, and the unity of subject-matter resulting from this fact he develops still further by the rigor with which he restricts himself to his theme, the war of the Peloponnesians and Athenians."[10] This is the high point in the development of historical writing among the peoples of antiquity.

In what relation now does historical writing in Israel stand to this development?

In answering this question we are so fortunate as to be able to listen to so distinguished a specialist as the representative of the history of antiquity in the University of Berlin is generally recognized to be. Edward Meyer has expressed himself as follows relative to the historical writing of the Hebrews: "A true historical literature has arisen wholly independently only among the Israelites and the Greeks. Among the Israelites, who also in this regard occupy a unique position among all the cultural peoples of the Orient, it originated at a surprisingly early period and began with highly significant creations, such, namely, as the purely historical narratives in the book of Judges and Samuel."[11] This judgment the same scholar supports in detail in another work[12] as follows: "The David stories, found especially in 2 Sam. 9-20 and 1 Kings 1f., teach incontrovertibly by their content that they date from the time of the events themselves, that their narrator must have been very accurately informed concerning the doings at court and concerning the character of the dominant personalities." He also sees in Judg. 8f., 17f., and 1 Sam. 16. 14f., as well as 18. 10 to 28. 2, and 29. 1 to 2 Sam. 4, parts of an old and great historical work. Indeed, he continues as follows: "It is a most remarkable thing that a historical literature of this

[8] Edited by Friedrich Delitzsch (1906). [See Rogers' *Cuneiform Parallels*, p. 208.]
[9] Ed. Norden, *Antike Kunstprosa*, I, p. 28.
[10] Ed. Schwartz, *Das Geschichtswerk des Thukydides* (1919), p. 23.
[11] Ed. Meyer, *Geschichte des Altertums* (1913), I, 1, 131.
[12] Ed. Meyer, *Die Israeliten und ihre Nachbarstämme* (1906), p. 484.

kind was possible at that time. It stands far above everything else that we know anything about in the field of ancient Oriental writing, far above the dry official annals of the Babylonians and Assyrians, far above the romances of the Egyptian literature. It is actually genuine historical writing. It roots in a living interest in actual events, an interest that endeavors to grasp and preserve them. It has its only and sole analogue on Grecian soil; and in view of this fact from the beginning Israelitic culture alone of all other establishes itself as in truth on a parity with the Greek."[13] This judgment concerning Israelitic historical writing coming as it does from the mouth of so competent an investigator, who is at the same time thoroughly familiar with the original languages of the literary works that have been compared, is certainly highly important. For when one knows in what a depreciatory way the historical books of Hebraic antiquity have been as a rule treated by nontheological scholars, such a judgment is not only refreshing, but also very encouraging. Such a judgment might indeed—and this is of greater importance—become the starting point of a marked change in the modern evaluation of the Israelitic historical books. And it is as such a starting point that I mean to use it, as I now pass to the discussion of the second part of my theme. Thus far it has simply been pointed out that the Hebrews in their historical writing attained a high stage of development as compared with other ancient peoples, and that this distinction attained by them is just beginning to be recognized by scholars so far as it relates to certain parts of their historical books. This is only a relative recognition of Hebrew historical writing.

II

But does not Israelite historical writing deserve a still higher and more comprehensive recognition?

In order to answer this second question, implied in our theme, it will be necessary for us to traverse the second path above referred to; that is, we will need to judge the historical books of Israel by their relation to the true principles of historical writing, by their relation to the ideal. In traveling this second path, which leads up to the lofty plateau of perfection, we will for the first time have the opportunity to fix clearly in mind the various criticisms, that—as pointed out at the beginning of this article—are passed upon the Israelitic historical books by the great majority of the more recent historians. It is, for instance, said that these books come limping along far behind the events narrated in them, and that they were constructed out of quite untrustworthy material; these and other caviling remarks are made concerning them. We need not here run through the entire list of these adverse judgments, for they will directly, and in the order above given, be brought under the burning-glass of criticism.

The first of the defects, on whose account the main part of the Israelitic historical books is at present accorded simply no value as a source,[14]

[13] *Ibid.*, p. 486.

[14] See, for instance, George A. Barton, *The Religion of Israel* (1918), p. 20f.

lies, it is said, in this, that the books that have to do with the earliest period of Israel's history are extremely late and were put together out of quite decayed material. This assertion is based on certain general views, which as regards the biblical history from the beginning until well down into the Mosaic period have at present a wide ascendancy. These views are the following: First it is a common idea that the oldest of the main documents of the Pentateuch were not written until the ninth and eighth centuries, and that they can be used as sources only for the period when they originated. Secondly, it is asserted that no reliable information concerning the first period of Israel's history could have been handed down to so late a time as that in which these documents were written. I, however, believe that these views, in which unfortunately Ed. Meyer shares, have failed to take account of many factors that I have discovered in my effort to carry through a more comprehensive criticism. And these factors I shall now develop, at least as applied to several of the main points in question.

The most extreme possibility as regards the biblical narrative concerning the beginnings of Israel and hence concerning the first patriarch would be this that it rested solely on oral tradition. But would even such an origin of the biblical account of Abraham's life necessarily destroy its credibility? This is by no means certain nor even probable. For the human memory shows itself far more elastic in those generations which are compelled to rely entirely or almost entirely upon it, than in later times. This is quite comprehensible from the psychological standpoint, and can also be readily proven by facts drawn from the history of literature. Two pieces of evidence will here suffice. The songs of the Indian Rigveda, which contains 153,586 words, were preserved by memory alone until shortly before the time of Buddha (577–477), when the art of writing came into use among the people of India. And we also have the certainly credible testimony of one of the Talmudic teachers (Jismael ben Jose) that he could write down the entire Bible from memory.[15] Furthermore, the interval between Abraham and Moses did not extend over so many generations that the essential facts in the experiences of the patriarchs could not have been preserved by oral tradition. This could have occurred through the communications made by parents to children, and no apodictic utterance of modern historians, such as one reads here and there, will be sufficient to rule out this possibility.[16]

On the contrary this possibility is by a single fact lifted to the plane of indisputable reality. That fact is this, that the people of Israel distinguished clearly a pre-Mosaic period in their past history. Or does the significance of this fact need first to be brought out into the light? No, for how natural it would have been if the fame, which Moses had attained as the founder of the national independence of Israel and as the mediator of their religio-ethical laws, had misled later generations into dating the

[15] Ludwig Blau, *Zur Einleitung in die Heilige Schrift*, p. 86.

[16] In vain, therefore, does Gunkel declare in his *Commentary of Genesis* (1910), p. IX, that "no way can be thought of, that would lead from the eye witnesses of the related events to the narrator."

beginnings of Israel as a whole from the time of Moses! But all the glory that radiated from the Mosaic period as the time of Israel's youth (Hos. 11. 1) did not serve to obscure the light that in the memory of the people flashed across from the pre-Mosaic days. This remarkable, but by all modern historians neglected, fact would in any case have to be regarded as due wholly to oral transmission on the part of the Israelitic people, if it be true that their historical knowledge up to the days of Moses was inherited solely through oral tradition. Consequently, the historical consciousness of Israel in view of this single fact cannot have been so late in its development and so poorly grounded as it has of late been represented to be by a widely dominant tendency among historians.

The fact, however, is that the foregoing extreme assumption, that the Israelites in the first centuries of their existence made no use of writing, has been robbed of all probability by the results of more recent excavations. For in the Code of Hammurapi paragraph 128 prescribes for every marriage the preparation of a contract, and many paragraphs (151, 171, 177, etc.) speak of deeds and business agreements. This presupposes a knowledge of writing on the part of the people, as does also the fact that the Code was inscribed on a stone monument and set up in a public place. And yet are we to suppose that Abraham, who came out of Babylonia (Gen. 11, 28) had no knowledge of writing? An affirmative answer to this question would be unnatural. Hence that favorite idea, that Israel down to the time of Moses was an "illiterate horde," ought eventually be given up; and it ought to be recognized as self-evident that already in the patriarchal period some records of important events, brief memoranda relative to genealogies, the transfer of property and significant changes of fortune were made. Against admitting this probability openly there is, however, still a strong prejudice.[17] But with what right may one deny to the ancestors of Israel such obvious things as the use of writing in making records of important events, and then, on the other hand, attribute to them such an unnatural habit as that of neglecting their family reminiscences?

How little right one has to impute such carelessness to the ancient Israelites will directly be made clear. For the following fact is one of fundamental significance for our investigation: Israel according to many indications possessed a vital interest in keeping alive its memories of the past.

The question whether there was such an interest in ancient Israel is as a rule not even raised by modern investigation, because unfortunately the latter is either wholly or predominantly bent on seeking such matters in the ancient texts as may be used against their trustworthiness. But when the question is once raised, whole groups of facts appear that point toward an affirmative answer to it. For, in the first place, Israel shows itself from the earliest times as having given no little thought to providing outward supports for its memory. It is, for instance, related of Abraham that he planted a tamarisk tree in Beer-Sheba (Gen. 21. 33). It may be that this tree was at first designed to shelter a sanctuary, as is still the

[17] Rudolf Kittel, *Geschichte des Volkes Israel*, vol. I (1916), p. 415.

case with trees in the Orient; but by its long existence it served also to keep alive the memory of the fact, that the first patriarch had sojourned in that place. The cave procured for a burying place (Gen. 21. 20; 25. 21, 25, etc.)—not to mention the well dug by Abraham (Gen. 21. 25, etc.)—served the same purpose in an eminent degree. Who also is not reminded of the "heap of witness" (Gen. 31. 37), the provision for the transmission of the Passover-tradition (Exod. 13. 11-16), etc.? This interest in the cultivation of an historical memory manifests itself in the *second* place in this, that Israel according to many indications had a keen eye for changes in the course of history, and noted them. They not only, for instance, observed the outstanding events in external history, as is indicated by the remark in the table of nations (Gen. 10. 14) that the Philistines went forth from Casluhim (east of the Nile Delta); but they also directed their attention to the quieter movements of cultural history. Or is it not striking how often in the historical books of Israel the change of the names of places, etc., is noted? "Bela, the same is (now) Zoar" (Gen. 14. 2) is the first instance. Anyone who has once had his attention directed to these notices can easily find whole rows of them, such as I have elsewhere gathered together.[18] Then, in the third place, what a clear testimony to the historical interest of Israel is to be found in the general character of their oldest writings! Two of these are expressly mentioned in books that have to do with the earliest times: "The Book of the Wars of Yahveh" (Num. 21. 14) and "The Book of the Upright" (Josh. 10. 13), the former a prose work and the latter a poetic anthology.

In the light of these facts and considerations we may regard it as proven that the first criticism above referred to, namely, that the main works dealing with the earliest period of Israel's history were constructed out of the imagination or out of quite decayed material, is a superficial attempt to cast suspicion upon those writings. One need only to examine the building material to be convinced of this. But how does it stand with the assumption, so closely connected with the preceding criticism, that the main works dealing with the earliest times originated in the ninth and eighth centuries? My own investigations have convinced me that one of these main works (the Elohist) was composed in the latter part of the period of the Judges, and the other (the Jahrvist) in the Davidic Solomonic period. For—to deal with this point only briefly—the preference for the expression ha-elohim in the designation of God (Gen. 20. 6, etc.) evidently dates from a time when "El," and only quite seldom the Tetragrammaton, was used in the formation of proper names.[19] Now that was the case in the period of the Judges, while it is since the time of David that names compounded with Tetragrammaton became more common.[20] Furthermore, the oldest document dealing with the earliest history of Israel (the Elohist) quotes both indirectly (Exod. 15. 1ff.; 20. 2ff., etc.), and directly (Num. 21. 14) many older sources. The foundation, consequently, upon

[18] *Geschichte der Alttestamentlichen Religion* (1915), pp. 7-9.

[19] Buchanan Gray, *Studies in Hebrew Names*, p. 271f.

[20] These questions are discussed in a thorough going way in my *Commentary on Genesis* (1919), pp. 55-67.

which the narratives relative to the beginnings of Israel are based, is demonstrably a solid one.

The next vote of censure directed against the trustworthiness of the biblical account of Israel's earliest history is to the effect that the two main documents, which were supposedly written in the ninth and eighth centuries, are sources only for the time when they originated. But this criticism can also be easily shown to be wholly untenable. The following sentence, it is true, appears in a recent work:[21] "The religion of Abraham is in reality the religion of those who narrated the legends and ascribed this type of religion to him." But what is the relation of the facts to this assertion? The distinctive peculiarity of the patriarchal religion appears clearly in the special names of the Deity.[22] It appears also clearly in the small number of covenant requirements and in the peculiarity of the covenant promises, in the simplicity of the places of worship, in the absence of priests, in the simplicity of the sacrifices, in the lack of sacred feasts and seasons, etc. The religion of the patriarchs, as reflected in the sources, distinguishes itself throughout from the later stages of the Mosaic-prophetic religion.[23] The current dogma, therefore, quoted above in Gunkel's words, that the two oldest documents of the Pentateuch simply reflect the religious thought of their own day and contain nothing authentic concerning the religion of Abraham, must be characterized as purely arbitrary.

A third defect charged against the historical books of Israel is that they are "harmonistic." This charge, as we saw above, is made by one of the leading representatives of Old Testament criticism, Bernhard Stade, who in the same connection says of *scientific* historical writing that it seeks only the truth. But Stade did not notice that in saying this he sawed off with his own hand the branch on which he himself was sitting. Or whence had he the right to distinguish different strata in the historical books of the Old Testament and so proceed "critically," if these books had not followed the opposite of the "harmonizing" procedure charged against them? The ancient Israelitic documents have, to be sure, peculiarities of style and also different shadings in their narratives. Abraham, for instance, according to Gen. 12. 1 was first called into his special relation to God at Haran, but according to 15. 7; Neh. 9. 7, etc., he had already been called into that relationship in Ur of Chaldees. These differences, which arose quite naturally, as the oral tradition was handed on from generation to generation in the different tribes (chiefly those of Ephraim and Judah), were later retained. In Israel there manifested itself in this connection the same reverent endeavor to preserve as much as possible of the traditions of the fathers as may, for instance, be observed also in Egypt, where "they in the spirit of fidelity preserved all that the forefathers had believed and at the same time all that the later generations had added to it."[24] The same attitude appears also in Herodotus, vii, 152, who says, "I regard

[21] In Gunkel's *Commentary on Genesis*, p. lxxix.

[22] "God Almighty" (Gen. 17. 1, etc.); the "Fear of Isaac" (31, 42, 53), etc.

[23] Compare my "*Theologie des Alter Testaments*" (1922), sections 27-36.

[24] Alfred Wiedemann, *Die Toten im Glauben der alten "Aegypter,"* p. 9.

myself as under obligation to relate everything that people relate to each other."

This glance at the method followed by Israel's historians leads directly to a consideration of the fourth charge which has of late been made so frequently against these narrators that it has become almost a household word. Or is there anyone who has not heard it said that the Old Testament historical books painted their pictures "on a background of gold"? This charge, however, is not true for the reason that, as just pointed out, they did not "paint over" the divergent shadings found in the different documents handed down from the past, as is very often asserted in our day. Indeed, the very reverse can be proven to have been the case with the historical books of Israel. For one of their special characteristics is their freedom from flattery. The fact is they did not even pass over in silence the wickedness of the otherwise distinguished men whose deeds they recorded. In the history, for instance, of Abraham it is noted that he represented his wife—who to be sure was his half-sister—as simply his sister (Gen. 12. 13; 20. 2), and for this reason brought censure upon himself. Indeed, many instances of this kind might be cited as proof that the recent talk about the biblical writers painting their pictures "on a background of gold" is only a disguised slander. The fact is that no people in antiquity were so frequently censured by their own historians (Exod. 16. 2, etc.) as the people of Israel. We are, therefore, justified in saying that as regards impartial justice or objectivity of judgment Hebrew historical writing aimed at the ideal.

It remains for us to consider the fifth defect which of late has been attributed to Israel's historical writing. The Hebrew histories, it is charged, reveal an extraordinary limitation of interest and narrowness of outlook upon the surrounding world.[25] In the book cited below it is asserted that the traditions of the Jews[26] represent "the origin of their people and their national home as the beginning of the history of the world." But how absurd is this assertion! For on the first pages of the historical books of Israel an account is given, as everyone knows, of the beginnings of *mankind*. The leader of this latest campaign against the biblical historical writing has as a matter of fact simply overlooked one of its finest characteristics. This lies in its emphasis on the unity of the human race and its common goal (Gen. 12. 3b, etc.). Where elsewhere in the literatures of the ancient Orient is this idea brought into prominence? Nowhere; and even with the Greeks the thought of the unity of the human race appears first in a late writing attributed to Aristotle and entitled "Concerning the World."[27] Mankind, however, was certainly there before the time of the Egyptians and Babylonians. When, therefore, at present many text-books of world-history, with the loud approval of Bauer (*ibid.*, p. 15) and his anti-Semitic associates, begin with the Egyptians, they are

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[25] Ad. Bauer, *Von Judentum Zum Christentum* (1916), pp. 15ff.

[26] Bauer does not know that in scientific usage the expression is not applied to the Israelites until we reach the post exilic-period.

[27] Adelbert Merx in *Verhandlunger des XIII Internationalten Orientalischen Kongresses* (Hamburg, 1902), p. 195f.

not as regards their shortsightedness and particularistic limitations to be envied.

In the foregoing discussion I believe I have adequately shown that the historical writing of Israel not only surpassed the historigraphic achievements of other peoples of the ancient Orient, and set itself on a parity with the highly famed historical writing of the Greeks, but that it deserves also high recognition from the standpoint of the ideal of all true historical writing. When we consequently observe that in a modern article on "Historiography"[28] it is treated as though non-existent, we can only see in this fact a regrettable narrowness of horizon.

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DISCOVERY OF MECHANICAL MISPLACEMENTS IN THE TEXT OF MARK

Nearly all the divergences of Mark from the Matthæan order of events occur in the first third of the narrative. Of the twenty-four incidents recounted in the 3,349 Greek words in Mark 1. 1 to 6. 13, twenty-two are parallels of Matthæan events occurring in Matt. 3. 1 to 13. 58. But the order diverges nine times at the ends of Mark 1. 20, 38, 45; 2. 22; 4. 34; 5. 21, 43; 6. 6a, 13.

These divergences create grave difficulties. So far as I am aware, they have remained for, say, 1,850 years without adequate explanation. However, based on a discovery made by me about a decade ago, an explanation has been developed which it is hoped will prove thoroughly satisfactory.

It is conceived that the papyrus or parchment roll or codex containing Mark, and in particular Mark 1. 1 to 6. 13, either before or after the sheets were assembled and pasted, glued, sewed, or looped together, but in any case after they were inscribed, suffered derangement; and that only partial success attended the reassembling. The agreements in sequence between Matthew and Mark sum up the partial success; the divergences now observable are due to failures in the reassembling operation.

It will be noted that the explanation is based on a mechanical accident, and invokes no editorial grouping. The differences in the progressions of events now disclosed by our ancient Greek copies and ancient copies of versions are, by my explanation, referred to some accident to a common ancestral MS. in roll or codex form.

It is conceived that the 3,349 words were divided up into thirty separate blocks of text, each block occupying a column of a roll or a leaf of a codex. It is not necessary, however, that there should have been separations in the writing material to the full number of thirty. Eleven such separations are sufficient. These are assumed to have occurred at the points of divergence already noted and also at the ends of 3. 12 and 20.[1]

[28] In Hastings' *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*, VI, p. 716f.

[1] This is in accordance with the extended exposition begun in *Bibliotheca Sacra* for April, 1922. A final statement will differ but little from this.

There will thus arise eleven groups of incidents, the sequences inside of which are in strict accord with Matthew. By rearranging the eleven groups, we have Mark 1. 1 to 6. 13 in the Matthæan order. That is, denoting the Markan sections thus—1. 1–20 = k+A, 1. 21–38 = m+B, 1. 39–45 = C, 2. 1–22 = D, 2. 23 to 3. 12 = E_1, 3. 13–20 = Q, 3. 21 to 4. 34 = E_2, 4. 35 to 5. 21 = F, 5. 22–43 = G, 6. 1a = H, and 6. 6b–13 = I, we may rearrange them thus:

k+A, C, m+B, Q, F, D, G, I, E_1, E_2, H. We shall then have the twenty-two parallels in Mark arranged in precisely the same order as the corresponding passages are now exhibited by Matthew. Accordingly, Mark may be assumed to have existed in both forms, and the descendants of the MS. in the Matthæan order to have disappeared. However, the misplacements may have occurred in the autograph and early, under which conditions no such descendants may ever have existed.

It is very necessary that all of the eleven Markan sections shall be severally divisible into an *integral* number of blocks of text whose sizes shall not depart overmuch from the average for the entire thirty—that is, 111.6 words. The smallest block for any one of the eleven sections is found to be 101.3 words, and the largest 129 words.

A principal objection centers on the coincidences required for the concurrence of physical breaks with textual ones. These are, however, offset by the coincidences, now existent and apart from the theory of mechanical misplacements without explanation, which are involved in the fact that the Markan sections are of such size as to make them divisible into textual blocks not far removed from the general average of 111.6 words.

The same general principles are already being formulated into an organon for explaining certain classes of textual dislocations, as witness the paper on "A New Branch of Textual Criticism," presented at the recent (April) annual convention of the American Oriental Society. This paper was by Dr. A. Yohannan and myself, the former contributing the section on certain misplacements in 2 Samuel.

J. F. Springer.

New York City.

BOOK NOTICES

Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion. By Baron Friedrich von Hügel, LL.D., D.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, $6.

Baron von Hügel is beyond question one of the really significant religious thinkers of our time. He is a Roman Catholic layman and yet a theologian of immense learning and profound understanding. Born in Florence in 1851, his father being an Austrian scholar of distinction and his mother a Scottish lady, Friedrich von Hügel lived, studied, and

traveled in various countries, became connected by marriage with a fine English family, and has been for a number of years a naturalized British subject. For a long time ill-health prevented literary production, and deafness has limited a social intercourse which even so has been exceedingly rich. For Baron von Hügel is a virtuoso in friendship; and, because of the breadth of his intellectual and spiritual sympathies, he is revered and loved by kindred souls in many communions. It may well be doubted whether any other Roman Catholic writer has ever shown a like understanding and appreciation of Protestantism and yet remained in the Roman Church. Because of this intellectual breadth and a corresponding freedom in research, von Hügel is often classed with the modernists; yet it would be a mistake to think of him as a modernist of the type of Tyrrell and Loisy.

A writer of the intellectual power and accomplishments of a von Hügel would deserve and command much attention even on their account alone. But in von Hügel we find something greater than a wealth of ideas. His name stands for a tendency, a program. He represents, from the side of Rome, the spirit that longs for the realization of a true and inclusive Christian catholicity. Doubtless some Protestants are not less broad in their sympathies, but there cannot be many such.

Now a book by von Hügel is not an easy thing to describe. It will be found to be so saturated with the writer's personality that to treat it as a mere complex of ideas would be to miss the essential thing. And yet, with all his wealth of religious feeling and mystical intuition, von Hügel is also a very remarkable thinker.

The book before us comprises some dozen papers, the most of which had already appeared in periodicals. They fall into three groups: (1) those concerning religion in general; (2) those concerning the teaching of Jesus and Christianity in general; and (3) those concerning the church and Catholicism. Every piece in the volume is richly suggestive. Some of them, however, deserve very particular attention.

In the paper on "Religion and Reality" von Hügel is very strong and resourceful in his insistence upon the givenness, the more-than-human Reality, of the object of religion. While recognizing and even strongly emphasizing the mystical element in religion, he argues with crushing force against pure subjectivism. In the essay on "Progress in Religion" the author's Roman Catholic standpoint is more in evidence. The survey includes the Old Testament religion, Christianity, and also Confucianism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism. In the progress of the Christian religion von Hügel recognizes four great stages: the Synoptic, the Johannine, the Augustinian, and the Thomastic. He entertains an immense admiration for Saint Thomas Aquinas. And he writes: "Certainly, to this hour, Protestantism as such has produced, within and for religion specifically, nothing that can seriously compare, in massive, balanced completeness, with the work of the short-lived golden Middle Age of Aquinas and Dante."

The two papers reviewing the works of Troeltsch under the title "The Specific Genius of Christianity" are as weighty as any in the book.

Von Hügel esteems Troeltsch very highly and believes himself to be better acquainted with that author's work than any other Briton. Naturally, as a convinced Catholic, he has important objections to offer to some of Troeltsch's positions. The discussion is highly instructive, and these papers (which originally appeared in the Constructive Quarterly in 1914) ought not to be neglected.

The papers in the last section of the book frankly recommend the fundamental positions of Roman Catholicism. But von Hügel conducts his argument with so much fairness as to win a sympathetic hearing from all. The essays on "The Essentials of Catholicism" and "Institutional Christianity" are particularly instructive. A thoughtful Protestant will inevitably contradict the essentially Roman Catholic arguments; yet von Hügel has performed a great service in bringing Catholics and Protestants into a peaceable discussion of first principles. And in every part of the book there is much deep thinking on the ground of our common Christianity.

J. R. VAN PELT.

Christian Apologetics of the Second Century in Their Relation to Modern Thought. (Hulsean Lectures, 1917.) By PHILIP CARRINGTON, B.A., M.A. 8vo, pp. 155. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; New York: Macmillan Co. 1921.

AFTER a chapter on the Rise of Christianity, this book treats in seven chapters first of the Champions of Christianity and then of its relation to the Old Testament, to the Philosophers, to Superstition, to the State, to Faith, and to Modern Thought. Each chapter is preceded by a series of pertinent quotations from the apologists. There are no notes or references to modern books, but there is an admirable index. The book "does not claim to be learned; it is only the product of elementary theological training combined with a sympathetic reading of the literature of the period, which is not large." All the more the author is to be congratulated on a book so interesting, thoughtful, and to the reader so rewarding. It is an example of what any wide-awake, inquisitive studious college and theological graduate could do in similar fields, and is a splendid challenge to them. Outside of its historical material, we come across suggestive remarks.

"Only the Christian hypothesis can satisfactorily explain the life of our Lord, the belief of the early Church, the Christology of Saint Paul, the faith of the martyrs, and the triumph of Christianity. Only the Christian hypothesis can explain the fact that it is flourishing vigorously to-day. The newspapers largely ignore it; the histories largely omit it; the psychologist, the materialist, the student gather round to explain it; but it goes on. Each of the critics produces a theory which is perfectly satisfactory to himself, if not to the others; the expurgation of fact necessary to make the theory fit the documents is always due 'to critical investigations,' not to the presuppositions of the investigator. Schweitzer's *Von Reimarus zu Wrede* is a melancholy procession of ghosts: 'The five are fallen, the one is, the other is not yet come.' "

"The Church has been far too hesitative in her apologetic. She has been dominated by the idea of making her message acceptable to modern thought, a method which never succeeds in practice. Christianity is something quite different from any kind of thought, ancient or modern; the leap of faith is as difficult for one age as it is for the next, but the leap is the only thing. Clean self-abandonment to Christ is the one thing needful; and nothing can be done to make this less a casting away of one's soul, a rebirth into life."

A correction or two is in order. "Carefully guarded mystery of the Holy Eucharist" (p. 15). It was not till the third century and later that this was true. Tertullian was *not* meager in describing Christian worship "from reasons of secrecy" (p. 4). This came later. There was nothing to reveal. It is hardly correct to speak of Christians "practicing their own communal life" (p. 114) if by that is meant either that they had all things in common, a state of things confined to Jerusalem alone, or they lived as a separate community, say as the Italians in Madison. When Tertullian says that Christians have everything in common except their wives (see p. 115), he is speaking rhetorically, as he elsewhere uses expressions which take private property for granted. On p. 136 for council read counsel.

J. A. F.

The Evolution of the New Testament. By JOHN ELLIOTSON SYMES, M.A. Pp. xviii+353. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, $7.

Apology and Polemic in the New Testament. By ANDREW W. HEFFERN, D.D. Pp. xv+411. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MR. SYMES, recently deceased, who was principal of University College, Nottingham, England, has given us an excellent handbook of New Testament introduction, which is at once scholarly and simple. His conclusions on most of the critical problems are quite conservative, and why should he not be, since, as he frequently shows, many modern treories raise more difficulties than the traditional views as to authorship and historicity? He accepts most of the sane findings of scientific criticism, and yet preserves to us a New Testament whose evolution chronologically is carefully pointed out. Contending views are fairly presented with full suggestions for supplementary reading. One chapter deals briefly, but usefully, with such rejected books as the Epistle of Barnabas, The Didachs, I Clement and The Shepherd of Hermes. The last chapter treats historically the problems of the Canon and the text.

Dr. Heffern brings to the literature of Biblical Introduction something not heretofore done. The books of this New Testament partly had their origin in the atmosphere of religious controversy—against persecuting Judaism and Paganism, between Jewish and Gentile Christianity—and against intruding heresies, such as Gnosticism. These books are written in defense of the faith, both by the method of personal witness and by argument. Dr. Heffern, who was professor of New Testament Literature and Language in the Philadelphia Divinity School (Protestant Episcopal), died a few days after the completion of these lectures. In his critical

views, he largely follows B. Weiss for the Gospels and Zahn for the Epistles.

These two posthumous works will be a valuable addition to the Isagogic Department of any theological library.

Beyond Shanghai. By HAROLD SPEAKMAN. Pp. 198. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, $2.50.

MR. SPEAKMAN can both write and paint. The printed text, with its vivid descriptions, blossoms out eight times into lovely colored plates which are themselves worth the price of the book. But he has done more; he has been able to get under the skin of the Chinese common people and see with their eyes and feel with their hearts. Nowhere can one come into more intimate knowledge of this greatest of pagan nations. To think of them as a subtle, insidious, cold-blooded race, as they are often described in cheap novels, is to reach a most dangerous attitude of mind at this moment when Eastern Asia has become central to the political life of the world. There is a "Yellow Peril," but it is not chiefly in the dangerous character of Oriental races, but quite as much in our Western misunderstanding of them. The first need is to know folks in their private life, domestic, social, industrial, and religious. It is the everyday folks that really make up the world. This brilliant bit of travel literature will open your eyes to see the real Chinaman, and give you a real respect even for the coolie.

Civilization in the United States. An Inquiry by Thirty Americans. Edited by HAROLD E. STEARNS. 8vo, pp. viii+577. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. Price, $5.

WHAT these writers do not say in depreciation of the United States is not worth saying. They touch not the acme but the nadir of criticism. Their urgent insistence on freedom of self-expression betrays a parochialism worse than that which they ruthlessly condemn in American life and institutions. The individualistic points of view exhibit an insularity and intolerance inexcusable in those who profess to write history. Most of these writers are under forty, and they seem to be suffering from mental indigestion. They are under the delusion that wisdom began with them. We can only pray that such wisdom as they show might end with them. They know so much that isn't so, they protest so vehemently about being serious rather than solemn, they give proof of never having tasted the saving salt of humor, that the recital of their grievances uttered in a gloomy and melancholy strain is ludicrous. A course of reading in Irvin S. Cobb might cure some of them, especially his volume, *Europe Revised*. In fact, had they read the essays by the three foreigners, some of the insolent and insulting sentences would have been deleted.

This book is a symptom of the revolt and rebellion against conventional standards. It should be carefully read by preachers who wish to understand the trend of things. One of the amazing charges is that

religion has no place in American life, and the apology of Stearns in the preface is an incredible confession of evasiveness. These "young intellectuals" confuse dogma with religion, and ecclesiasticism with Christianity. The assertion that "the country is in the grip of Protestant clericalism" is one of those generalizations that are both vague and meaningless. One wonders whether they hold a brief for Romanism. What they do not appreciate is the Puritan tradition received from the Pilgrims, which has permeated the life of the nation and given it idealism, independence, initiative, and integrity. They moreover show a spirit of cynicism of the sort so sharply and justly criticised in *The Glass of Fashion* by A Gentleman With a Duster. The success of prohibition irritates them because forsooth it is an attack on their liberties. Expert in negative criticism, they travel in a vicious circle and finally reach the place from which they started with three discoveries: "First, that in almost every branch of American life there is a sharp dichotomy between preaching and practice; we let not our right hand know what our left hand doeth. Second, that whatever else American civilization is, it is not Anglo-Saxon. Third, that the most moving and pathetic fact in the social life of America to-day is emotional and æsthetic starvation, of which the mania for petty regulation, the driving, regimentating, and drilling, the secret society and its grotesque regalia, the firm grasp on the unessentials of material organization of our pleasures and gaieties are all eloquent stigmata" (p. vi).

This pompous diatribe reminds us of the foolhardy theologue in the senior year of the seminary, who devoted an entire sermon to enlighten his village congregation that there were two Isaiahs, and imagined he had scored a great victory for enlightenment. How refreshing to turn from these jeremiads to the impressions of the Italian Piccoli: "The traveler from the old countries experiences here a sense of great spaces and of practically unbounded possibilities, which reflects itself in an unparalleled gaiety and openness of heart, and freedom of social intercourse. . . . These individual attitudes find their collective expression in the idea of, and readiness for, service, which is universal in this country. There is no material interest or spiritual prejudice that will not yield to an appeal for service; and whenever the object of service is clearly defined, action follows the impulse, intolerant of any delay" (p. 522). Still more refreshing is it to turn to Viscount Bryce's notable contributions, including his last volume on *The Study of American History*, although one of these essayists has the temerity to refer to "the disingenuousness of the man," implying that Bryce is an unreliable historian, while his own "stuff" is the unadulterated truth.

To be sure, our faults are many, but we protest against being judged by sins of omission without any reference to the duties of commission. What about the spirit of 1776 which won liberty, of 1812 which secured the freedom of the seas, of 1861 which fought for union and emancipation, of 1898 which espoused the cause of an oppressed neighbor, of 1917 which welded the nation and called forth extraordinary exhibitions of initiative and valor? In the preface to the second edition of his *Outspoken Essays*, Dean Inge

wrote, "The only class that has learned nothing is the group of young intellectuals, chiefly in London and the universities." The same criticism applies to this coterie of Americans. We have no use for the pseudo-aristocracy of those who would ape the vices of foreign lands now writhing from the pains of their excesses, and who yet suppose that they could breathe the free atmosphere of American democracy.

These serious defects should, however, not blind us to much in these essays that merits acceptance. Of exceptional value are the chapters on "The City," "The Law," "Science," "The Literary Life," "Music," "Poetry," "Art," "The Small Town," "The Alien," "Racial Minorities." The chapter on "Nerves" helps us to understand the types of religious fanaticism that thrive on our soil. The most serious peril that threatens us is industrialism, but this is not peculiar to the United States, for the cloud rests heavy on other lands as well, and in comparison our condition is more hopeful. The situation is courageously faced by some of the writers. "With the beginning of the second decade of this century there is some evidence of an attempt to make a genuine culture out of industrialism—instead of attempting to escape from industrialism into a culture which, though doubtless genuine enough, has the misfortune to be dead. The schoolhouses in Gary, Indiana, have some of the better qualities of a Gary steel plant. That symptom is all to the good. It points perhaps to a time when the Gary steel plant may have some of the educational virtues of a Gary school" (p. 12).

Thus the morbid note in evidence in some pages is corrected by the more sober utterances of balanced judgment in other pages. As in nature, the antidote often grows by the side of the poisonous plant, so this volume contains the bane and the blessing, the blind spot and the luminous center. The judicious reader will know how to distinguish between the two, and to learn even from those with whom he radically disagrees. Whatever the outlook, we are far from descending the slopes into perdition. There is much room for improvement, and this volume indicates some of the directions in which it might be sought and advanced in the interest of a more adequate Americanism, which is not reactionary, conservative, or radical, but liberal in its hospitality to new ideas, to be examined first on their merits before being accepted.

BIOGRAPHIES AND AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

Life of Robert, Marquis of Salisbury. By his daughter, LADY GWENDOLEN CECIL. Vol. I, 1830-1868; Vol. II, 1868-1890. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, $12.

Letters to Isabel. By LORD SHAW of Dumfermline. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $5.

The Prime Minister. Life and Times of David Lloyd George. By HAROLD SPENDER. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $4.

While I Remember. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $3.50.

My Brother Theodore Roosevelt. By CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $3.

Roosevelt the Happy Warrior. By BRADLEY GILMAN. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Price, $3.50.

Roosevelt in the Bad Lands. By HERMANN HAGEDORN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, $5.

Quentin Roosevelt. Edited by KERMIT ROOSEVELT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $2.50.

David Hummell Greer, Eighth Bishop of New York. By CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Price, $4.

Henry Scott Holland. Memoir and Letters. Edited by STEPHEN PAGET. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, $5.

Josephine Butler. By L. HAY-COOPER. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $2.

Schwartz of Tanjore. By JESSE PAGE. New York: The Macmillan Company.

IT is a liberal education to be in the company of great souls and to learn something of their dominating motives and their noteworthy achievements. Such persons are not often given to talking about themselves, except to intimate friends. Even the expert interviewer seldom gets behind the veil. Much of this restraint is removed in a biography. Its character is as varied as the types and temperaments of individuals. The test of its value is the ability to portray a life so that we understand both the subject and his contemporary associations. The reading of biography is furthermore an inspiration in giving us large views of life and suggesting the lessons of failure or of success. George Eliot once said it is the only thing worth reading. The increased popularity of biography is a sign of human interest and the insatiable thirst for facts about people. In the last few years there has been an unusual output of such writings. Mention can be made of only a few, and owing to the limitations of space, the notices must be brief. Preachers cannot do a better service for their communities than to have such volumes brought to the attention of the public library.

Since the life of Gladstone by Morley, no biography has appeared of greater importance than the life of the Marquis of Salisbury, with possibly the one exception of the *Life of John Marshall*, by Albert J. Beveridge, in four volumes. It can truly be said of the Marquis of Salisbury that he served his country with such marked distinction because all his talents were consecrated to its highest welfare. Like his great contemporary, Gladstone, he was superior to the vanities of wealth and honors, heartily averse to the petty ways of self-advertisement, preferring principle to opportunism even when his own interests were at stake. During his long career he maintained the dignity and poise of a statesman of unblemished character and upheld the honor of his nation as a high-souled patriot

and a noble Christian. The chapter on "Religion" explains the secret of his serenity and is a complete answer to the captious cynicism of those who aver that Christianity has dried up at its fountain and is living merely by the momentum of the past. The roots of his deep content of soul were found in that "personal surrender in love and trust to the living Christ, which lay at the heart of his religion." The four chapters on "The Eastern Question" throw light on present complications. Both volumes, written with full knowledge by his accomplished daughter, are an important contribution to the study of international life.

Letters to Isabel constitute an autobiography *par excellence*. The remarkable events in which Lord Shaw played a prominent part are recited with modesty. "No pain and no struggle in a good cause can ever be entirely lost." "Turn every trouble into an adventure." No wonder that one who lived in the spirit of these sentiments was an idealist and optimist throughout his varied course, which began in struggle with straitened circumstances and was continued in fidelity to the best, until he finally reached the high position of Lord Advocate for Scotland. He truly earned all he received. The Christian manhood of this eminent leader appears in all sorts of unexpected connections. The letter entitled "Worse than an Infidel" is an impressive confession of faith. "Going to church—why, that was but part of the natural homage which one paid to that supreme need which every sensible soul feels for moral replenishment, unless he be a butterfly, or a miser, or a clod." Would that such a conviction were more prevalent. There are many appreciative estimates of eminent contemporaries. The references to the late Campbell Bannerman are excellent. This former prime minister is quoted as declaring that *the* problem of statesmanship is, "How to make those love us who now hate us." What a reflection on the high purposefulness of Lord Shaw, who held that there are two classes which do not get what they want—the sore heads and the stout hearts.

No one is more before the world than David Lloyd George. No public man has been more severely criticized and more sincerely eulogized. "Is Lloyd George a seer, a prophet, a deliverer, a super-statesman, or a mountebank, a gymnast, a trickster?" asks General Sherrill in his recent volume, *Prime Ministers and Presidents*, and he replies, "He has been called all of these and better or worse, but no one has yet been able to discern the naked truth about him." He nevertheless is one of the most irrepressible of world leaders. A knowledge of the life of this "Invincible" can be had from the pages of Harold Spender, who writes with the enthusiasm of a friend. In some respects this volume is a campaign document, but it also helps us to understand this remarkable man, whose strength has always been manifested in times of crisis and danger, and whose persuasiveness in oratory is one of his most effective instruments.

Most autobiographies are written when their authors have reached years of mature and mellow judgment. McKenna is only thirty-three, and he already has to his credit nine novels, some of them exceptionally brilliant. The best portions of these memoirs are on the progress in

literature and art and the independent characterizations of modern social life. Being a liberal his references to the present political situation in Great Britain are bitter and lacking in balanced judgment. A young man is hardly expected to write in a pessimistic vein and to indulge in negations, as McKenna does, but in spite of these flaws the volume is well worth reading.

The vitality and versatility of Theodore Roosevelt were enormous and his interests were unusually broad. Those who have read his *Letters to His Children*, will be glad to take up this volume by Mrs. Robinson, who writes of her brother with warmth of affection and gives a vividly intimate picture of his home life. Those who would know the American home at its best will find it in these pages, which tell of a loyal son, a loving brother, a faithful husband, a devoted father, a high-souled patriot.

This sketch by the sister should be supplemented by the life of a classmate who writes of Roosevelt's years at Harvard and of his public life and the war he resolutely waged against political corruption on behalf of a higher Americanism. This life by a friend of forty years' standing is full of incidents which help us accurately to measure *The Happy Warrior*, who was a man through and through and one of the finest products of American democracy.

It was in the attempt to overcome the handicap of ill health that Roosevelt became the advocate of the strenuous life. During the years 1883-1887 he was a rancher *In the Bad Lands* of the Dakotas. He lived among the cowboys and associated with characters of a sort common in the pioneer days out West. Here he received the inspiration that made him the leader of the Rough Riders in Cuba. As a picture of a phase of American life, this book by Hagedorn, based on original sources and containing the testimony of men and women in that strenuous region, is a contribution toward understanding certain traits and tendencies in American life.

The youngest son of one of the most valiant soldiers of civic righteousness distinguished himself at the Front. *Quentin Roosevelt* was not twenty-one when he fell on July 14, 1918, in an air battle. This life with letters and testimonials, edited by his brother Kermit, is a rich tribute to essential Americanism. So long as we can call forth the energy and patriotism of our best youth, of the caliber of Lieutenant Roosevelt, in dedication to holy causes, we need not despair of the future of our Republic.

The life of a Christian minister offers divers opportunities of service as preacher, pastor, administrator. Few can excel in all three activities. *David H. Greer* was an exception. His biographer has touched on the outstanding features of an exceptionally successful pastorate and episcopate, the latter in one of the most cosmopolitan dioceses in the world, where he proved himself a competent leader and guide of souls and movements for the extension of God's Kingdom.

Henry Scott Holland was an electric personality and one of the ablest preachers of the Anglican Church. As Canon of Saint Paul's, London,

for twenty-six years, he exercised a far-reaching influence from its historic pulpit. He was the passionate prophet of a new social order. His conception of Christian democracy was expressed in the following sentences: "We are what our brothers are. We and they stand and fall together. If they are contemptible, so are we. If we are struggling after higher things, so are they. If we see visions, so do they. One fate; one flesh and blood; one story; one strife; one glory—this is the underlying secret of humanity." Even when his hearers at times could not follow his subtle arguments and appropriate the wealth of his ideas, they were impressed and won by his intense appeals. The life of this large-hearted Christian leader should be read by all preachers.

That thrilling poem *Saint Paul*, by F. W. H. Myers, was dedicated to "J. E. B." In the earlier editions were added the words (in Greek) "To whom I owe my very soul." The person so honored was Mrs. Josephine Butler, well called the Saint Catherine of the nineteenth century. It is well, in these days of moral laxity and sex irresponsibility, to have a life of this militant apostle of social purity, who was also a pioneer of the higher education of women and of women's rights.

Ziegenbalg, Schultze, Schwartz—these were the three missionaries to South India in the eighteenth century. *Schwartz* was the most distinguished. At Tranquebar, Trichnopoly and Tanjore, he served as missionary, military chaplain and statesman and councilor respectively. But all the time he was the devoted ambassador of Christ, and laid foundations on which other have builded. When Hyder Ali, the Napoleon of India, was asked to receive a British embassy, he said: "Let them send me *the Christian:* he will not deceive me." The man referred to was Schwartz. Such was the impression of his character. If there are more like him the evangelization of the world will not tarry. His Life, with generous extracts from his journals and letters, will appeal to all interested in missions.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Biblical History of the Hebrews to the Christian Era. By F. J. FOAKES-JACKSON, D.D. (Doran, $3). This is one of the fullest and most satisfying histories of the progressive revelation of God recorded in the Old Testament. The author has a sense of spiritual values and a due respect for scholarship, and he writes in a refreshing style. This fourth edition contains two additional chapters on the little-known period between the two Testaments. There are also maps and notes. A masterly history, it easily takes a leading place among the best on the subject.

The Carpenter and His Kingdom. By ALEXANDER IRVINE (Scribners, $1.50). An exposition of the teaching of Jesus on the great issues of life, written in a way that challenges the Christian conscience, pointing

out how far we have departed from the mind and spirit of the Master. The polemical spirit and occasional misinterpretations should, however, not prevent a hearty appreciation of this searching volume, which in some parts recalls Seeley's *Ecce Homo*. The chapters on "The Master's Magna Charta," "The Kingdom of God," "The Kingdom in Action" are particularly fine.

The Modern Reader's Bible for Schools. The Old Testament (p. ix+536. Price, $2.50). *The New Testament* (p. v+437. Price, $2.25). By RICHARD G. MOULTON, M.A., Ph.D. (The Macmillan Company). Dr Moulton has rendered a great service in advancing the literary study of the Bible. One of his best known volumes is *The Modern Reader's Bible*, containing the full text, so arranged that we can distinguish between history, epic, drama, lyric, and other literary types. The two volumes now before us give the more important portions of the Scriptures, while the rest is condensed in rapid paraphrase, so that nothing is really omitted. The editor has in mind the needs of young people and those who desire the guidance of discrimination in studying the Bible. Brief introductions and notes furnish necessary help.

The Children's Bible. Selections from the Old and New Testaments translated and arranged by HENRY A. SHERMAN and CHARLES FOSTER KENT (Scribners, $3.50). Two of the translators of *The Shorter Bible* place us under an additional indebtedness in this new translation, prepared to meet the needs of the child. The language is exquisitely simple, the selections are excellently appropriate, the thirty full page illustrations are eminently artistic, the type and setting leave nothing to be desired.

Peking. A Social Survey. By SIDNEY D. GAMBLE, M.A., assisted by JOHN STEWART BURGESS, M.A. Foreword by G. Sherwood Eddy and Robert A. Woods (Doran, $5). The manysided interests of the missionary appeal to the individual and to society are vividly brought out in this pioneer volume, which endeavors to understand the problems involved and to offer adequate solutions. The array of facts and their deep significance, touching every conceivable phase of life in an Oriental city, the opulent opportunities for social service and the Christian transformation of conditions, the new spirit inspiring the younger missionaries, and, above all, the thrilling optimism of outlook give to this volume of 538 pages a value that grows on one as the chapters are repeatedly consulted. No book unveils the soul of China so faithfully as this thoroughly competent investigation. The numerous maps, diagrams, and illustrations add to the immense importance of this indispensable contribution to missionary study.

In the Hands of the Arabs. By ZELTON BUCHANAN (Hodder & Stoughton, $1). An extraordinary story of heroism and suffering endured by the writer during the tragic days of August, 1920, when the British garrison in the town of Shahraban, sixty miles from Bagdad, was attacked

by fierce Arab tribes. Her husband and other Englishmen were done to death, and she was kept in grievous captivity for a month until finally rescued. The sordid character of the Arabs and the wretched conditions of life in the harem give yet another revelation of the evils of Islam.

The Study of American History. By VISCOUNT BRYCE (Macmillan, $1.50). This rapid review of the antecedents and aspirations of our nation is far more reliable than the noisy animadversions of certain "highbrows." It will do much to strengthen the spirit of good will and to cement Anglo-American friendship, so indispensable to the peace of the world.

Preaching in London. By JOSEPH FORT NEWTON (Doran, $1.50). As minister of the City Temple, London, Dr. Newton had rare opportunities to study conditions in Great Britain during the war and since the armistice. These extracts from his diary, written *currente calamo*, contain outspoken criticisms and commendations of deep interest to all who would work for the better day of international understanding and cooperation.

With Earth and Sky. By WILLIAM A. QUAYLE (The Abingdon Press, $1.25). These celebrations of the wonders of God in Nature are written in a spirit of infectious jubilancy, and they rejoice the heart at a time when so much that is drab and sullen threatens to poison the soul. The poet, whether in verse or prose, is still the best interpreter of life, and Bishop Quayle is one of God's rare gifts.

A Handful of Stars. Texts that have moved great minds. By F. W. BOREHAM (The Abingdon Press, $1.75). The glorious gospel is the only message for a sinning and suffering world. No one knows this better than Boreham, whose books sell by the thousand. This companion volume to *A Bunch of Everlastings* continues the graphic recital of lives inspired by great texts which shone upon their pathway and directed their course through difficulty and disillusion to the realities of redemption in Christ. The preacher who would set himself to expound these luminous sentences, as suggested in these chapters, will never want for a congregation of grateful listeners.

Select Epistles of Saint Cyprian, Treating of the Episcopate (The Macmillan Company). It is strange indeed that Saint Cyprian, bishop of that most democratic of primitive churches, Alexandria, elected by a Congregational Church-meeting, should have been the first great advocate of the primacy of Peter and the apostolical succession. Yet he does not recognize the Bishops of Rome as superior to himself in that succession. This is a readable version of a very clumsy writer, and valuable for reference in these days when the theme of faith and order arises to embarrass the movement toward church unity.

The Universality of Christ. By WILLIAM TEMPLE (George H. Doran, $1.25). Bishop Temple of Manchester makes a strong plea for Christianity before the bar of reason. Firmly believing in the emotional side of religion he nevertheless sets that aside for the time being, to consider the doctrinal side of the core of Christianity. He sees the advantages of the comparative method of studying religion, but distinguishes reverence for other men's beliefs from a superficial tolerance which is really indifference. He finds that the two goals of truth and love are realized in Christ, the complete revelation, and in Christianity, the most workable and therefore the universal religion. The argument is ably sustained. It should be read by all who feel they need clear thinking on the full gospel of Christ.

The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. By JOHN MORLEY (Macmillan, $6). This new and cheaper edition of one of the greatest biographies will introduce many readers to one of the noblest statesmen of the world. When policies of diplomats and arguments of politicians make confusion worse confounded, it is well to turn to the career of one whom Lord Rosebery in his *Miscellanies*, recently published, characterized as having the three signal qualities of courage, industry, and faith. His religious faith was the essence, the savor, the motive power of his life. We can learn from this biography how Christianity might be made to dominate national life and international intercourse. When the history of the nineteenth century is adequately written, a large place will be assigned to Gladstone, who was above all things "a great Christian man."

Four Years in the Underbrush. Adventures as a Working Woman in New York (Scribner's Sons, $2.50). This is an amazing revelation of scandalous conditions, not in Central Africa but in the richest city of the world. Those who are interested in solving the social evils which menace the large cities of our land and who would understand why the church has largely failed, should read this vivid recital of experiences among the unskilled working women in New York City, engaged in the innumerable callings where they eke out a dreary pittance and are exposed to the fiercest temptations. It is written by a well-known novelist who actually lived the life she here describes.

Enduring Investments. By ROGER W. BABSON (Macmillan). This is an interesting study on the social obligations of wealth and is full of convincing arguments which can be effectively used in the campaigns for educational, philanthropic, and religious endowments.

A READING COURSE

A Faith That Enquires. By Sir Henry Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $2.

These Gifford Lectures, by one of the most stimulating thinkers, were written in the midst of constant pain. For several years Sir Henry Jones suffered from the fatal disease of cancer, but in spite of the intense suffering, he continued his work and showed an undaunted and triumphant faith. He succeeded Edward Caird as professor of moral philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and for thirty years this inspiring teacher wielded a powerful influence over his students. He was to them very much what Bowne was to his own students, and at many points there was a similarity between these two famous teachers.

One of his well-known books is *Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher*, without doubt the most illuminating interpretation of the poet. Another book is *Idealism as a Practical Creed*, a strong plea for ethical and religious idealism as the true basis of life. *The Working Faith of a Social Reformer* and *The Principles of Citizenship* are incisive discussions which go to the heart of some of our baffling problems without evasiveness or compromise.

We think of Professor Jones as a prophet of that spiritual idealism which accords to both religion and morality their full rights. He conceived of philosophy as: "An attitude of mind rather than a doctrine. It is the experience of the world becoming reflective, and endeavoring to comprehend itself. Hence a final philosophic theory is not to be attained, and a fixed system is not to be sought. Experience changes and grows; and a completed doctrine of an evolving process, a static theory of a dynamic reality, must prove false. We can at best but catch its trend and try to discern its greater laws" (*Idealism*, p. 7). The germ of his thinking is contained in this quotation. In all his writings there is a warmth of feeling which was the expression of a deep religious experience. He once declared to one of his students: "There is no hypothesis to set right this broken world like the hypothesis of a God like Jesus." He was not a profane *laudator temporis acti*, but he constantly maintained that the formulated creeds do not adequately express the present religious and moral experience of men. He never tired of insisting that life is not static, but a process from less to more. "Life is always renewing itself and affirming itself in fresh ways as its circumstances alter." Religion, on the other hand, is "the pursuit of the Supreme Good, the Best, the Perfect, and to that alone we give the name 'God.'" It is "not only practical in its essence, it *is* practice, it is experience, it is life." Religion furthermore must have what is temporal for its content, for the purpose of "re-interpreting, re-directing, transmuting the practical life of man."

The significance of these Gifford Lectures is in their urgent plea for the rights of inquiry, the place of doubt, the privilege of free discussion, and the need to make clear in professing to know religious facts,

whether we are dealing with intelligible realities or the fictitious products of our imagination. This same issue was raised not long ago in a volume by David Graham on *Religion and Intellect*, noticed in the METHODIST REVIEW for May, 1920. The religious currents of modern life have more recently been portrayed by "A Gentleman with a Duster," in his third volume, *Painted Windows*, telling of the dangers to which we are exposed when reason is neglected. A new definition of faith, he remarks, is the only clue to the secret of Jesus, whose great word was "faith in the absolute supremacy of spirit." A question of the Master that has been ringing in my ears for months, to which no reference has been made in recent discussions, is, "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" (Luke 12. 57.) Have you ever heard or preached a sermon on this text? It asserts the rights of reason in religion far more forcibly than any of his other sayings.

As Protestants we should cultivate the spirit of research in questions of religious faith, assured that such a course will enrich our faith beyond our fondest expectations. Unless religion appeals to the intelligence, it cannot hold the attention and secure the allegiance of thoughtful and earnest souls. The historic creeds and confessions are "declarations of dogma, not directions for life." Judged from our standpoint they are lacking in perspective but instead of being ruthlessly discarded they should be considered on their merits, in the light of the complete revelation of Christ unfolded in the New Testament and exemplified in varying degrees of accuracy by the history of the church. We cannot affirm that we "believe in the Holy Ghost," as in the Apostles' Creed, and depreciate or discountenance reflection. Let us distinguish between "free thinking" and "fettered thinking," always remembering that, "the 'infinite' which is unintelligible is no true infinite, but a thoroughly confused notion" (p. 18).

One of the weaknesses of mysticism is that it has often worshiped not the Infinite, but the Indefinite. Its testimony to spiritual realities has thus been ineffective. We need the True, the Good, the Beautiful, and they are all comprised in the Christian revelation of the God of Love, which does justice to the demand of the intelligence for Truth, of the soul for the Good, and of the emotions for the Beautiful. There need be no quarrel between science and religion, the intellect and the heart, where the highest synthesis is acknowledged. The greatest enemy of religion is not skepticism nor agnosticism, but indifference. Read the first two lectures for a full setting forth of the case.

Nothing short of the wholeness of life can satisfy us. The two main witnesses to this are religion and philosophy. A common distinction between religious and secular is too onesided. It leads to a compartment theory of life, which virtually holds to a static God rather than to the dynamic God, who is transcendent and immanent, and by communion with whom religion blossoms toward perfection and penetrates and informs the whole of life. This important truth is discussed in the third and fourth lectures, and it is repeatedly stressed elsewhere in these pages.

A hypothesis is not a guess but a conjecture. However true, it is only a theory, to be tested by the searching light of the intellect. There are no "ready-made" truths. If religious faith is called a hypothesis, it is only meant to summon us to verify our faith, for only by its fruits can it be known. "A thing that does nothing *is* nothing," and the reality of our religion is evidenced by the behavior it inspires. Read the excellent discussion of the proof of religious experience and note what is said of the need to reflectively reconstruct it (p. 72ff.). The church then should not be satisfied merely to expound the deliverances of ancient authorities, but should consider the validity of spiritual convictions and conduct on their merits. How does this bear on the teaching function of the pulpit? The religious revival for which we long will come when the chaos of current religious opinion is honestly faced, so as to rehabilitate Christian thought and redirect Christian activity. "The less reflective a community is the more conservative and repetitive it is" (p. 220). The sixth lecture on "Scientific Hypothesis and Religious Faith" deals with this subject.

The misleading separation of sacred from secular is responsible for much of the antagonism between religion and morality. Reconciliation between the two can be effected as their domain is widened and deepened, to include the whole of life, in accordance with an idealism which believes that all history is sacred, that man is not an isolated being, but related and indebted to his social world, and that he exercises freedom in pursuing ends which he may never achieve, while the process advances him steadily toward the goal of Absolute Perfection. Note how justification by faith is related to moral endeavor (p. 119ff.). The importance of this topic has justified three lectures. Truly, the duty of hard thinking cannot be evaded by plunging into action. The longer we postpone the effort to understand life and purify the spirit, the more difficult will it be to carry out the true function of religion, to moralize life in accord with the standard of spiritual excellence in Christ Jesus (p. 162). Read the reply to the question whether the world is becoming better (p. 164). Note the reasons for the optimism of idealism (p. 166ff.). The sane remarks on divine interventions throw light on the problems of pain and suffering (p. 170ff.). "God is man's refuge from himself. He is strength as against his own weakness; purity as against his own sinfulness; the fullness of plenty as against his own poverty; and, in a word, perfection as against his own imperfection" (p. 177). There is no place for contingencies in a world of moral freedom, which is essentially rational and therefore spiritual. See further the seventeenth lecture on this subject. Mention can only be made of the lectures on "The World of the Individualist," "The World of the Idealist," "The Standard of Value," "The Perfect as a Spiritual Process." Here is solid nutriment. What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? "That the power and love of God are unlimited remains after every test the most reasonable and probable hypothesis" (p. 196).

The third part of the volume argues that the Absolute of Philosophy is the God of Religion, the omnipotent God of Love revealed by Chris-

tianity, in whom all spiritual and natural perfections meet. "But the Perfect Being whose attributes satisfy the intelligence has had comparatively little place in our religious creeds; and the philosopher on his part, in contemplating religion, has made little count of love, or of any other sentiment or emotion. One reason for this fact is the misuse made of love by religious apologists," etc. (p. 252). Where we think of the God of Religion and the Absolute as one, the validity of religious faith is fully justified. We are better able to take up a positive attitude in a spirit of certainty, and say: "I know him whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to guard that which I have committed unto him against that day."

It is refreshing to read that the only absolute values are spiritual. The insistent advocacy of spiritual claims preserves the independence of the individual, even when his will is most completely identified with the divine will. It would be better to say that one's individuality is thereby transfigured and entranced, and it seeks further expression in the fulfillment of social responsibilities. There is thus demonstrated the truth that the life of all is involved in the life of each, and the welfare of each in the well-being of all (p. 181). Underlying this is the conviction that love is the most significant function in religion, since it unites wills and is not a form of sentimental self-indulgence, but a spirit of service. Here again Professor Jones appeals to his favorite Browning, who as a poet of love in all its sublime forms stands alone. The fact of immortality is thus inevitable, based as it is on faith in the omnipotence and limitless love of God, and on the fact of the culminative character of the life process, in the course of which we become more deeply conscious of God as inspiring and empowering and guiding presence, imparting to us the assurance that since God is with us, nothing can be finally against us.

Side Reading

The Truths We Live By. By Jay William Hudson (Appleton, $3). This volume treats of the three immemorial verities of life—God, immortality, and freedom—and relates them to our age of tantalizing paradoxes, convinced that we shall be delivered out of our chaotic state by a rational faith. The first part on "Moral Conflict and Skepticism" demonstrates the ultimate triumph of righteousness, for the universe is at bottom a moral order. The bearing of religion on democracy is also searchingly examined. The whole discussion is an independent confirmation of some of the conclusions of Professor Jones.

Painted Windows. By A Gentleman With a Duster (Putnams, $2.50). In spite of certain journalistic exaggerations, these studies in religious personality ably characterize the strength and weakness of twelve representative leaders of the Church of England, who reflect the limitations, shortcomings, and achievements of institutional Christianity. To say that these features have appeared in other periods of church history, in similar or other forms, is only to focus more definitely the problems of the present day, to face them with a larger perspective, and

to attempt their solution in accord with the mind of the Master. Disagree as you may with this writer, you must nevertheless reckon with his verdicts.

For further information about books on subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

WHO'S WHO IN THE REVIEW

JOSEPH O. CHASSELL, Ph.D., is the able assistant of Professor George A. Coe in the Union Theological Seminary, New York City. PAUL HUTCHINSON, who rendered distinguished service to the Centenary cause at Shanghai, China, is at present with the Board of Foreign Missions of the church.

It was W. H. SHIPMAN, a retired minister of the Des Moines Conference, that several years ago made the appeal to the General Conference on the constitutionality of the doctrinal test of membership. WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN, D.D., LL.D., president *emeritus* of Boston University, contributes a striking illustration on the same subject.

The Rev. GEORGE S. LACKLAND is pastor of the Grace Community Methodist Episcopal Church in Denver, Colorado, and RICHARD DEMING HOLLINGTON, D.D., is doing similar downtown work in Matthewson Street Church, Providence, R. I.

MADELEINE SWEENY MILLER, a "mistress of the manse," is wife of the Rev. J. LANE MILLER, of Johnstown, Pa. LUCIEN CLARK, D.D., a retired member of the Baltimore Conference, was formerly assistant to Dr. Buckley on The Christian Advocate. R. C. MCBRIDE, D.D., is a retired member of the Oklahoma Conference.

Professor ED. KÖNIG, D.D., of the University of Bonn, Germany, a noted authority on Semitic literature, is one of the greatest living masters in Old Testament study. His valuable and interesting article in our department of Biblical Research has been translated for us from the German by Professor A. C. KNUDSON, of the Boston University School of Theology.

The Rev. ARTHUR W. HEWITT, DR. JOHN R. VAN PELT, and the Rev. OSCAR L. JOSEPH, who continue their able work in the METHODIST REVIEW, need no introduction to its readers.

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METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1922

THE DIRECTION OF HUMAN EVOLUTION[1]—A CRITICISM

DWIGHT M. LOWREY
Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. CONKLIN'S excellent and transparently ingenuous book has the inestimable merit of simplicity and directness. There are no ambiguities save those that lie in the nature of the subject: no evasions and no perversions. The statement of results from scientific inquiry is calm and clear but not cold; confident, without exaggeration. An unfailing modesty in presentation is in perceptible contrast with the unconscious presumption of the distinguishing proposition. In form it is a work of science: in substance, so far as the social relation is concerned, it is a biologist's exercise in that almost forgotten pastime of scholarship known as typology. The whole exposition is transfused with a warm glow of moral earnestness; and, in the discussion of both the social and religious contact of the premise, marked with what Stedman called "the spirit of grace and comeliness." No American author has ever been better entitled to appropriate to himself Montaigne's incomparable preface, *"Ceci est un livre de bonne foi."*

This criticism is confined to that portion of the work in which the postulates of the evolutionist are applied to human society. The author says he has a "great doctrine of evolution." This announcement, upon familiarity, leaves us passive. But he adds that out of this "doctrine" he has deraigned a "biological law" which is to determine the conduct of human beings in social relation. This pretension excites curiosity not unmingled with alarm.

Thoughtful men, not disposed by temper nor impelled by

[1] *The Direction of Human Evolution*, by Edwin Grant Conklin. Those desiring to read this book should secure the revised edition, recently issued.

the *furor ecclesiasticus* to clamor against novelty, have in growing numbers acknowledged the value and significance of the observations and conclusions of the experts in protoplasm and structure. These conclusions are now received with general equanimity everywhere, except in Nebraska and Kentucky, as long as they are confined to the sensibilities of mollusks, the reflexes of bugs, the disquieting likeness of anthropoid apes, and the parental disappointments of miscegenating species.

But when the men of the microscope and the ocean floor offer to carry their capitularies into the tumultuous region of man's hopes and desires, they may reasonably be required to show their passports at the frontier. Dr. Conklin is plainly qualified to enter, under the statutory indulgence to "professors and teachers required in schools or colleges"; but his private papers clearly disclose that he intends to introduce an alien domination into the troubled realm of political philosophy. Under the panoply of a great name exotic evils may easily creep in to further vex the contemplative state. A biologist may properly examine the moral sentiments, and meditate on the proper way of man with man. But if the savant insist on employing the method of the laboratory and the zoological excursion on springs of action which elude his most powerful microscope, and on shades of preference that his spectrum will never show, how can he hope to discover new truth, or to exhibit old truth in new form? When he enters that court of last resort in morals, the forum of a cultivated taste in conduct, how shall he be helped by a brief on molecular attraction and an exhibit of the binomial theorem? The judgments of that tribunal are not delivered upon evidence, nor upon logical deduction. They are rescripts of original spiritual discernment.

The author's temperate approval of democracy as the final consummation of constitutional contrivance will excite neither enthusiasm nor contradiction. He shares with Thomas Jefferson and Woodrow Wilson an unshakable confidence in the infallibility of the moral judgments of men in masses.

The Yale reviewer classes Dr. Conklin as a socialist, and queries whether the theory of the book voices the need of a biological basis for the Marxian gospel, or manifests the urge of

a biological training to project itself into politics. The second hypothesis seems to be the correct diagnosis. Militant socialism outsteps a reasonable cooperation, through divers misconceptions, but the real driving force is the hope of dominion in mass formation for those incapable of leadership upon individual genius. Dr. Conklin is not of that company. His socialism seems to be at times implacable, but there is not the faintest trace of class suspicion and animosity, nor of economic vagary. It is the cruel compulsion of his premiss, softened by genuine brotherly love.

In dura catena to his theory, a residuum of personal liberty he will rather grudgingly allow as a concession to an unavoidable necessity for some sort of balance to the strangulation of intensified cooperation. But liberty in the individual man, the only place where it can be seen and felt, is under suspicion; nay, it is a convicted felon in the social economy, permitted to be at large on probation, solely on condition that the agent employ his privilege of choice in curbing those distinctive instincts which express his personal sovereignty, and in fostering those instincts of immolation and cooperation which man has in common with the ant and the bee. Liberty is the "disruptive," "disintegrating" force. It is the instigator of "disharmonies" which destroy the complex. Under the direction of an imperious but imperfect intelligence, liberty is constantly thwarting the instincts which make for cooperation. Society is a complex. Harmony and cooperation are its supreme good. To that consummation liberty must necessarily give way. But liberty is too sweet to be discarded altogether. What is taken from the individual is given to the complex. The individual will be in bondage, but the complex will be free. The insignificant circumstance that this complex is visible only to the eye of the spirit, however embarrassing to an uninitiated but eager disciple, presents no difficulty for the biologist. He ushers in this "skeleton in armor" as ranking complex and invests it with supreme command. The conclusion of the whole matter is given by the author in one comprehensive paragraph (page 126) as follows:

> In all organisms and in all social organizations the freedom of the minor units must be limited in order that the larger unit may achieve a

new and greater freedom: and in social evolution, the freedom of individuals must be merged more and more into the larger freedom of society. The liberty which we worship is not, or at least should not be, that of the individual, but rather that of society as a whole—the freedom of nations and races rather than that of individuals, the self-determination of peoples rather than that of persons. This is the biological ideal of freedom, and it should also be the democratic ideal.

Rarely have we seen so complete an emancipation of a not naturally soaring imagination proceed from exhausting study of the structural history of men and beasts. The vision of 1,700,000,000 men fused into a unitary society with a single intelligence and hope, swarming the earth in solitary grandeur, and superbly free, because "the new unit" has no master save "the sentinel stars," is a conception infinitely more "lofty" than the "pleasure dome" of Kublai Khan. And all this in a house of mourning over a great war, in which an observant intelligence will find the German menace to have been, not in imperial trappings and patrician pride, but precisely in this hyphenated biological-democratic ideal. No more pestilent delusion can afflict the human mind than the idle personification of collective reason.

This purely metaphysical production is the result of a purely physical, albeit highly mysterious, process called *Evolution,* which is the record of an endless chain of living cells, manifest in successive "transformation," but never in "new formation," and rising from amœba to man. There has been found not precisely a parent cell, but an initial type of cell having "potential immortality," through ascending transmission of the vital spark. In successive occurrence, through æons of time, appear composite organisms of many cells, wherein is observed a constant increase in the number of component units, respectively distinguished by growing complexity in structure and activity, and inclining to formation in groups, interdependent yet with ever widening diversity in special collective function. This diversity in function and federation appears upon the impulsion of certain mysterious reactions to environment conveniently styled "mutants." With diversity occurs a loss in self-sufficiency in the integer cells and in the groups or guilds of cells and a compensating urge to cooperative union in some new whole.

Progress is the successive appearance of new combinations of cells, more particularly of new combinations of an increasing number of interdependent cell groups, with units of highly specialized function.

Heredity is a factor of great strength for conservation, but of limited capacity for expansion.

On the other hand, there is a counter-current called *Degeneration*. The specialization of these cooperating cell groups, which is for the organism the hall-mark of its excellence, is also an element of weakness. What has been sharpened has also been attenuated. The combination is strong for its appointed action, but the several parts are weaker to resist a blow from environment which is not within the plan of campaign. One division after another gives way, and gradually the organism comes to an end. Man is the most perfect form of animate nature, because he is the most complex organism, with the greatest number of highly specialized and interacting cell groups.

Out of this cooperative union proceeds in man an intelligence, which affords to the entire organism a peculiar buckler of defense. Man can mold environment so as to revictual any wavering column of uniform cells, and thus preserve not alone the individual, but the integrity of the race. But his intelligence is not an arsenal of omnipotence. Even now, under the strain of intense mental activity and of increasing social pressure, the nervous organization, which is for the physico-spiritual being the General Staff of his constitutional army, shows signs of exhaustion. Therefore we must contemplate the final extinction of the human race.

By its nature this human complex is incapable of any development which might clothe it with added power. The essential potencies of mind and body and the cardinal traits of character which make up the complex are transmissible through heredity, subject to infinite modifications in relative intensity. But the special aptitudes which application produces in a given individual are not transmissible as a general gain upon the complex, because such special proficiency in one direction implies a corresponding deficiency in another. Such proficiencies disturb the general balance and are therefore in a measure signal lights of decay.

Some other and more intricate complex might take the place of man, for which a wider range of possibilities would be open: but of this there is in nature no present sign. This successor, whatever else he might be, would certainly not be man. It may be very seriously asked whether this last speculation is anything more than a verbal proposition. Man's relation to such a being would be like that of the rabbit to the gamekeeper. Man could know him in the traits that might be common to both; but of his novelty man could have no science at all.

Then upon this drab and meager skeleton of natural history, Dr. Conklin proposes to drape the flowing robe of man's aspiration and desire, red with his loves and black with his hates; now thin with his tenderness, now tough with his resolutions; shining with his hope and dull with his despair; confident that he can best display the mottled magnificence of the fabric by conforming the folds to the bones underneath. And naturally so, since under his deft manipulation this robe is seen to be a shroud, not a wedding garment. The book, suffused as it is with "sweetness and light," is a funeral march of the human race.

He stands in amazement before the *Homo Sapiens,* this last best fruit of nature's womb, whom he presents to us with a letter of introduction 30,000 years old, and clad in mourning over the untimely end of precedent and less admirable species of the *genus homo* lost in the gloom of centuries of centuries. Earth he declares has never seen the equal of this present man: and exhibits no disposition or power to produce his superior. Is then evolution at an end? Must we then as far as man is concerned desist perforce from an investigation so attractive? Not at all: evolution is destructive as well as constructive. We cannot enlarge man's present perfection, but we can keep the log of his decline; and we can write it up now in prophetic vision. In addition, we can, through the exercise of that intelligence which is man's peculiar patrimony, direct his steps in social relation, so as to produce in that relation the simulacrum of a new organism to be known as society, in which the increasing correlation of the parts will more effectually speed the destruction of the whole. Thus, through an act of volition, we may ourselves become in a sense auxiliaries of

nature in the universal plan. Not being especially exhilarated by this shadow of coming events, Dr. Conklin intimates that the catastrophe may be postponed somewhat by the difficulty of inducing man to surrender his individuality absolutely. But such insurgency is distinctly discouraged as rationally inadmissible and as probably futile resistance to cosmic law.

Society then becomes the new complex: the individual *homo* is the cell. This cell shall, by conscious effort of himself and by insistent command of his fellows, be more and more highly specialized; and having been by selective draft, under socialistic administration, judiciously classified into collaborating groups, to be thus more rationally and scientifically headed for extinction: that the new scripture may be fulfilled, in like manner as the old.

In the societies of ants and termites is found an instructive foreshadowing of man's social organization and a serviceable model for his imitation. The author points out the deficiencies of these insect communities. For one thing, the deplorable ferocity of their tribal warfare is a bad example to disputatious humanity. What seems to impress him most unfavorably is the limited range of function allowed to the constituent members. Over the spectacle of immolation to a narrow slavish routine, and the gloom of monotony, he displays little concern. Therefore he derives sufficient reassurance from the reflection that when his human termites are "rationally organized under the League of Nations," their society will be distinguished by a wealth of interdependent specializations infinite in number and variety. In other words, he dreams humanity made into a pattern termite community raised to the Nth magnitude. All will agree with Solomon that the ant is a noble example to the sluggard. The qualification of that diligent insect as a social reformer may yet attract the attention of the donors of the Nobel prize and the Bok gratification. Who shall say?

Note that this *Homo Sapiens* as an individual, in the full and equable manifestation of all his manifold endowment, is still in high measure the object of the author's reverent admiration. He enumerates certain conspicuous examples from history, among them divers excellent Greeks of classroom acquaintance and our

own Shakespeare, and regretfully hazards the depressing announcement that, under the working of inexorable law, the world will never see their like again. The readiness of a biologist with such interesting speculation is disconcerting, since the gap between Homer and Shakespeare, Pericles and Lloyd George, Augustus and Wilson, Thersites and Borah, is hardly the wink of an eye in biological time. For consolation he enters into his closet and shuts to the door. He curtains out the sun and lights the taper of divination. Into the orb on his table, his devotion summons to view the well-rounded figure of individual man. As he gazes a mist pervades the crystal. The august presence begins to expand in infinite refraction, until he breaks up into a grinning reflection of a spectral host of innumerable races and subraces and hybrids, past, present, and future, visualized by the eye of science as a concrete whole, with a corporate life, an ascertainable history, and a predictable end. The higher law of this ghostly procession, moving in lockstep through the ages, is helpfulness and cooperation. But it is a monster which feeds on its own young: since to be helpful and reciprocally efficient each unit must specialize his function to infinite fineness and tenuity. After that, collapse. What was at first an imposing forest of noble oaks and flowering shrubs, and bushes bowing humbly down with berries, becomes a thicket of hop poles impotent to quicken or sustain the interlacement of the dying vine. The mystical organism disappears through the intensification of its intricacy and the emaciation of its component parts.

Now we may concede that personification is often a pleasing figure in poetry; and that it is a useful and timesaving device in thinking. But as a scientific formula it is a solecism. Any well-read lawyer can explain the confusion it has sometimes wrought in jurisprudence. Ecclesiastical history is a phonograph of the groans it has wrung from mankind.

At bottom the true objection to this dispiriting elaboration is one of method. Nothing but the spell of method could reconcile the author to his conclusion, namely, that, upon his dignity as a rational being, and upon his obligation as a moral agent, individual man, in order more surely to make the evening of his race con-

sistent with its morning, by completing the biological cycle from original to final nonentity, should forswear the calm and equable expression of his own personality in its entirety, and should curb his appetites and cashier his curiosity; the better to qualify himself to sing a number in the vaudeville of society. Where is the moral dignity of an ideal which exalts not benevolent sacrifice, to be compensated by a greater personal sanctity and elevation, but fatalistic self-immolation to be rewarded by a glittering efficiency for the shriveling individual, and by a transitory harmony for a dying race? And all this in order that the reign of the law may have its perfect work on an organism of race which is a figment of the imagination.

Dr. Conklin is clearly seeking for some logical basis in human institutions and government. There is no such basis. There can be none from the nature of the case; that is to say, from the nature of man. The shores of constitutional exposition are strewn with the wrecks of such speculation. Rousseau's *Contrat Social* was a fantastic allegory. It had a great vogue for a time. Nobody reads it now for constitutional material. The Utilitarians tried in their turn, with another empty phrase: "the greatest good to the greatest number." A hundred years ago Macaulay, to mention no other writer, cleverly reduced that tinkling universal to an equivalent proposition: "the greatest happiness is the greatest happiness." Herbert Spencer, before he died, recanted with edifying contrition his *ignis fatuus* of Equal Liberty. Only politicians in quest of votes refuse to recognize that "government by consent of the governed" is a contradiction in terms. Just now "majority rule" is enjoying something of the divinity that in former times hedged a king. Serious thinkers know that it is an expedient, not a solution.

Dr. Conklin is not discouraged by these dialectic disasters. He has a new intelligence on which to rely. He says: "The intellectual evolution of the individual has virtually come to an end, but the intellectual evolution of groups of individuals is only at its beginning." Now there must be something wrong with a philosophy which is based on a proposition like that. It is riding the pale horse through a jungle of speculation. There is no such

thing as human group intellect on which evolution can act. Intellect is unitary: group is a noun of multitude. Whether evolution be "transformation" or "new formation," certain it is that we cannot permit a biologist to make an intelligent organism out of a figure of speech.

This biological-democratic order is strictly a commandment with promise. Out of it shall proceed "universal justice," "world unification," and "equality of right and liberty." That is to say, the biologist will have accomplished what Aristotle declined to undertake, and Herbert Spencer gave over in despair. In triple achievement, he will have formulated the indefinable, he will have consolidated the unassimilable, and he will have reconciled a contradiction in terms. In the presence of a program so resplendent, how pale and pitiful must appear the definition proposed by a simple minded Briton: "Politics is the science of discovering and the art of accomplishing the practicable in public affairs."

Now in this phrase, "the greatest doctrine of evolution," lurks the sacerdotal unction of Dr. Conklin's presentment. It sounds like the deliverance of an Ecumenical Council. In *Heredity and Environment*, Dr. Conklin, after having exhibited "the material basis of life" in the multiform simplicity of the primitive cell, with its confusion of muscles and fibrils, nucleus and mantle and its inorganic salts, passes on to the demarcation of sex and the gentle embrace of egg and sperm in productive fertilization. Then on page 15 he breaks out in pious ejaculation: "Is not this miracle of development more wonderful than any miracle of creation?" Now the record of vital process is not a miracle at all: but such Brahminical musing of the biologist is an unsuccessful reproduction of the reverent speculation of the Hebrew seer, bent on solving the insoluble. Therefore we are not unprepared for the gush of deep religious feeling with which we are admonished to "worship" the biological-democratic ideal.

As outgrowths of this spirit, in minds of a widely different order, we have seen all sorts of queer communities established on the "model" of God's Word. But none of these experiments surpass in temerity and assurance the suggestion that the last

word belongs to the man of science, who can bring to the perplexities of man's condition a judgment enlightened by the lessons of a million years and a theory of social order whose anchorage in "the eternal continuity of nature" is authenticated by photographs of microscopic discovery, of fossil remains, and of plaster cast restorations of the fragmentary bones of three or four prehistoric, *non sapientes* men, found in drifts and caves, and assigned to periods which antedate the legendary cycle of Ireland's glory by not less than 30,000 nor more than 500,000 years.

Newton never spoke of his thought on gravitation as a doctrine. He called it a law. He was entitled to do so, because he had a clear idea. But the "potential immortality" of a germ cell is not a clear idea. In fact there is a vein of mysticism running through the whole evolutionist proposition, which is not eliminated by anxious discrimination between "transformation" and "new formation"; and which is manifest not only in this phrase, "potential immortality," but also in the web and woof of Dr. Conklin's conception of personality. Since the days when Thomas Brown wrote on Cause and Effect, "potentiality" has become a word whose scientific qualification is highly doubtful. Brown was not especially familiar with the annals of living creatures in the Jurassic period, but he had a keen insight into the working of the human mind, as an independent spiritual organism.

The Asiatic superstition of the transmigration of souls is a play of fancy which violates no law of thought. It is the same personality under different conditions. But Dr. Conklin's conception of personality, as a momentary scintillation in an infinite prolongation of vital energy, is not one which the mind can appropriate. Infinity is only another name for the frontiers of thought. We are thus brought face to face with a yearning to explain the inexplicable; and that is the very essence of mysticism. That sort of imagery is quite permissible in poetry.

> Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
> A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
> Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

It is said that Mr. Lincoln took great pleasure in the lyric

from which these lines are quoted; but there is no indication that that eminent man supposed them to have any philosophic, still less any scientific value. He thought merely that politicians might profitably reflect on the figurative analogy as a lesson in humility.

The phrase "potential immortality" in this connection is the typical *ignorantio elenchi,* "the substituted conclusion." When men talk of immortality they mean the immortality of an individual form (however conceived as to its essentials), which they perceive to be threatened with annihilation. They do not mean an interminable succession of transient phantoms of reality. A man can feel an interest in his own soul, and in that of his neighbor; but serious interest in an eternal monody of dying groans is possible only to a controversialist, or to a naturalist submerged in the past history of cells and complexes quick and fossilized. While this unhappy phrase is a legitimate offshoot of the general doctrine, Dr. Conklin does not seem to set great store by it. He rather puts it forward as the interesting contribution of a valued confrere. But he does incline to trace objection to the doctrine of evolution as a whole, and to his peculiar application thereof, to disappointment at the exclusion of the hope of everlasting life for individual man. In truth the aspiration for immortality, like the thirst for righteousness, is a flower of man's personality, but it is not the badge. For every purpose of ratiocination that personality is self-conditioned and indestructible.

Therefore men, whether hopeful or indifferent to life eternal, may be expected *to act* as commanded by the dignity of an individual personality which they can understand, and not as befits the dubious fortune of a long concatenation of germ cells which, like Ossian's "stream of years," have before and after "hid in mist their many colored sides." Man contemplates, in variable degree of apprehension, an awesome and impending change: but he does not and cannot think his own extinction. All efforts to influence his judgment must fail which are based on the dissipation of his personality into an infinite sucking from the void behind, linked with an eternal leakage into nature's perenduring "continuity." A few evenings on the hustings would soon convince Dr. Conklin that that sort of sublimity is not "practical politics."

The theory of the book undoubtedly gives the author a means to satisfy a noble but ill-defined aspiration. He longs for a universal peace maintained by reason. Is not this a point where benevolence obscures clear thinking? Rational settlement of differences is possible only where both sides have a common standard. The antagonism between the lovers of freedom and the lovers of order is a clash of standards. Therefore the balance is necessarily uneasy and fluctuating, and readjustment in the last analysis comes only by the hand of power. In such cases the issue is not with the professors of biology and the doctors of theology; but with the Lord of Hosts and the God of Battles. Government is not a syllogism, nor an analysis. It is a fact: a visible exertion of power by one man over another. It operates not to register agreement, but to control dissent. Therefore it is a constant succession of quietude and upheaval. The *Pax Romana* was the death warrant of the empire. Why single out the disharmonies of society for peculiar reprobation? If a man can contemplate without repining the earthquake and the volcano, the resistless sweep of the tide and the tornado, the destruction that walketh in darkness and the pestilence that wasteth at noonday; why should he stand aghast at the remorseless wave of human passion rolling to engulf an intolerable foe? It may very well be that in these same disharmonies lies hidden the secret of the human soul.

The truth is that Dr. Conklin's social philosophy is a curious confirmation of the correctness of two of his cardinal biological propositions: the determinative influence of environment and the contraction of specialization. The glitter of his microscope has burned an image of a vital complex into his brain. He sees it everywhere. In his great book, *Heredity and Environment*, a volume of strictly biological discussion, which the more thoughtful of many nations are reading and acclaiming, the moment he comes to the social relation the bogie of race throws a shadow on his path. He says:

> There is a larger freedom and greater responsibility than that which characterizes the individual. . . . Society is the last and highest grade of organization, and its freedom and responsibility are to those of the

individual very much as the freedom and responsibility of the developed man are to those of the germ cells from which he came.

This is not science; it is metaphysics. It is precisely the conception of the Church Universal which hardy and serviceable theologians endow with maternal instinct, with the confidence of feminine dependence on the civil arm, and with infallible judgment on the mysteries of nature, on the origin and destiny of man, on the processes of reason, and on the order of conduct.

It is not merely a party prejudice, a bent to unbridled license, a sullen impatience of restraint, that gives to the personality of individual man the center of the stage, in the great drama of social interaction. It is a necessity of thought. There is no understudy for the rôle. The pretended subserviency of the individual to the state is the cloak with which certain individuals cover their crotchet of dictation over another. Real politicians accustomed to the intercourse and government of men understand this; and the manual of the simple-minded Briton already quoted is sufficient for them. It is only the closet statesman who is ready to write up in advance the *dossier* of man's rights and obligations. Real politicians like Lloyd George and Gamaliel Harding have to wrestle with "die-hards" who discredit, and "bitter-enders" who declaim. The closet statesman is beset by a conjuration of abstractions, like the "midnight host of specters pale" that "beleaguered the walls of Prague."

It is true that where two free agents are brought face to face, the liberty of the one necessarily involves a triumphant limitation on the liberty of the other, whenever there is a clash of desire. Therefore if you ascribe the attribute of freedom to a personified society you necessarily add a fresh limitation upon the freedom of the sentient beings who have to deal with the abstraction. However, such turbulent creatures are not likely to be stimulated to strenuous effort in the new diplomacy by the exhortation to measure their ambition upon "the freedom and responsibility of the germ cells" in a crustacean.

Now when the sentient beings deal with this vexatious question among themselves, no one of them, unless he be a Pope carrying the keys of heaven and hell, or a Bourbon challenging the sun

with impudent device, *nec pluribus impar*, ever pretends that his own liberty shall prevail. They seek an accommodation. They have no rule to go by. The nature of the case admits of none. It is matter of treaty, through tacit and instinctive custom or conscious adjustment, interrupted at times by violent altercation, and varying always with the age and place. The reciprocal concessions are made for mutual advantage, although the balance of advantage is never accurately defined. Dr. Conklin's astral sovereignty will allow no bargaining. It demands from the individual unconditional surrender—"for the good of the race." True, it is intimated that society has its responsibilities. But what responsibilities can restrain a sovereign whose good is superior to, not coordinate with the subject? What real thought can there be in an ascription of "responsibility" and "good" to an impersonal race, whose roots are in an unremembered past, whose branches are in an unknowable future, and whose trunk is in the ambient air of speculation?

On the other hand there is no such thing as the duty of the individual to the race, President Roosevelt to the contrary notwithstanding: for the simple reason that the race is not a personality. Reverence for ancestors is not a duty to the dead. It is a state of grace in the living. Provident care for unborn posterity is like unto it. When Dr. Conklin writes, "The breeding instinct drives every male bee and every male and female salmon to its certain death, in order that the race may be perpetuated," he is not discoursing either science or moral philosophy. He throws a saddle on a scientific fact to ride an excursion into rhetoric and teleology.

In the independent but unfortified provinces of the mind, a certain comity must confine each departmental chief to his own jurisdiction. The hopes, the aspirations, the duty of man and the order of his social relations are not strictly scientific questions. Science turns on classification and definition. But no man can define the difference between right and wrong.

A System of Logic, by John Stuart Mill, is not precisely light reading, but it is a great and useful book. In the chapter on the "Fallacies of Generalization" occur these wise words:

> Where our consciousness recognizes between two phenomena an

inherent distinction; where we are sensible of difference which is not merely of degree, and feel that no adding of one of the phenomena to itself would produce the other; any theory which attempts to bring either under the laws of the other *must be false*, though a theory which merely treats one as a cause or condition of the other *may possibly be true*.

It is, of course, conceded that the moral sentiments yield to scientific treatment to a limited degree. Classification is possible, even though definition halt. How can we hope for scientific accuracy in a field where hatred may become a virtue, and love an ignoble weakness? We can trace a certain connection of cause and effect in human affairs, but we can never isolate the elements, nor exclude the confusing factors. The conclusion is always an approximation. Consequently, the convenient *post hoc propter hoc* is the politician's flaming sword, whether he be moved to affirm or deny. Preachment and example, not demonstration, are the method in art, music and poetry, religion and morals, including the social order. There is no more hope for a logical basis in morals than there is for it in government. Are we then to be illumined by the discovery of a physical basis? Has Darwin succeeded where Jeremy Bentham failed? Suppose we obtain this physical basis; "what of profit springs therefrom." Will it supply the deficiencies in our analysis? Will it add a cubit to our moral stature? Will it sharpen our ethical discrimination, or do anything more than sublimate some social hysteria?

Dr. Conklin does not so contend, but he feels that we do not contemplate the universe as a complete whole, until we have brought the mind of man under one general law with the mass of matter. This is not a truly scientific aspiration. It is a logical solecism. It is like an effort to unify the subject and the object, which, of course, is contrary to the law of thought. The study of the history of man's physical structure, with the dawn of his mentality, through long æons of time incomprehensible to finite intelligence, doubtless yields much that is valuable and true. It must be remembered that a million years is an expression hardly more definite than Hiawatha's "chronicle of wasted time": "in the unremembered ages in the days that are forgotten." Therefore, Dr. Conklin does well to describe the great conclusion as a

"doctrine," and his attitude toward it as a "belief." We may not be disposed to contradict the chorus of evolutionist opinion that their formula for this incalculable progression has passed beyond the possibility of dispute, if they will permit us to add the conventional scientific qualification: "in the present condition of our knowledge." On the other hand one may easily become impatient at the assumption of finality and unshakable premise, in the mouth of a man who professes to have summarized the vital statistics of a million years.

When, however, the adventurers undertake to reconstruct the condition of our thinking, our complaisance disappears. This is a threat of intellectual bankruptcy. We spring instantly to the defense of "the Categories," where our possessions lie: the indestructible distinctions of the Contradictory, the Contrary, and the Converse; all of which pivot on an original appreciation of identity in character or difference in kind. We have behind us not a hundred years of special investigation, but several thousand years of profound meditation, and the light of our conscious cogitation. Upon these both, and particularly upon the latter, we assert—not believe—that all thinking proceeds in consciousness, upon a constant relation between the human self and this so-called universe as opposites in kind. If you break the connection or unify the opposites, you cease to think. You have Nirvana, the final beatitude of certain Hindu philosophers, anticipated and brought down to earth by microscopic analysis and chemical reaction. A proposal, made upon professed familiarity with the history of man's physical structure, to fuse these opposites under one general law must be rejected; not as heretical against our belief, but as unthinkable for our intelligence. Things that differ in kind may have certain traits in common. It has not been left for the evolutionist to advise man of the significance of his tenement of clay. But the opposition of kind can never be reconciled upon a common law. That which in consciousness I know to be not myself can never be generalized into confederation with my personality. Industry directed to that end is a waste of time. The success of the enterprise cannot be realized in thought. We do not contradict such a pretended proposition. We deny that the proffered general-

ization is an intelligible proposition. If a man could think the origin of his intelligence (perhaps we might better say his consciousness), he would cease to be man. He would be that ineffable new complex of which Dr. Conklin no doubt truly says nature gives no sign. Therefore, discussions on the origin of the human soul are *causerie,* not philosophy. We are not responsible for the mystery which surrounds the limitations of our thought. But we lose diginity when we disregard these limitations. When, therefore, the man of science passes beyond the laws of nature's visible phenomena, and undertakes to light the gloom of this impenetrable mystery, with a taper ignited at the funeral pyre of a brachiapod, we diagnose his condition as a spiritual intoxication which the meticulous counteraction of the Volstead Act is powerless to dispel.

Neither upon biological instruction, nor upon psychic experiment, with its weird suggestion of a secondary and subconscious personality, can man merge himself into an "eternal becoming," without loss of dignity and moral fiber. Seneca and Daniel Webster were in accord on that propositiou, though the centuries lay between. The Roman Stoic proudly claimed for the just the highest place, *cum dis ex pare vivit.* The American Christian answered the inquiry for the greatest thought that had ever entered his mind by saying, "My *personal* responsibility to God." And this is the Alabama of man's thought.

"TO SEE OURSEL'S AS OTHERS SEE US"

EDWIN GRANT CONKLIN

Princeton, N. J.

MR. LOWREY has submitted to me his criticisms of my book, and both he and the Editor of this REVIEW have asked me to reply. I have neither the time nor the inclination to attempt to answer in detail every criticism, misinterpretation, and innuendo which my friendly enemy, or hostile friend, indulges, and I shall limit myself to a few points which will sufficiently illustrate—let us say the differences between his point of view and my own.

In almost everything that Mr. Lowrey has written I can recognize neither my books, my opinions, nor myself. Everything that was once mine when it passes through the alembic of his thought comes out new.

> Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange.

And after reading his comments I am left with a feeling like that of Alice in Wonderland, for I am in a new world, some of the elements of which are familiar but the combinations new and strange. In particular, his paraphrases of my language, and his picking out here and there a sentence from its context makes me responsible for some opinions which are certainly not mine, and by no rules of heredity could their paternity be fixed upon me. I can only beg that those who are interested in knowing my views should get them from my books rather than from Mr. Lowrey's caricatures.

His innuendoes I shall pass by as being in general too good to be answered, except by a master of humor or satire; I laugh with the galleries and applaud the charge on the windmills. His misinterpretations are many and serious, and much of his criticism is based upon these; to these therefore I shall devote some space before turning to the chief criticisms.

1. Repeatedly Mr. Lowrey affirms that certain statements are

not "scientific." I wonder what he understands that word to mean. Mr. Bryan is fond of quoting Huxley to the effect that "Science is classified knowledge," but everybody should know that it is not always infallible knowledge nor is it always properly classified. Again science rarely attains to the certainty of demonstration; in general it deals with probabilities of a higher or lower order, and in this respect it differs from common knowledge only in that it is the result of more careful or more accurate methods. In the preface of my book I have expressly stated that

> The *method* of science is to proceed from observations to tentative explanations which are then tested by further observations and experiments, thus reaching general explanations or theories. . . . The philosophical and religious deductions which are based upon scientific theories must necessarily be still more tentative, and it is hoped that the reader will take this for granted even though it is not always expressly stated. (Pp. v, vi.)

Again and again the burden of Mr. Lowrey's complaint is that science should be demonstration. "Newton never spoke of his thought on gravitation as a doctrine. He called it a law." (A legalistic mistake since the great Englishman called his work *"Principia."* Scientists are rather chary of the word "law.") A theory or hypothesis that is supported by all the evidence available is regarded as highly probable; if there is more and better evidence in favor than against, it is probable; if the evidence is equally balanced, it is doubtful—and yet it may all be scientific.

In the application of the principle of evolution to the origin of man or of society we are dealing not with demonstrations but with probabilities of so high an order that they have the practical force of demonstration with most persons who have a first-hand acquaintance with them. Some people take much comfort in the thought that evolution is only a theory; I would not rob them of this comfort, and I will add that if ever the evidences against evolution should become as strong as they are now in its favor I for one would not only abandon the theory but I would be ashamed to maintain it. However, let me hasten to add that there are no present indications that any other scientific theory will ever supplant evolution as an explanation of the method of origin of the universe, including man. But there is likewise no indication

that the method of evolution, any more than the method of creation, explains itself or any of the ultimate mysteries of the universe.

2. Mr. Lowrey maintains that "genus," "species," "race," "group" are "fanciful abstractions." A "group of individuals is a figure of speech." Society "is visible only to the eye of the spirit" —a "skeleton in armor." What can one say, in print, of such medieval hair-splitting? Some men have found that mobs or even political majorities were not fanciful abstractions, and others that family, friends, or enemies are not figures of speech but substantial realities.

However, when he says that an "organism of race" is a "figment of the imagination" I agree, and in so far as he attributes this term or conception to me it is a figment of his own imagination. Where have I spoken of the "organism of race"? On page 21 of *The Direction of Human Evolution* I say, "Animal societies are the highest grade of organization which has yet appeared on earth," but *organization* is a different thing from *organism*, as a Philadelphia lawyer should know. An organization is anything which is organized, whether it be a chemical molecule, a solar system, or a political machine, but an *organism* is a living individual or "person," in the biological sense. There is such a thing as an organization of society, composed of persons, but it is not an organism nor a person in the strict meaning of those words, and it cannot properly be personified except as a figure of speech. All the criticisms which are based on this misunderstanding, as, for example, his "No more pestilent delusion can afflict the human mind than the idle personification of collective reason," are so far as my book is concerned mere charges of verbal cavalry against straw men of his own making. However, there is such a thing as cooperative reasoning, as every conference, committee, congress, contribution, book, or even book review testifies. My expression, "the intellectual evolution of groups of individuals," meaning merely, as the context shows, the development of cooperative intelligence, calls forth the explanation that "we cannot permit a biologist to make an intelligent organism out of a figure of speech," and invites the retort that the biologist cannot permit mere figures of speech to misrepresent and malign his intelligence.

3. Certain words or phrases which are common currency in biology and are well understood by many persons who are not biologists call forth derisive comments by my critic, largely because he is not acquainted with the phenomena which they connote. Among these are "potential immortality," first employed, I believe, by Weismann in 1885 to indicate that there has been a continuous line of living cells leading back from every animal and plant in the world to-day to its earliest ancestors. While the body as a whole develops and dies in each generation, the line of germ cells may under certain conditions be immortal. This contingent immortality Weismann called "potential immortality" to distinguish it from obligatory immortality such as was attributed to the Greek gods, who could not be killed. This continuous line of living cells is a fact, as substantial as the thread upon which pearls are strung —and it is not "an interminable succession of transient forms of reality," "an eternal monody of dying groans," etc. If only Mr. Lowrey had studied a few thousand generations of protozoa and had observed the continuity of life and the absence of death or of any corpse in this long series he would not have dealt with this subject so sneeringly.

Other slighting comments on such words or phrases as "biological unit," "primitive cell," "mutant," "heredity," "potentiality," "the good of the race," etc., merely show ignorance of the things denoted or a determination to be "nothing if not critical," and I pass them by to take up the more serious criticisms.

4. "The appreciation of the difference in kind is the touchstone of all science," we are assured, but "the mind revolts at a scientific explanation of the origin of the difference." The first half of this statement is general, the second half is personal to Mr. Lowrey and is certainly not the attitude of the scientific mind. To discover the causes of difference in kind is one of the chief functions of science. Has my critic so far forgotten his college chemistry and physics as to be unaware of this fact? The same thing is true of biology, astronomy, geology, or any other science. The different kinds of phenomena in the universe are extraordinarily varied, but the causes of such differences are *relatively* few and simple. Consequently in classifying phenomena science must deal

with their causes. There are, for example, some eighty different chemical elements, differing fundamentally in kind, and yet within the last ten years it has been shown in several instances that the causes of these differences are due to different numbers and combinations of more elementary units, the electrons. There are many thousands of different chemical compounds, differing extraordinarily in kind, and yet they are all made up of different numbers and combinations of these eighty elements. There are probably a million species or kinds of animals made up of a relatively small number of different kinds of tissues and cells. There are multitudes of different kinds of human types and yet these are composed of a relatively small number of unit characters. Differences in kind are usually if not always caused by differences in the number or combination of the constituent factors.

However, in the combination of constituent factors new qualities appear, which were not present in the factors themselves. Two molecules of hydrogen and one of oxygen combine to form water with properties different from either hydrogen or oxygen. Two germ cells combine and form an organism composed of many different kinds of cells, such as glands, muscles, nerves, which are unlike either of the germ cells. The functions of many different kinds of cells combine to produce the specific functions of organs or the general behavior of organisms. This creation of new qualities by the combination of old factors is found universally in the living and in the not-living world and is generally known as "creative synthesis." It is one of the most fundamental principles in the evolution of organism or in the development of individuals.

5. Although Mr. Lowrey affirms that he is not denying the principle of evolution as applied to man, the burden of his criticism is really based upon such a denial. The method which he attacks is everywhere the evolutionary or genetic method. With men of science this method needs no defense; it is used and approved in all sciences. To those who are not scientists it may be worth while to say that complex phenomena are most easily described, defined, and understood in terms of their development. Structures such as brains and eyes and ears, which are too complex to be comprehended when seen in fully developed form, become intelligible and

relatively simple when seen in the process of development. Psychologists find the same to be true of the mind, and sociologists, of society. Development is the "true torch-bearer" not only into the complexities of bodily structure, but also into the dark labyrinths of the mind and of society.

Mr. Lowrey says that it involves a loss of dignity and moral fiber to admit that a human being, a personality, develops out of germ cells. This is an unfortunate conclusion, for development from germ cells is a well-established and universal fact. One gets the impression that such a critic has never had any intimate acquaintance with the process of development. Paul once said that when he was a child he thought as a child and spake as a child, and if he had known as much of embryology as we do to-day he could have said that when he was a germ cell he behaved as a germ cell. The significant part of Paul's saying is that when he became a man he put away childish things. It is not, after all, what we develop out of but what we develop into that determines our true dignity. Does it detract from the dignity or moral fiber of Paul or Plato or Jesus to know that they were once babies and still earlier germ cells? Perhaps the trouble is that Mr. Lowrey does not have a sufficiently dignified conception of babies and germ cells. "Consider the lilies (and the babies) how they grow." There is no more beautiful, mysterious, or dignified theme in all nature.

In speaking of the marvelous fact of the development of a human being from a germ cell I said, "Is not this miracle of development more wonderful than any miracle of creation?" explaining that the word "miracle" was used in the original sense of that word to signify that which is "wonderful." To which Mr. Lowrey replies that "the record of vital processes is not a miracle at all: such Brahminical musing of the biologist is an unsuccessful reproduction of the reverent speculation of the Hebrew seer," etc. It is only too evident that his "eyes are holden that he cannot see." But to be charged with mysticism by an obscurantist is almost as bad as to be called a sensationalist by a Hearst newspaper, and yet I am willing to be known as an apostle of mystery if by that term it is meant that pervading all nature and underlying all

scientific explanations there remain, and will probably ever remain, profound mysteries; but I am not a mystic, for, unlike Mr. Lowrey, I am anxious to solve as many problems as possible, to push forward the conquests of science to their utmost limits, and even to light the gloom of mystery "with a taper ignited at the funeral pyre of a brachiopod," if such a thing exists outside of Mr. Lowrey's fertile imagination and if it should really promise to furnish light.

So far as I am aware no one has recently attempted to deny the fact of individual development, both of the body and of the mind. But this was not always true. The preformationists of the eighteenth century maintained that there was no development, that in the germ cells the little man, or "homunculus," was completely formed and needed only to enlarge to become the mature man; and since each "homunculus" included in its germ glands other "homunculi," it was evident that each human generation was packed inside the preceding one and that in the original parents of the human race were contained, fully formed, but infinitely minute, all the subsequent generations of men. Thus in the creation of Adam and Eve it was said the whole human race was created at once; there was not a continuous "miracle of development," but only one original miracle of creation. To such extraordinary lengths was it necessary to go in order to avoid the supposed theological difficulties in the phenomenon of development! But no one now denies the fact of individual development. Even the revered man who taught Mr. Lowrey and myself philosophy and much besides, Lorenzo Dow McCabe, once said to me, "I grant you the fact of individual development but not of organic evolution." But this concession is a very far-reaching one, for development involves identically the same theological difficulties as evolution. If the development of a species is an atheistic theory, as some persons assert, so is the development of an individual. If a germ cell develops into a baby, and a baby develops, body and mind, into a man, what does it matter to philosophy or theology whether the human species has developed from some other species? If one concedes the fact of individual development without supernatural interference, one might as well concede the fact of organic

evolution without supernatural creation, so far at least as its effects on theology are concerned. It is surprising that the "Fundamentalists" have not denied the fact of individual as well as of racial development, and if they are consistent they will demand that we return to the teachings of the preformationists, to the idea of endless incasement of one generation within another, and hence to the special and supernatural creation of every child of Adam in the creation of Adam himself. When that comes to pass Mr. Bryan will probably be demanding that the teaching of embryology shall be abolished in all colleges and universities.

6. But it is against the extension of evolutionary or genetic methods to the organization and development of human society that Mr. Lowrey becomes most eloquent. It is easy to discover the emotional basis of this opposition but difficult to find or follow the rational steps in his argument. He does not say, and I do not know, what his own conception is as to the origin of society. Sociologists in general maintain that modern society has evolved from a very much simpler condition than that which prevails in most of the world to-day. The paleontological and archeological evidences all support the theory that barbarism preceded civilization, and savagery antedated barbarism, although relics of more primitive stages of culture sometimes persist, like "living fossils," in the midst of the highest culture. In short, there is abundant evidence that there has been evolution of development of human society and of human culture. If this is true the question arises as to whether the causes of social evolution are similar to those of bodily evolution. I have attempted to show that in certain respects the causes are similar and that, in particular, progressive evolution of all kinds is brought about by increasing specialization and cooperation. It is only necessary to compare the greater specializations and cooperations of persons in highly civilized states with the conditions in pioneer society or in nomad or savage tribes to recognize this truth. But the greater the specialization of persons the less is their independence; the greater their cooperation the less is their individual freedom. Consequently I reach the conclusion, which is confirmed, I think, by all observation as well as by common sense, that the path of social progress does not lead to

greater and greater independence and freedom of the individual but rather to mutual dependence and to limitation of personal freedom wherever this interferes with the welfare of others. This seems to me to be so self-evident as to be platitudinous; indeed, it seems to one who is not a specialist in this field that it is the occasion and origin of human law and administration, that it marks the difference between social chaos and order, between license and liberty within the law, between a primitive and an advanced stage of society.

Nevertheless against this assertion that progress consists in increasing specialization and cooperation, Mr. Lowrey raises the thunder of his opposition. He tries to make it appear that I would deny all freedom to the individual man, whereas I have said, (p. 113),

> The history of mankind has been one long struggle for freedom—freedom not only from the control of irrational instincts, but also and chiefly from the compulsion of outside forces and other persons. The eternal struggle against unfavorable environment, and for the conquest of nature, the battles for personal freedom in thought, speech, and act, and for social freedom in religion, government, and industry, are among the noblest aspirations of man. The struggle to be free is part of a great evolutionary movement, and yet in any society individual freedom must be limited in the interest of the common good, and the larger and more complex the society, the greater must be these limitations.

Who can see in this or any other statement which I have made on this subject any justification for the extravagant parody that "Liberty is a convicted felon in the social economy, permitted to be at large on probation, solely on condition that the agent employ his privilege of choice in curbing those distinctive instincts which express his personal sovereignty," etc.; "That individual man, in order more surely to make the evening of his race consistent with its morning, by completing the biological cycle from original to final nonentity, should forswear the calm and equable expression of his personality in its entirety, and should curb his appetites and cashier his curiosity the better to qualify himself to sing a number in the vaudeville of society." And so on through many pages. I cannot help thinking that a psycho-analyst would find abundant material here for an interesting study of personality.

I shall not take time to deal with Mr. Lowrey's assertion that "there is no such thing as the duty of the individual to the race," that ethics is purely personal and never social. The labors of the great and good of all ages who have striven to make the world better, who now "rest from their labors while their works do follow them," seem to me a sufficient comment.

When my critic "diagnoses my condition as a spiritual intoxication which the meticulous counteraction of the Volstead Act is powerless to dispel," may I without offense suggest that he is "intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity."

[Editorial Note.—The Editor of the Methodist Review would not wish to act as referee in this brilliant tournament between Mr. Lowrey and Professor Conklin. If, however, a comment might be made from a theological standpoint, do we not all agree with the former in his intense emphasis on personality and individual freedom and with the latter in looking toward the social goal of racial unity, a biological parallel to the Pauline vision of the summation of all souls in Christ? The social gospel of the kingdom of God does not imply the sinking of self, but the winning of a larger personality through the development of a social consciousness.]

THE PERSONALITY OF JAMES BRYCE

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IT has been one of the anomalies in British political life that two statesmen of the liberal and democratic type like John Morley and James Bryce should have had to surrender their position as commoners and enter the House of Lords as aristocrats. But it must be remembered that this august body is the final legal court of appeal in the empire, and that a political personage of distinction can there discharge duties of the greatest value to the administration, particularly if it be a Liberal cabinet, which is always weak in the Upper House. James Bryce is credited with having refused a title when he crossed the Atlantic in 1907 to be ambassador at Washington; for long it was at his disposal. His refusal was wise, for the American public does not understand titles.

His name had been for years a household word in this country because of the singular popularity of his book, *The American Commonwealth*, written when he was in his early thirties. It is to be noted that it was not intended for the American public, but for his own countrymen, whose ignorance of things American he greatly deplored. The outstanding fact remains that his previous training and his temperament must have prepared him in a peculiar manner to sift the wheat from the chaff in the material he had at his disposal. "It was put together," he tells us, "out of many conversations I had, not only with statesmen in the halls of Congress, but at dinner parties, on the decks of steamships, with drivers of wagons on Western prairies, with ward politicians and city bosses." Brought up amid the same surroundings as the ex-professor and Scottish student—whom I knew personally—I may be able to do something in the way of explaining his career.

First of all he was a dyed-in-the-wool Presbyterian, born in a theological atmosphere, with an ancestry of preachers. In the interpretation of character, whether personal or national, the religious element comes first, blending with the racial. In an

endeavor to portray the personality of James Bryce, himself an adept at character portrayal, I cannot do better than quote from his own sketch of William Ewart Gladstone, his friend and leader, written for the New York Nation at the time of the great premier's death:

> Theories of character based on race differences are dangerous, because they are so easy to form and so hard to test. Still, no one denies that there are qualities and tendencies in the minds of certain stocks, just as there are peculiarities in their faces or in their speech. Mr. Gladstone was brought up in Liverpool, and always retained a touch of Lancashire accent. But, as he was fond of saying, every drop of blood in his veins was Scotch. His father was a Lowland Scot from the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, where the old yeoman's dwelling of Gladstanes—the kite's rock—may still be seen. His mother was of Highland extraction, by name Robertson, from Dingwall, in Ross-shire. Thus he was not only a Scot, but a Scot with a strong infusion of the Celtic element whence the Scotch derive most of what distinguishes them from the English. The Scot is more excitable, more easily brought to a glow of passion, more eagerly absorbed in one thing at a time. He is also more fond of abstract intellectual effort. It is not merely that the taste for metaphysical theology is commoner in Scotland than in England, but that the Scotch have a stronger relish for general principles. They like to set out by ascertaining and defining such principles, and then to pursue a series of logical deductions from them. They are, therefore, somewhat bolder reasoners than the English, less content to remain in the region of concrete facts, more eager to hasten on to the process of working out a body of speculative doctrines.

The details of ancestry in the above have only to be altered to make the whole passage apply equally to Mr. Bryce: "Mr. Bryce was born in Belfast, but every drop of blood in his veins was Scotch. His father's people were Lowland Scots from Lanarkshire—whence he took his title, Viscount Bryce of Dechmont, which is a place in Lanarkshire—and his mother was of Scotch extraction, by name Young, from Abbeyville, in County Antrim, Ireland."

The name Bryce is but another form of Bruce, a Norman family which gave birth to the great liberator of his country, King Robert the Bruce. The family still survived in Normandy, and it was an Admiral Bruys who commanded the French fleet in the Battle of the Nile, when Nelson won his first great victory. This Norman stock had a leading place in the development of nations that followed up the breaking up of the Holy Roman Empire. As

we shall see, it was a college prize essay on this theme, *The Holy Roman Empire,* developed into a book, that first gained James Bryce general recognition as a scholar and writer.

He was thus fortunate in his ancestry. Unless we go still farther back to Alfred the Great, perhaps modern nationality begins with the personality of Louis the Ninth, Saint Louis, a king who was a worthy successor of David and Josiah, and sought to embody in all his acts the principles of such psalms as the seventy-second. And when the definite break-up of Europe took place at the Reformation, it was a Frenchman from the Norman border, John Calvin, who became the apostle and the statesman of the higher law in civic and national life. It is a trite remark that Calvin saved the Reformation, and in saving the Reformation saved Christian civilization. Wherever he impressed his dominant personality, there sprang up a free church in a free state. Driven from his native France to Geneva, he founded his model state there; and Switzerland, in the survey of democracies made by James Bryce in his latest book, *Modern Democracies,* published within a year of his death, is mentioned and dealt with as still a model of real democratic functioning.

The little Scotland of Robert the Bruce, which for the two centuries after his death had been the close ally of France, coming under the influence of French thought and ideals, copied the best that was in Geneva, and became to the world the exponent of Calvin's high-principled political views. The Scottish University of Glasgow, which James Bryce entered as a lad and from which he went up to Oxford, was founded on the model of Paris, and still retains, alone among the Scottish universities, the division of the students into "nations" who elect their Lord Rector triennially. These four "nations" are the Natio Glottiana, who are students born in the county of Lanark, of which Glasgow is the chief city; the Natio Transforthiana, who are students born in the counties of Scotland north of the Forth and Clyde; the Natio Rothesiana, who are students born in the Clyde districts of Bute, Renfrew, and Ayr; and the Natio Loudiana, who are students born elsewhere. Some fifty years ago the students of Glasgow University, departing from usage, were anxious to elect Ralph Waldo Emerson their

Lord Rector; but the legal objection was made that he was a foreigner, and could not properly discharge certain of the duties. However, in the year 1914 such a technicality was overruled when the distinguished French statesman, Raymond Poincaré, was elected Lord Rector. The office has been held by a succession of distinguished men such as Lord Macaulay and Benjamin Disraeli.

For several generations members of the Bryce family had gone to Glasgow to study. When Robert Burns was a boy in the neighboring county of Ayrshire, a John Bryce of Dechmont near Airdrie in Lanarkshire married Barbara Allan, who, like Burns' mother, came of a Covenanting family that had suffered for their convictions. The two belonged to a strict sect, known as the Antiburgher Secession, which had "come out of" the Established Church because they would not submit to certain government requirements involving an oath. Its members were strict even among Scottish Presbyterian separatists. The original Seceders had left the Church of Scotland and formed an Associate presbytery in 1732, but—to quote the words of Lord Burleigh in his *The Rise and Development of Presbyterianism in Scotland*—"Presently the Seceders had troubles of their own. The more extreme spirits to whom 'every pin of the tabernacle was precious,' and who spent much energy in looking for 'pins,' discovered that the Burgess Oath, which exacted acceptance of 'the true religion presently professed within these realms and authorized by the laws thereof,' was inconsistent with the Covenant and the Secession testimony." After a bitter struggle, the extremists, the Antiburghers, as they were popularly called, who claimed to be the "Original Secession," actually excommunicated the Burghers; and from 1747 on there were two bodies of Seceders. It was mainly the Antiburghers, to whom the Bryce family belonged, who organized the Associate Presbytery of Pennsylvania in 1753, and the Associate Presbytery of New York twenty-three years later.

The Seceders were the first religious body in Scotland to welcome the Methodist revival, and at their invitation George Whitefield came north to Edinburgh in 1741; but, as he would not sign the Solemn Covenant, nor promise to confine his preach-

ing to the Seceders, they refused to have anything further to do with him.

To the God-fearing Antiburgher couple at Dechmont Hill there was born, in the year 1767, a son James, who in due time went up to the University of Glasgow, and thereafter was trained for the Antiburgher ministry. A call came to him from the far-off church at Wick in Caithness. Here he got into trouble with his brethren because of his more liberal attitude toward other denominations and was suspended for two years as a "latitudinarian." Crossing to Ireland, he became minister of the Antiburgher congregation at Killaig near Londonderry. It must be remembered that the connection between Ulster and the West of Scotland was so close that a presbytery might, in the case of such "secessions," be divided between the two countries.

During the eighteenth century a certain sum, known as *regium donum,* was allotted to Presbyterian ministers in Ireland, to eke out their salaries; and after the legislative Union at the close of the century this sum was increased, but with certain obligations in the matter of subscribing to an oath. James Bryce stood out against any such tampering with his convictions; and others gathered round him in the formation of a separate Associate Presbytery, which refused state aid and control on the new conditions. It later joined the United Presbyterian Church, formed in 1847 by the union of several "secessions" and on the "Voluntary" principle of no state aid. In Bryce's boyhood the United Presbyterian Church was a strong and wealthy body, particularly in and around Glasgow. In 1903 it joined with Thomas Chalmers' Free Church to form the United Free Church. The different organizations which combined to form the United Presbyterian Church were early and active in foreign mission work; and the United Free Church to-day has a large and wide missionary force at work over the world.

The Rev. James Bryce of Killaig lived until he was ninety years of age, and occupied the pulpit on the Sunday preceding his death; a wonderfully able and virile man. He had a good helpmeet in Catherine Annan, a native of Auchtermuchty in Fifeshire, who did much for the training of their boys. Two of them

became notable teachers, one in Edinburgh and the other in Glasgow. James Bryce, born in the year 1806, went up, like his forefathers, to Glasgow University, where he took his degree with distinction in classical studies. He had wished to study for the bar, but lacked the necessary funds and so turned to the teaching profession. He first held the post of mathematical master at Belfast Academy, and was then called to the High School of Glasgow, where he taught mathematics and geography. He was an enthusiast in natural science and did much to promote its teaching in schools. Particularly was he interested in geology, and his book, *Arran and Other Argyle Islands,* is still a good book for the geologist. He received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Glasgow University in 1858, and was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, to whose Transactions he contributed many valuable articles. His devotion to geological studies led to his death. In the year 1877, three years after he had resigned his mastership, he was in the Highlands at Loch Ness, examining some eruptive granite on the hillside at Inverfarigaig, when loose stones came down on his head and killed him instantly.

While mathematical master in Belfast Academy he had married an Ulster girl, with the very Scotch name of Margaret Young, and their son James was born in Belfast in 1838. He was thus a lad eight years old when the family removed to Glasgow; and he received his training at the High School where his father was master. From it he went to the university, which at that time was housed in old buildings close to the cathedral. These ancient haunts of learning are now part of a goods station; they were abandoned in 1870 for the new and handsome structure at Kelvinside on the West Side. James Bryce *tertius* was one of many distinguished Ulster boys who had entered its halls. The so-called "Scottish" School of Philosophy, with its doctrine of the Moral Sense, was founded by an Ulster Scot, Francis Hutcheson. Born at the Presbyterian manse of Saintfield in County Down, the home of his grandfather, who had come across from Ayrshire, Hutcheson went up to Glasgow University as a student in the year 1720, and nine years later became professor of Moral Philosophy in the institution. He was a very popular lecturer, and is

credited with having first used the phrase—since made so popular by the Utilitarians—"the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

The most distinguished of this Scottish school of philosophers was Adam Smith, who came from the same county in Scotland as James Bryce's grandmother, Catherine Annan. The career of this great man, founder of the science of Political Economy, whose *Wealth of Nations* has had such an extraordinary influence on thought and government, offers remarkable parallels to that of James Bryce. They both went up as students to Glasgow University, and thence proceeded to Oxford; thereafter spending a time on the continent of Europe as students of life and letters. While still a young man, under thirty, Adam Smith was called to his old university as Professor of Philosophy, where he taught for fifteen years. True to his inherited faith, he gave the moral element the first place in national life. This, as we shall see, is characteristic of James Bryce's whole method.

The Ulster-born lad found several distinguished Ulster professors among his instructors and on the faculty. One was William Thomson, afterward Lord Kelvin, a native of Belfast, the greatest name in physical science possibly since Newton. Another was his brother, James Thomson, professor of engineering. When Japan set to modernizing herself sixty years ago, it was to Glasgow she sent for experts in founding her Imperial College of Engineering, for a time the best-equipped institution of the kind anywhere. The professor of Greek was a singularly gifted man, the E. L. L. of *In Memoriam,* Edmund Law Lushington, Tennyson's brother-in-law; whom the students positively reverenced. The professor of Latin was the very able classical scholar, William Ramsay; the professor of Logic and Rhetoric was John Veitch, careful thinker and an authority in Scottish literature and traditions. In the chair of Moral Philosophy was the dominating personality of Edward Caird, who later went to Oxford to succeed Benjamin Jowett as Master of Balliol College. Better guides for a receptive youth of talents could scarcely have been selected the world over, and James Bryce made good use of his opportunities.

His father was interested in botany and geology, and the

summers of the Bryce family were spent in the romantic island of Arran, lying far down the estuary of the Clyde, and of particular interest to the student of natural science. One of his son's first publications, which appeared when he was still an undergraduate, was *The Flora of the Island of Arran.* Climbing Goatfell and its other steep mountains as a lad gave him that fondness for mountaineering which characterized him throughout life. He became President of the Alpine Club, and in the year 1876 actually ascended the giant Mount Ararat, 15,000 feet high, a feat deemed impossible up to that time.

After enjoying the advantages of Glasgow University he went up to Oxford, where he entered Trinity College with a scholarship. It was a busy period of reconstruction, when religious tests were being removed, and an international attitude was being fostered. In the year 1854 the German scholar Frederick Max Mueller had been appointed professor of comparative philology in the university, and his presence was stimulating linguistic and historical investigation among the colleges. English thinkers were now giving more attention to German methods and results, and the influence of the excellent Prince Consort was felt for good. Germany was not yet an empire dominated by Prussian arrogance and jealousy, and her scholars included such genial and cultured men as the Chevalier Bunsen, author of *God in History,* and friend and guide of the great Dr. Thomas Arnold. Bunsen was well known in England, where he had served as ambassador and his family finally settled in England. It was a Bunsen who was British ambassador at Vienna when the Great War broke out.

Anxious to learn more of German life and ideals, James Bryce went across to study for a time at Heidelberg. At this time it was France, and not Germany, that was looked upon as a national danger, because of the ambitious policy of the second Napoleon; and in the year 1859 there was actually a busy volunteer movement afoot in Great Britain, with the object of repelling any invasion of British soil by the legions of France. The fear was abroad that the third Napoleon might emulate the world ambitions of his great uncle; but history did not repeat itself in this way. It was under the influence of such excellent men as Max

Mueller and Bunsen that James Bryce penned passages like the following in the concluding chapter of his prize essay:

> The inheritance of the Roman Empire made the Germans the ruling race of Europe, and the brilliance of that glorious dawn has never faded and can never fade entirely from their name. A peaceful people now, peaceful in sentiment even now when they have become a great military power, acquiescent in paternal government, and given to the quiet enjoyments of art, music, and meditation, they delight themselves with memories of the time when their conquering chivalry was the terror of the Gaul and the Slav, the Lombard and the Saracen. . . . From the empire flowed all the richness of their mediæval life and literature; it first awoke in them a consciousness of national existence; its history has inspired and served as material for their poetry; to many ardent politicians the splendors of the past have become the beacon of the future. There was a bright side even to that long political disunion, which can hardly be said to have yet disappeared. To the variety which so many small governments have produced may be partly attributed the breadth of development in German thought and literature, by virtue of which it transcends the French hardly less than the Greek surpassed the Roman. Paris no doubt is great, but a country may lose as well as gain by the predominance of a single city; and Germany need not mourn that she alone among modern states has not and never has had a capital.

But Berlin did give Germany a capital and with disastrous effects, for it caused Prussian ideals to dominate; and for Prussia Bryce had scant respect. In the Supplementary Chapter added later, and found in the 1897 edition from which I quote, there is sounded a warning note:

> Too much has perhaps been said of late years about Prussia's mission. Neither in the words or acts of her great Frederick (nor indeed in those of his predecessors) is there any trace of what may be called Pan Teutonic patriotism, of any enthusiasm for the greatness and happiness of Germany as a whole. . . . The policy of his three successors was distinctly Prussian rather than German. . . . No European court has been more consistently practical than that of Berlin; nor any apparently less conscious of a magnificent national vocation.

And so when it seemed as if "it would pay" to declare war, as the wars of 1866 and 1870 had seemed to pay, higher considerations were thrown aside, and solemn treaties became to Berlin mere scraps of paper. It was in truth the Berlin war lords who led the new German Empire into the quagmire, from their overbelief in efficiency and the practical. Bryce was right in congratulating

the Germany of 1862 on having no dominating capital. Nor is it surprising that the flag chosen by her federal government to-day reverts to the Germanic Confederation flag of pre-Prussian times, the red, black and gold, in place of the red, black, and white of Berlin. The red-black-gold is associated with a moral idealism which while foreign to Prussian national traditions and ways was still alive in Germany when Bryce wrote.

This word "nation," which was so dear to generation after generation of eager-minded Bryces, in their adjustment of its requirements to the demands of religious conviction, enters immediately into the treatment of his masterpiece, *The American Commonwealth*. After his Introductory Chapter, when he launches in Chapter II into the main theme, he begins with the religious-political problem. "A few years ago," he remarks in his opening paragraph, "the American Protestant Episcopal Church was occupied at its triennial convention in revising its liturgy. It was thought desirable to introduce among the short sentence prayers a prayer for the whole people; and an eminent New England divine proposed the words 'O Lord, bless our nation.' Accepted one afternoon on the spur of the moment, the sentence was brought up next day for reconsideration, when so many objections were raised by the laity to the word 'nation,' as imparting too definite a recognition of national unity, that it was dropped, and instead there were adopted the words 'O Lord, bless these United States.' "

Bryce keeps true later to this religious trend in all his investigations. He recognizes that political parties "are not the ultimate force in the conduct of affairs. Behind and above them stands the people. Public opinion, that is the mind and conscience of the whole nation, is the opinion of persons who are included in the parties, for the parties taken together are the nation." This is how he treats the theme in the weightiest of his sections, Part IV, as outlined in his Introductory Chapter, and in the closing chapter of this Part IV he places "conscience" first: "The conscience and common sense of the nation as a whole keep down the evils which have crept into the working of the Constitution, and may in time extinguish them." This association of a "conscience" with the

nation was to Bryce a heritage from his Covenanting ancestors. The National Covenant recognized the nation as a moral entity, not as a mere political-economical organization working on a policy of selfishness, however "enlightened." If we handle political economy without the moral element it at once becomes the typical "dreary science"; and Bryce never handles it in this way. It was the root defect in German psychology, which made it a byword at a world crisis, that it failed to recognize that the individual psychology passes into the communal psychology of the family and the nation, which are as much entities, having a moral element, as is the individual.

There is an optimism and a glow about *The American Commonwealth,* written in the mid-Victorian period when the fundamentals were still unshaken, which are not present in his later book, *Modern Democracies.* The descendant of the Covenanters had not ceased to believe in the people; but it was a qualified belief. He was certainly very far from writing democracy with a capital letter, as if it would save the world, or had any moral inspiration; he simply preferred it on the whole to aristocracy. "Thus question of the permanence of democracy," he remarks at the close of his final chapter, "resolves itself into the question of whether mankind is growing in wisdom and virtue, and with that comes the question of what religion will be in the future, since it has been for the finer and more sensitive spirits the motive power in the past. Governments that have ruled by Force and Fear have been able to live without moral sanctions or to make their subjects believe that those sanctions consecrated them, but no free government has ever yet so lived and thriven; for it is by a reverence for the Powers Unseen and Eternal which impose these sanctions that the powers of evil have been, however imperfectly, kept at bay and the fabric of society kept together. The future of democracy is therefore a part of two larger branches of inquiry, the future of religion and the prospects of human progress."

It has been remarked recently by a prominent French writer how remarkably the English Revolution of the seventeenth century was carried out in terms of the Hebrew language and thought. The leaders even gave themselves Hebrew names, Josiah and Habbakuk

and Ezra, while words like Covenant and Altar revived their old significance. The whole movement was an assertion of the rights of the individual in and of the nation, as conceived and formulated in the Old Testament. It defined Law in its ultimate moral and spiritual aspect, as God's method of controlling evil. Conscience was thus strengthened and stimulated, often overstimulated in the matter of introspection. On the other hand it is notable how the French Revolution was carried out in terms of the Latin language and Roman thought; and the noble ideals associated with the word Law as it had come down to posterity from the times of the great Roman republic were resuscitated. Frenchmen called themselves "citizens," and Frenchwomen "citizenesses," and they adopted classic names like Tully and Aristide.

Unfortunately, however, for its success the movement took an antireligious attitude, in place of recognizing and reverencing the supremacy of the divine law. It completely ignored the presence of evil in the world, and asserted a rationalistic monism which supposes that human progress is a natural evolution, of which religion is only a passing phase. Hence it led inevitably to the dominance of a frank Machiavellian thinker like Napoleon, and to the worship of military glory. Not until the Third Republic developed really parliamentary institutions, late in the nineteenth century, did France come into line with the other democracies. She had in the first place adopted republican institutions too hurriedly, "by a swift and sudden stroke, without the long and gradual preparation through which the United States and Switzerland and England passed, springing almost at one bound into the complete political equality of all citizens." The people were also more under the dazzling influence of general theories than the less logical but more cautious and judicious peoples of the other states. Hence a comparative dullness in the sense of moral duty, a deficiency in moral enthusiasm, a fondness for mere intellectual generalizations, which so frequently disappoints her friends. It was regretted by Viscount Bryce, who in his summary of democracy in France deplores the fact that recent French legislation discourages school instruction in moral duty by forbidding the teacher to make any reference to the existence of the Deity, and by

excluding everything of a religious nature from the schoolbooks. It is a dangerous form of education which places intellectual theory above conscience. We have seen how Bryce emphasizes the sterner belief, and is no easy optimist of the Rousseau type. He is never blind to the duality in life, the eternal warfare between Good and Evil. This note comes in once and again in the wistful phrases of his final chapter, from which I have already quoted. Here is almost his concluding utterance on the benefits of democracy: "Some gains there have been (as respects progress in the science and art of free government), but they have lain more in the way of destroying what was evil than in the creating of what is good." His last book is a treatise full of wisdom, and worthy of his great personality.

THE TEACHING OF JESUS CONCERNING DIVORCE

Richard J. Cooke

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The Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L., in a separate publication on marriage and divorce taken from his *Studies in History and Jurisprudence*, begins that essay by saying, "Of all legal institutions, marriage is that which most profoundly affects the structure and character of society. The state, it is often said, depends upon the family, and the family is constituted by marriage." It is in view of the vital importance of the subject to the church and to the nation that this study of the teachings of Jesus concerning the disruption of the family as the fundamental base for Christian teaching and practice is presented. It is not my purpose to go into details of New Testament criticism, the sources of Mark and Luke, the Q source, the dependence of Matthew upon Mark, etc., but to present results rather than processes. It is not at all probable that the conclusion reached will satisfy any large number, even of ministers. Nevertheless it is time someone aroused attention to the subject in the church.

When the government of a nation sounds a note of alarm on any evil affecting the moral life of its people, one might reasonably suppose that the church would display some active concern on the subject condemned by the government. One would naturally assume this, we think, on the ground that the church is supposed to be the exponent of the teachings of Jesus and that she really takes him and the New Testament quite seriously. Throughout these United States the churches have waged relentless warfare on the liquor traffic as an economic crime and a social iniquity. But what in any large way are the churches doing with divorce, which is represented in government charts as a cloud steadily growing darker and spreading over the whole land? Where are the public meetings arousing national conscience, the church congresses demanding uniform divorce laws for the protection of the family, the rights of children, the preservation of Christian civilization?

The inroads upon the family and the breakdown of the moral

tone of society by the increasing prevalence of this disintegrating evil must be startling both to statesmen and to churchmen; for whatever tends to destroy the foundations of the state cannot be other than destructive of the church.

There is not a nation in the world that has as many divorces in a single year as the United States.

Heathen Japan, to which we send the gospel, puts American Christianity to shame in that, as the Literary Digest remarks in its review of the International Reform Bureau's Report, "Japan has yielded to Christian America the possession of the highest national divorce rate." The figures are for 1916. They show that thirty-two American States—ranging from Vermont with its 153 divorced to every 100,000 to Nevada with 652—have a divorce rate higher than Japan. This is a national calamity. It calls for the immediate attention of the government, of judges, lawyers, ministers, legislators, sociologists, and certainly of the churches. We have divorced religion from education and, to make bad worse, have passed laws which tend to make divorce almost a frolic or to attach to it little moral worth. How far we have gone in this matter to justify the shameful preeminence we enjoy as the leading nation of the world in divorces will be seen clearly in the following table showing the net divorce rate per 100,000 population in the several States. Ministers of the gospel will do well to study carefully these figures and then think through to the consequences to the church and the nation if this degradation continues:

Nevada, 652; Montana, 413; Arizona, 358; Oregon, 277; Washington, 239; California, 230; New Hampshire, 227; Indiana, 223; Texas, 221; Michigan, 221; Arkansas, 220; Missouri, 202; Idaho, 196; New Mexico, 191; Wyoming, 186; Illinois, 183; Ohio, 176; Rhode Island, 176; Oklahoma, 170; Iowa, 168; Florida, 163; Utah, 158; Kansas, 155; Vermont, 153; Nebraska, 144; Kentucky, 140; Connecticut, 130; Tennessee, 128; Colorado, 128; Louisiana, 115; Delaware, 114; Maine, 112; Minnesota, 108; Mississippi, 105; Massachusetts, 101; Alabama, 101; South Dakota, 95; Virginia, 92; Wisconsin, 89; Maryland, 87; North Dakota, 75; Pennsylvania, 74; West Virginia, 69; Georgia, 54; New Jersey, 54; New York, 44; North Carolina, 30; South Carolina, 20; District of Columbia, 15.

Think of this another way. A responsible journal, the Biblical Review of New York, puts this before us:

England had 4,401 divorces last year, and is much alarmed thereat. According to recent figures every eleven days America has as many as England has in a year. About 133,000 American families split up in 1920. It is computed that every four minutes of every hour of every day and night some American couple arranges separation. In the last twenty years 3,767,182 American men and women secured divorce papers. This involved 5,600,000 minor children, whose homes were wrecked by the divorce mills. This is a frightful condition of affairs if these figures are even approximately correct.

But it is not so much the statistical side of the subject, however alarming it is, that alone should arouse the churches and the nation, as it is the seeming tolerance of the church itself toward this evil. Times have changed and moral standards have changed with them. Divorced people with new wives or new husbands, defiant often of these standards, are no longer looked down upon socially as they once were. Society itself, at a time when the virtues of the home are the subject of satire in playhouse and fiction, has largely lost repugnance to things immoral. Nor are they refused association, sometimes even honor in the church of God whose laws they defy and whose teachings they reject. A change is coming—a change, we hope, for the better. But so low has the consciousness of the depravity of this sin against God sunk that some ministers of the Christ, who himself strictly forbade divorce, or at least the remarriage of divorced persons, still will not hesitate to marry people who have been divorced without any special inquiry as to their personal guilt, or will marry them merely on *ex-parte* statement.

Pathetic, indeed, are the tragedies of life. Who can voice the agony of a broken heart? Who can describe the passing of a heaven that once came to stay, and the intrusion of a memory that will never go? Such experiences may enter the lives of the best of people. The sympathy of every Christian heart will go out, therefore, like the pity of God, to such broken lives, and by no word or act will any Christian make life harder for those who by no fault of their own sit among the ashes of a happy past holding withered flowers of a Paradise Lost.

But should they marry again? In view of the tremendous consequences to church and state sentiment can play no part here.

Neither personal desires, nor a paganized conscience, nor an accommodating casuistry, which would find reasons plenty all the other way if human convenience were not stronger than divine law, can become a substitute standard for Christian conduct. It is an easy thing to follow Jesus Christ when he is going our way. But it is marvelous how acute and subtle we become in moral dialectics when Christ Jesus crosses human nature. The law of Christ is, or should be, the law of the church.

The question to many, however, is What is this law? Is it unequivocal? Those whose reasoning is always in harmony with their personal desires, assume that Jesus permitted divorce. They assume that a divorced person for any cause has the right to marry again. They assume that divorce nullifies marriage in its deepest meaning. They assume all they desire.

It will be seen at once, however, that all these assumptions are purely arbitrary; that they all beg the primal question as to the spiritual nature of marriage from a Christian standpoint, and that in the last analysis they all logically rest upon airy nothing. Those who insist that in marrying again they are not in opposition to the teachings of Jesus deliberately ignore, for their own purpose, all his declarations in the Gospels of Mark and Luke. Clear and explicit as those teachings are, they take their stand, and their only stand, upon a single text in Matthew, which unless carefully considered makes our Lord contradict himself. By means of this doubtful text, which is in opposition to the Gospels of Mark and Luke and the positive declarations of the apostle Paul who knew the contents of the Gospels (see Harnack, *Dates of the Acts*), they attempt to justify their conduct. They assume that this text makes it possible for them, without incurring guilt, to obtain divorce and to marry again as often as they please, since, logically if there is no law against the *first* divorce and remarriage, there can be no law against any *number of successive* divorces and remarriages. Upon this slender ground, this unsupported single text in the whole Word of God which would do away, as they interpret it, with every reason why Jesus should have said anything at all on the subject, except to have indorsed the commandment of Moses, which the Pharisees very well knew he did not

indorse, such people reduce the Christian ethics of marriage to the level of Judaism, paganism, or Mohammedanism.

Are there any unequivocal teachings of Jesus on this subject? What are those teachings? First, take up Mark, the earliest Gospel—Chapter 10. 2-12. *"Is it lawful?"* If there was no doubt about it, why this question? The Pharisees knew that Moses did not make legal provision for nor did he sanction divorce, which some people even now do not seem to know, but in mercy to the woman enacted a law declaring what should be done *if* a man should put away his wife. This law was a concession, says Jesus, to the "hardness" of the human heart, but he did not ignore nor excuse the "hardness" of the human heart. It was not the will of God but contrary to it. Nor was this concession approved by Jesus. His answer was certainly *not an indorsement of divorce.* Jesus did not say "A man may put away his wife for cause, and if he does he does not commit adultery; nor does he make her commit adultery; and he or she may marry again without sin." Consecutive wives and consecutive husbands are excluded from the kingdom of God. If Jesus had permitted divorce at all he certainly would have said so when the subject was presented, and would not have gone behind Moses to the original law of God. But by going back to the intent of God he showed that divorce was not contemplated at all in the institution of marriage, but is, on the contrary, wholly subversive of the purpose and law of Jehovah. The "twain are no more twain, but one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

In the face of this interpretation by our Lord of the law of God concerning marriage, which, it will be observed, does not concede even what Moses permitted, it is difficult to comprehend how any reasoning mind can declare that Jesus permitted divorce. The Pharisees who heard this declaration of Jesus certainly had no doubt of his meaning. Just as certainly his disciples had none. It was a clear ringing affirmation, solemnly delivered at a critical moment. It was a new law, a law in conflict with both universal practice and universal law, Jewish and pagan. It demanded so much from human nature that his disciples in confusion and distress of mind sought further expression in private from him,

hoping that some softening down, some slight modification of his absolute prohibition might be possible. But Jesus makes no concession nor exception. He neither allows nor suggests a shadow of deviation from the law of God. On the contrary, he goes further and says, "*Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her.*" Jesus recognizes that a man may put away his wife, just as a man may do many other things, but he cannot do so and marry again without guilt. If a man divorces his wife and "marry another" he becomes an adulterer. He has adulterated his former marriage, which is an unlawful act, just as much for him as it is for a woman. Thus Jesus throws us back again behind Moses to the primal law of God—man and wife are *one flesh*. They cannot be, even though separated, as if they had never been one. Whatever may happen between a father and his son, the father can never obliterate the fact that he is the father of his son. That fact stays. In the eye of God's law the divorced woman is still, in the deepest reality underlying all human acts, the wife of the husband, and if he marries another woman he becomes an adulterer; the marriage is an adulterous marriage.

It is the marrying again while the wife or husband is still living that makes the act an adulterous act. Jesus is so emphatic in his denunciation that he goes beyond Jewish legislation which made no reference to a woman divorcing her husband. Dealing with universal moral principles which recognize no temporal, national, or racial limitations, he boldly denies the moral right of divorce in Greek and Roman law, laws then prevalent in Palestine. The divine law, which is above human law, and which he applies to man, he equally applies to woman. The wife, he declares, that divorces her husband and marries another, though this divorce and remarriage were legalized by Greek and Roman law, is nevertheless an adulteress. Thus he sets aside the concession of Moses and asserts the primal purpose of God. John the Baptist had lost his life for denouncing the adultery of Antipas, and Jesus, defying the trap which his tempters had laid for him which would put him in the hands of the Tetrarch, boldly reaffirms the declaration of John in the face of all law and with full knowledge, as all had

knowledge, that Herodias had left her husband, Philip, to live with Antipas.

In the Gospel of Luke one verse only contains the words of our Lord bearing upon this subject, the eighteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter: "*Whosoever putteth away his wife, and marrieth another, committeth adultery: and whosoever marrieth her that is put away from her husband committeth adultery.*" Is it possible so to twist these words of Jesus that they may mean the very opposite of that which he does say? That, for example, a man or woman may divorce? That after divorce they may marry again? And that they may do this without guilt, and do it as often as they please? Is it possible so to misinterpret the words of Christ?

Divorce and remarriage in the prophetic writings are so repugnant to the will of God (Mal. 2. 10-16) that Jesus, always by nature jealous of the honor and holiness of God, condemns here any man who marries a divorced woman. He is laying down a principle of his kingdom. In Mark, as we have seen, the husband who marries again, having a divorced wife living, is guilty of adultery against her. Here in Luke, any man, single or married, Jew or Gentile, Greek or Roman, who marries a divorced woman is also guilty of adultery, and while living with her is living in an adulterous relation—an adulterous life. Nor does it lessen the guilt that the one remarrying was an "innocent party." A divorced woman may be innocent of alleged reasons for being divorced, but she is not innocent in marrying again. *There is the guilt.* By that guilty act she herself becomes an adulteress, however innocent she may have been of any previous adulterous act. Any man who marries her, knowing her to be divorced, wrongs her husband, by the law and in the sight of God, for though divorced she is still his wife. He becomes a partner in her guilt, and according to the judgment of Christ, "committeth adultery."

This seems hard, and it is hard and unbearable, as cutting off the hand or losing an eye may be hard, and will probably be denied, emphatically denied perhaps by some ministers and laymen, and especially by those who do not recognize the supreme authority of Christ. It seems so extreme, so cruel, and even so

unnecessary that it cannot possibly be a correct interpretation. But the cross of Christ is not a downy bed of snug comfort. It is not a fragrant bed of roses on which one may loll and luxuriate in scornful contempt of self-denial, ascetic and mediæval. To that element in human society which Saint John designates as the "*world,*" that element still wallowing in those vices which occasioned Saint Paul's terrible indictment of heathenism in the days of Rome's Imperial splendor, an element which delights in Ellen Key's *Love and Marriage,* in Bernard Shaw's *Getting Married,* in Ibsen's drama, *A Doll's House,* to such, indeed, the moral code of Jesus, which protects the home, which purifies and sweetens love, which, like the wings of God over his own, shelters little children, and puts blood and iron into genuine manhood, this saying of Jesus, like many other hard sayings in the Sermon on the Mount, which many think to be the biggest bunch of contradictions against human nature ever flung in the face of reason, may indeed seem hard, and his cross a bed of thorns. But to the church of God, which, with all its faults, made up as it is of imperfect men and women, is nevertheless the inspiration of the highest and holiest ideals that ever entranced the souls of men—and to those within the church, or those outside of it who with John Stuart Mill would still wish their moral lives should win the approval of Jesus, those who by intuition and experience know that no excellence, spiritual or other, is gained without self-denial, and despite faltering steps and halting will still follow the gleam—to such these words of Jesus, which do not change with every change of the wind, will not seem too severe for sacrificial obedience to him, nor be deemed repressive of noblest individuality, of truest freedom, or of happiest living. And if some near-statesman versed in Herbert Spencer's sociology, but ignorant of history, having more regard for human weakness than for national strength, should rule out these teachings of Jesus as socially impracticable, legally impossible, the reply at hand is in a recent utterance of the Anglican Bishop of Carlisle, "Everybody who knows anything about the history of mankind knows that the family, and not the individual, is the oldest and best unit of social life; that nations and peoples have always been happy and strong in proportion to the strength

and felicities of their domestic relationships; and that wherever the foundations of family life have been undermined, the social edifice has toppled down to misery and ruin."

The next record of Jesus' teaching is in Matthew, chapters 5. 32 and 19. 8-13. The first text is imbedded in the Sermon on the Mount. It agrees word for word with Mark and Luke except for a parenthetical clause, "saving for the cause of fornication." The same clause also occurs in the fuller account of Christ's teachings in the nineteenth chapter.

For those who favor divorce these passages are assumed to be a safe refuge and a sure defense. It is interesting, however, to the simple layman as it is to the textual critic to inquire why this clause, which gives the right to divorce on the ground of fornication, should occur in Matthew only and not a trace of it be found in either Mark or Luke or John or anywhere else in the New Testament. The fact is, there is grave doubt that our Lord ever spoke those words. For it will be observed that if the statement in Matthew is the correct teaching of our Lord it is inconsistent with his teaching in Mark and Luke. There he condemns divorce as contrary to the will and purpose of God in the creation of man. But in Matthew he accommodates this teaching to what he had declared previously to have been permitted because of "the hardness of your hearts." Evidently the teaching in Mark, the earliest Gospel, is the original teaching, and that clause in Matthew must be a gloss by Matthew or the editor of Matthew, who probably thought that by inserting such saving comment he would prevent the possibility of Hebrew Christians, for whom Matthew wrote, erroneously asserting that Jesus was in opposition to Moses. Then again, if our Lord in Matthew sanctions divorce for adultery, why should the disciples have been astonished at such a sanction? Such teaching was already the doctrine of the Pharisees, certainly of the school of Schammai, who in opposition to the school of Hillel allowed divorce for this cause only and not for any other, and was in common practice everywhere among all classes and all peoples, Jew, Greek, and Roman. What, then, was new or strange about it? And why should he so respond to their protest that it were better not to marry at all than to be forbidden to

divorce a wife under any condition—which he had not forbidden if he sanctioned divorce? And why, again, should he have answered that all could not accept that doctrine, when it was accepted by everybody, but only those who "make themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake," when as a matter of fact there was no suffering or self-denial or making of one's self a eunuch in the case at all—if he sanctioned divorce? He could not have forbidden divorce and sanctioned it at the same time.

But notwithstanding the omission by Mark and Luke, grant that Jesus did admit divorce on the ground of adultery. What permission is there in that clause for divorce on *other* ground, such as desertion, failure to support, ill treatment, bad habits, incompatibility of temper, and other causes which the state allows? And where in that clause is permission given a man who divorces his wife, or the woman that is divorced, on such grounds, *the right to marry again?* None whatever. The question of the Pharisees was, "Is it lawful for a man to divorce his wife for any reason?" (*κατὰ πᾶσαν αἰτίαν*). Jesus answered, "Whoever does so makes her commit adultery, and whosoever marries her commits adultery." Leaving aside, therefore, all questions about the clause *"except for fornication,"* it stands indisputable that divorce for any of the causes mentioned was condemned by the Lord Jesus.

That this was the understanding of the teachings of Jesus among his immediate disciples and of the primitive apostolic church to which that teaching came and which it practiced for nearly three hundred years is evidenced by the teaching of the apostle Paul, who tells the Romans that marriage is indissoluble, and that one who is divorced and remarries is guilty of adultery. "For the woman which hath an husband is bound by the law to her husband as long as he liveth; but if the husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband. So then if, while her husband liveth, she be married to another man, she shall be called an adulteress; but if her husband be dead, she is free from that law; so that she is no adulteress, though she be married to another man." (Rom. 7. 2, 3.)

This is in perfect accord with the teaching of Jesus in the synoptic Gospels. Paul was well acquainted with the Gospels of

Mark and Luke, notwithstanding the objections of many well-known New Testament scholars. In A. D. 66 Mark and Luke and Paul were all together in Rome. (Col. 4. 10-14; Philem. 24.) That the Gospels of Mark and Luke were written during the lifetime of the apostle, that is before 68, may be seen almost demonstrated in Harnack's *Dates of the Acts,* and with his conclusions agree Hofman, Thiersch, Wieseler, Resch, and Blass.

Again in 1 Cor. 7. 10 the apostle strictly forbids remarriage, and he does this on the ground that it is the teaching of Jesus. "And unto the married I command, yet not I, but the Lord, Let not the wife depart from her husband; but and if she depart, let her remain unmarried or be reconciled to her husband: and let not the husband put away his wife." The reason for this, in the mind of the apostle, is the words of Jesus, which he quotes in Eph. 5. 31: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh."

Such then, in briefest form, are the teachings of Jesus concerning divorce and marrying again, and Paul's understanding of those teachings. According to Mark and Luke, Jesus absolutely forbade divorce—not separation, but divorce, for any reason. If Matthew had put in a proviso, just think of the confusion there would have been in all Christian communities to which the Epistles of Paul would have come, or to whom the Gospels of Mark and Luke would have come, and then later the Gospel of Matthew!

Paul in all his travels knows no such confusion. History knows of none. Not a single writing coming down to us from the early church hints at such. The teaching of Jesus on divorce seems to be as clear as his teaching on any other subject in the gospel. The church does not now everywhere accept this teaching, though the ideal is ever before her, and many will utterly reject this interpretation of his teaching as being illiberal and not in harmony with the larger freedom of the age, which is not the question just now before us. But what should concern both ministry and laity is the corrupting influence of easy divorce upon society in general. For, as Professor Peabody remarks:

> One of the most startling evidences which the pitiful records of the

divorce courts disclose is the fact that domestic instability in the United States prevails chiefly not among the poor, or among the foreign born, or the hard-working class, but among the ambitious, commercialized, migratory class of native-born American. . . . The perverted standards and ideals of the commercialized rich filter down, like the water of an infected spring, through the social strata, poisoning many a life which has no direct contact with the temptations of prosperity, but is thirsty for satisfactions which the prosperous appear to enjoy (*Jesus and the Social Question*, p. 177).

And this clear-headed thinker on the social question tells that

The loosening of the marriage tie is from this point of view (that is, the drift of social standards and ideals in modern life) the premonition of a general landslide of social morality, as in the Alps the occasional fall of icy fragments indicates a general softening of the crust which may culminate in a mighty avalanche (p. 172).

I began this study with a quotation from Viscount Bryce and will close with another which may be well considered by all who have ability of thought and the power of the forward look:

The material progress of the world, the mastery of man over nature through a knowledge of her laws, the diffusion of knowledge and of the opportunities for acquiring it, are themes which ceaselessly employ the tongues of speakers and the pens of journalists, while they swell with pride the heart of the ordinary citizen. But they are not the things upon which the moral advancement of mankind or the happiness of individuals chiefly turns. They coexist, as the statistics of recent years show, with an increase over all, or nearly all, civilized countries of lunacy, of suicide, and of divorce.

PASTORAL TRAILS

Arthur W. Hewitt
Plainfield, Vt.

Long ago, down pastures that slanted toward the sunset, I called the cattle home at evening. I was a barefooted boy home from school and hungry, and, leaning on the bars, I watched the cowpaths near me meeting like rivers on a map, far away branching wide on the green hillside. To-day my pasture is metaphorical. Shepherd of a kind then unknown to me, I trace the branching trails past the homes and into the sorrows of my rural folk. Come with me.

The rural pastor's work is to befriend and influence men, wherever he finds them at the sympathetic moment. The most effective pastoral visits are sometimes made on the street corners and in the grain fields. I am not under the delusion that I am telling anything new. Some time ago a religious paper featured the work of certain pastors who visited men in the fields and swung pitchforks while they talked with laborers at their tasks. This was heralded as a new, redeeming vision in the rural pastorate. I read with amazement. Did not the good editors know that never had the best rural pastors done otherwise? I cannot remember when this was not common with all those who under any circumstances *could* mingle with men. Those who live in the country (not as a part of well-planned duty in "uplifting" but naturally and inevitably) must like, and be like, plain country folks. This gossipy casual association is one of the delights of the pastorate. It certainly gathers rich folklore and traditions.

One bright blue afternoon I was pitching on a load of hay for a farmer friend. Golden grain was waving near, and Spruce Mountain stood magnificent above the green woods which ran down the Brook Road. The field sloped down to a green swale and my friend on the load took up his parable:

"Will Perry, he came over to mow grass for Dan Page once,

and it was in that swale, and he hadn't swung the scythe three times 'fore he said, 'Gosh, Dan! Haint ye got no rubber boots I could get to wear?' 'Why, yes!' Dan said. 'You go up to that shed and just inside the door to the right you'll find my pair. Put 'em on!' And by and by Will came back kind o' mumbling and said, 'I couldn't find no boots!' 'Well, by gosh, no!' Dan said, 'I got 'em on myself. Didn't think of that!'"

I was going home past the village inn carrying a loaf of bread when the innkeeper said, "I never see a loaf of bread without thinking of a prayer meeting in Topsham when I was a boy. The old deacon leading the meeting spoke of bread as the staff of life, when his wife whispered to a neighbor so loud you could hear her all over the meeting, *''Taters is mine!'*" After this story the innkeeper's talk drifted to that richest of all mines of rural tradition, the red schoolhouse by the road. Here the boys played tag in the summer and Fox and Geese in the winter. In the winters of auld lang syne the big boys came to school, up to the age of twenty-one. This added to the interest, if not the effectiveness, of discipline. One day the man-grown lubbers were told that on Friday they must "speak pieces." Not wishing to do this they put their heads together and plotted against the day. It came, and they were ready. The teacher called the name of a pupil nearly six feet tall. He went out before the school, made his bow, and spoke:

> Niagara Falls,
> Is wide and deep,
> And it would be a good place
> To wash out sheep.

After a profound bow, he took his seat and his successor was called forward by the grim teacher. His oration also was brief:

> God made squirrels
> To run on a rail.
> God made puppies
> To catch 'em by the tail.

The success of the third was not so distinguished. He bowed low and began—

> When I lays on my little bed—

"Take your seat!" shouted the teacher, and the entertainment was over.

Whenever it rains, one of my townsmen remarks, "Well, I see the brother is busy." The reference is to a joke he has on me in his story of an old presiding elder to whom a widow offered the hospitality of her cottage for the night. In the morning the preacher asked what kindness he might do in return. Now the season was very dry and the widow suggested that he pray for rain to save her garden. He promised, and rode away. Soon there was a cloud-burst which washed all her cabbages into the river. She looked out upon the ruins and cried, "O dear! Those Methodists always do *overdo things so!*"

Such are the enjoyments of casual conversation which I mention, not to string story after story, but to show the comradeship of the country neighborhood and the homeliness of its traditions, sunshot with humor or tender with pathos, where one lives again *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* or *The Heart of Midlothian.* I would not tell such things to poke fun at these country folks, for I am of them, and I love them. They are my people, and their God is my God.

How often, too, is the life and conversation of the countryside rich in literary material, or deep in religious value! I shall never cease to kick myself because long ago I failed to jot down scenes from the conversations of John McDonald, a preacher superannuated in my first parish, where he used to tell me traditions of the fathers in days when the camp meeting was in its glory and revivals were mighty.

One of them was of a hard-hearted man who openly defied the power of God in a revival meeting. In strong, jubilant chorus the congregation joined, then knelt in impassioned intercession. The terrified sinner ran like mad out of the meeting. It was a rainy night of November, but like Cain fleeing before Jehovah, he ran till in a remote field he knelt in the mud and stubble among some ungathered stocks of corn. The conviction of sin was tearing at his heart. All night in that cornfield he wrestled like Jacob with the angel, till sin had broken his heart. God forgave his sins, just as gray dawn came over the mountains.

Another story was of a schoolhouse meeting which a wicked man tried to break up by throwing stones through the windows at the old-fashioned lanterns within. It was in the edge of the backwoods, but Heaven was moving among those rough benches. The worshipers prayed till suddenly their persecutor rushed into their midst asking them to pray that his soul might be saved from Hell.

I never shall forget the light in the face of that white-bearded old preacher when sometimes he spoke of the city of God; nor the awfulness of his eye when he warned of "eternal burnings." He told me of a great concourse on Lyndonville Camp Ground long ago. The sun threw shadows of the leaves over the white canvas roof of the great tent, but the audience was all aghast with terror at a sermon on the text, "There remaineth no more sacrifice for sins." Long afterwards I remembered it with melancholy reflection, for the old man was dead, and it was the last week of meetings ever to be held on that camp ground. I stood on the platform where the fathers had thundered. The congregation was thin under the dimly lighted tent, the great moon rose, blood-red, over the maples, and the camp fires were burning to red embers all around us. The "faith of our fathers" is "living still," but their works have passed away.

There is another class of people thinly dotting the country parish who are rapidly passing "into the world of light," but who have treasures of tradition, when gifted to tell it, rich as what Scott gathered in the border ballads of Scotland. These are the soldiers of the sixties, about whom our grandchildren will ask, and we cannot tell them. One of these would have saved a joke on himself if he had told the history of the past instead of criticizing the present. (He was not of my parish or I would not let you laugh at him.) When the rural council gathered in the country store, a veteran, jealous of our Sammies in khaki, said, "These soldiers *now* don't have no such hard times as *we* had in the sixties. We had nothing to eat but hard tack, but they are sending these boys sugar, and coffee, and beans, and nice white bread and everything good to eat, and now I see they have just got some new kind of food. I read yesterday that they had sent them *pajama*." Verily that would be to chew the rag.

Humor in one, heartache in another. One day I met an old soldier coming from the cemetery. Through the Civil War he had served in the second battery of Vermont Light Artillery and was a veteran of Port Hudson. I had heard him tell of the fierce bombardment when armies dug and burrowed into the ground like woodchucks, to be sheltered from the shot. This old man was my friend. When against the noise and opposition of half the town I was trying to put a park in the center of our village he helped me set the trees and, though very lame, he lugged water to them every day to make sure they should not die. Once he sent me a card, while enjoying the only vacation he had taken for years, saying he was having "a grand good time, but would surely come back in time to vote for me." This was volunteered information, for I never talked with men about their votes, but the reference was to an election which sent me to the Legislature for the second time, and since no other representative had been reelected he wanted to make sure that I did not fail.

"Were you going home?" I asked. "If you were, I will go with you and we will talk about that pension now."

He needed that someone should write to Senator Dillingham for him. His pension had never been adequate and now he was sick and old, and nearly blind.

"Yes," he answered, "I've been up to the graveyard." Then he broke down and cried. Two months ago he had buried his wife.

We went into the home where he was living all alone. His son was fighting for his country with the American Expeditionary Forces in France.

"I've got a letter from the boy," he said, "but I can't read it. When Emma was here she was eyes for me."

I read the long and interesting letter to him, a letter which showed that the boy did not know his mother was dead. I described the pictures on the cards it enclosed. Then I unfolded the white silk handkerchief embroidered with lace. A shock went over me. This was hard, cruel business, but he would have to know. "Can you see this circle of bright colors?" I asked. "These yellow points are the ends of the flagstaffs. Here is Old

Glory beside the banner of England, and here is the flag of Belgium; this is the flag of France, and this is the flag of Italy. They are all draped together in the center, and this embroidery in old English letters underneath them is—is the words 'To my dear Mother.' "

Then the tears of his desolation ran down like the rain and the old man whimpered like a dog.

It was Henry Vaughan who

> Felt through all this fleshly dress
> Bright shoots of everlastingness,

and I, too, when comforting my people on the last and loneliest trail have sometimes felt strangely, weirdly near that everlasting world.

I have been out on the hills calling among homes when, just as if a strong hand were laid on my naked heart, I would be impressed that I ought to visit a house perhaps in a district which I was not intending to touch. Never have I failed to find that this strange tugging at my soul was serious with awful meaning. It does not come often, but I have more than once obeyed it to the comfort of dying men. In one case I did not know the man existed till I went at this call. Once I disobeyed it. I was a student pastor at South Barre, nineteen years old. A deep impression clouded me with its very heaviness that I ought to visit the home of a Mrs. Wark, a woman seemingly perfectly well and the mother of a happy family. Dreading at that age to do any calling, I postponed it for a week. The next Saturday I was coming from school to my charge when a South Barre boy leaped from his bicycle to the ground beside me. "Any news?" I asked him. His answer stunned its way through my heart. "Yes. Hadn't you heard? Mrs. Wark is dead."

I do not want to insist on this thing, but I am not the only man in whom I have witnessed this experience. When I came to Plainfield the Congregational Church was open and the Rev. Perrin B. Fisk was pastor, a broadminded, highly educated old man, not given to superstitions. In a Sunday evening union service, I heard him preach an intensely solemn warning of sudden

death. He said that he felt strangely compelled to preach that sermon. Once before he had done so under the same compulsion and could not avoid taking the hand of a man after service and saying, "I wish you would take this sermon to yourself." That man was dead in three days. After telling this experience, Mr. Fisk continued, "I do not know for whom on this second occasion this warning is sent, but I can't help feeling very deeply that there is some man right here to-night to whom God sends this last message." That was Sunday evening. Friday afternoon a man living twenty rods from the church was crushed to death on the railroad.

A few years ago a physician practicing in my parish asked me to ride out under a wooded mountain to visit a patient he was trying in vain to help. She had hallucinations. She knew that she was dead and God would not forgive her sins. I went into the room and told her that her pastor had come to talk with her. With glassy eyes she stared at me through the twilight and said that she was glad, but I was too late—she was dead and God would not forgive her sins.

"Are you willing to talk with me about it?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered eagerly.

"Then listen hard. Can't you remember when you were sick and feverish and you dreamed some awful thing was chasing you and you couldn't move, or the rocks were falling on you and you couldn't move, and it all seemed true, but it wasn't true, and was just a bad dream because you were sick? Do you remember it?"

"Yes, it was just that way."

"Well now, right now, it is just like that, too. You are sick and you think you are dead, but you are not dead; it is just like a bad dream because you are sick."

A flash of intelligence came into the vacant eyes. "Is that the way it is?" she asked.

"Yes, that is the way it is."

"But God will not forgive my sins," she cried in despair.

Her daughter was by the bedside. "Do you love this girl?" I asked.

"Yes, she's my girl."

"When she used to be naughty and you whipped her, after she had cried a long time, did you forgive her and love her again, or did you keep right on punishing her, and never let her think you loved her any more?"

"No, no! She's my girl!"

"Of course she is. Now, can't you understand that you are God's girl, just as this girl is your girl? Don't you remember 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him'? Just as you love your girl and forgive her, God loves you and forgives you."

The dull eyes brightened and she asked eagerly once more, *"Is that the way it is?"*

"Yes, that is the way it is. You have been punished long enough and God will forgive now. 'For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercy will I gather thee.' Do you want me to pray for you?"

"Yes, I do!"

The waters had been too deep for me, but I went right through. I prayed and found God. I prayed not only for healing, but for forgiveness. As sometimes with our consciousness and sometimes with our subconsciousness, so, for aught I know, we may sometimes with our hallucinations know ourselves best. I faced straightforwardly toward God and found him with the poor troubled soul at my side. Great comfort and peace came over her. Her delusion was gone. She was happy in the fullness of pardon.

As we rustled home through the October leaves I told the doctor, who had not been in the room with us. He only said with a smile, "O yes! She is all right now, but I know her case. The delusion will all be back to-morrow, bad as ever.". I did not dispute him.

That was years ago. I have carefully inquired of the woman's relatives. Call it by whatever coincidence or accident you will, *from that moment her delusions never returned.*

In July, 1911, on the last afternoon before I was to leave for a summer vacation at Hampton Beach, I was looking over

some manuscripts which it was imperative for me to complete that day. I was excited at the prospect of my first glimpse of the ocean. My parish was farther than Greenland from my thoughts. I had no further duties to perform in it before I left. Suddenly between me and my papers came the thought of a certain man, so vividly, so allconsumingly that I could not drive my mind to the consciousness of anything else but his image. The man had not once been present in my thoughts for months, though he was a godless, profane man who never came to church. I knew the call full well. Dropping my papers I hastened to the man's home. No news had reached me of his illness though I had known he was always frail. I found him on his deathbed, desiring to repent and give his heart to God. I baptized him that day. Death followed close on my track.

I have no words to tell you how direct, how intimate, how personal I believe is the companionship any pastor may have with the "Holy Spirit, faithful Guide." Such experiences as I have told may not be frequent, but the pastoral trails over the loneliest pasture will be bright with the glory of God, just as really in the common duty as if there were a supernatural message for each moment.

No true pastor feels that he is giving more than receiving. In a ministers' club I told of the great help I got for my pulpit ministry by visiting my people. In all seriousness a city pastor remarked that his experience had been that the majority of his parishioners didn't have mentality enough so that any part of their conversations *could* be incorporated into his sermons (!). Oh the poor ninny!

When I get disgusted with some one of my people; when I think he is "cussed" to the bone and his funeral would highly adorn the sanctuary; then I know it is high time I should pay tribute to His Excellency the President of the Livery Stable and drive forth seeking intimacy with the abominated brother. Together we perform a dissertation on the faith of our fathers and a degustation of dandelion greens. Then, abiding in love, I drive the sorrel horse home through the green gloaming.

When I think it is a hard lot to be a country pastor or be-

come discontented through worldliness, I take from my pocket a gold Waltham watch and think of the friend who owned it long ago. We were schoolmates together in Montpelier Seminary. Far beyond mine was the clearness of his strong mind; far beyond mine was the grace God had given him; and his chosen work, like mine, was the ministry. Keen of thought, clear and eloquent in speech, pleasing in person, no young man ever faced a more splendid career. Then the white plague put its hand upon him, and he went home without a murmur to his mountain farm.

I became his pastor. One Sunday morning he asked me to visit him. "What day will you come?" he said, and I answered, "I will come Thursday." With joy he turned to his mother: "Brother Hewitt is coming Thursday!" Yes, that very Thursday I did go—to preach his funeral sermon. When his mother was praying God to spare the life which was temporal she cried, "O God, save my boy!" The young man heard it and said, "He does save me, mother!" but he spake of things unseen which are eternal. His last words were, "Tell the young people I love them and want them to come to Jesus." Over his coffin I gave them the message, but his message to me was one that he never knew he gave.

It was in the winter before he died. The warm snows were thawing in the gray afternoon around the little schoolhouse in the edge of the woods. Here the young man taught school. I was his superintendent as well as his pastor, and I was making an official visit. It was on a day when I was ambitious and uneasy. I was pastor of a church of only seventy-four members, in a little country village, and I wasn't getting on in the world at all. For a moment I had forgotten that God was letting me do the work which had been the dream of this splendid young man six years my senior, who now could do nothing but teach four poor, homespun little children—that was all. The school was over, the four pupils had gone, I had inspected the register and was ready to go—still bitter at the littleness of my opportunity, when my friend said, "Brother Hewitt, won't you kneel with me on the floor and ask God's blessing on what I have tried to do to-day? I never dare leave the great responsibility of teaching these children without asking God's blessing."

The four little children have changed so that I shouldn't know them, and their teacher has been fifteen years in his grave, but I have never thought of that winter afternoon without wishing my soul were pure as Vernon Clark's. For he could do the humble task "with eye single to the glory of God," happy in believing that nothing was greater. *Oh how right he was!*

Surely we ought to be at least as devoted as the best of those to whom we minister, and not less holy than Francis of Assisi was this poor man whose story Rev. Leon Morse of Somersworth told on Hedding Camp Ground:

"Up in the Green Mountain State there lived a Methodist who really loved his church. He was a farmer, who, in common with his neighbors, had to get up at four, or at the latest five, o'clock six mornings of the week. But, unlike them, every Sunday morning he arose at half-past three to do the chores about the place, and drove seven miles to church with his family, stayed to Sunday school, and, if possible, returned to the evening service. And this he did for nearly twenty years, until in a new home his Sunday drive was only six miles.

"The church was so close to his heart that his favorite hymn seemed perfectly natural to be repeated anywhere by him, and probably no quotation aside from the promises of Holy Writ fell from his lips more often than the words:

> "'I love thy kingdom, Lord,
> The house of thine abode,
> The church our blest Redeemer saved
> With his own precious blood.'

"He was a steward in the church. Once the vice principal from an institution of learning, who had been placed on the board of stewards, asked what his duties would be. The reply was characteristic: 'My brother, the principal duties of a steward in the Methodist Episcopal Church are to pay the bills no one else will meet.' He had already proved this statement, for, at a fourth Quarterly Conference, when there was a deficiency in the minister's salary and the other brethren had decided to let it remain unpaid, after all were through talking, he arose and said: 'Brothers, you all know that I am not a rich man by any means,

but our pastor is going to have his salary if I have to pay the deficiency myself. It is all wrong for a church to be dishonorable in business transactions.' That deficiency was met right away.

"There came a time at last when he was absent from the church. Sad hearts knew why. Friends gathered at the home. The minister came, and the words from the text of comfort were these: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' Stewards of the church stood together near the door, and one of them laid a rough but most kindly hand on the shoulder of a griefstricken youth, and said with trembling lips: 'What shall we do in the church without your father?' And the lad replied, between choking sobs: 'I don't know.'

"That scene will never leave my memory. I was that boy. Oh, church of my father and of my father's God!

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" they spend their fameless days, unhaloed saints of the humble home; but when storms beat wild on the house of God, blinding even their pastor's faith, such men stand around him like the Rock of Ages. They are the true rewards of pastoral labors.

Long ago in the Holy Land, there were two brothers, and the elder said, "I am rich in houses and lands and have none to feed but myself. My brother is very poor and has many mouths to feed. I will go out by night and carry my sheaves into his field." But the younger said, "God has abundantly blessed me with many little ones to love, and my brother is poor and lonely, and has none but me to love him. I will go out by night and carry my sheaves into his field." At the far ends of the fields they began, and at first neither knew of the other's labor, but at last, in the light of the Harvest Moon one night they met and let fall in astonishment their last two sheaves, each at the other's feet. And the legend is that on that spot made holy by love the Temple of God was built. So the country pastor takes to his people his sheaves of labor and love. So he meets them bringing their harvest of love and labors. On any spot sanctified by this interchange of munificence a temple of God may rise, its snowy steeple standing high among the green hills, its invisible dominion reaching beyond the stars.

NELSON CASE—FRIEND OF BAKER UNIVERSITY

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St. Louis, Mo.

I. THE IMPRESSIVE PROCESSION

BAKER UNIVERSITY, now as we cast wistful eyes over the names, has had a distinguished list of presidents of its board of trustees. It would be of profit to name the entire company of trustees of the college from that day when in the desert of Kansas some Methodist preacher dreamers saw the vision of Baker University.

The college should keep the picture of each trustee and have it in a room sacred to the memory of those who saw with God's eyes the needs of God's children; for the educators called Christian are the real statesmen of this world. They see that culture without Jesus is a fiction. They see that morality without Christianity is a make-believe. They see that the doings of history are the workings out of the Providence of the great God and that to be allied with him is to take a man's share in the bringing in the Day of Man which is the Day of God. We do well to freight our memories with the dignity of the service of these men who come and go as their sort has come and gone and their successors will come and go—the patient, farseeing, faith-men who bear the cross of helping youth to its to-morrow while youth looks on neglectfully and cursorily, nor guesses what high thing happens for its sake and in its viewless sight.

May we see through tearful eyes this procession of the Christophers of Baker University who, in crowded days with penury as their dower, have come and gone and refused defeat and have aspired like flame skyward to make light and heat and power and please the blessed Christ of God with an oblation of manhood and womanhood equipped and knighted for the bettering of the world. I would we might catch sight of their passing faces, so strong, reliant, uncomplaining, so unthanked and so unexpecting of thanks, rewarded solely by the thought that life shall be enlarged by them

and flung out to horizons that hold sunsets and day springs on the frontiers.

In this striking procession walks Nelson Case, who was for thirty-eight years a trustee of Baker University and for the last twenty-five years was president of that board. He was beginning his last year of a quarter century of service as president of the board of trustees of Baker University when his strength grew brittle and broke like a violin string, making music as it snapped.

II. The Citizen

Personally I have known this ideal citizen since my student days in Baker University. I can see now as when first I saw that tall, slender figure with a nervous grace in it and the fine sensitive face looking from his height like a watcher from a tower. He was a lawyer of repute, a man with a well and widely selected library, a mind at home in many climes of thought and reading, who never needed to go somewhere to find company, for the ages met on his library shelves. Yet was this man never so occupied that he had not space to give to citizenship. He was a live man among live men and live issues. He always knew men were more than books and that the tides of life were running freer and wider than Shakespeare's and Milton's muse. I have been impressed with the surefootedness of his citizen instinct. He was not averse to politics, meaning by that abused word the machinery of republican institutions. He knew that nothing which qualified a state was trivial, a thing which very many never learn and which all of us need to learn and never forget. In reading over the memorials of his life I find my heart singing as it reads how Nelson Case, lawyer and practicer to the last of his life in the Supreme Court, was first a citizen. In May of 1869 he started for Kansas. The lure of the West tugged on him. He came to Fort Scott, which was as far as the railroad ran, then took stage for the new town of Oswego; but his money giving out, he footed it into that town, where he put out his lawyer's sign and where he lived till at his death the city paper had this headline: "Oswego's most illustrious citizen is dead." In that city he served as justice of the peace, as city clerk, and for almost forty-five years he was city attorney.

He was a member of the Board of Education, a member of the Board of Regents of the State Normal School, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Labette County High School, a trustee of Oswego College, a member of the City Council, for many years president of the City Council, and probate judge of the county. Consider that adventure in politics, ye citizens of to-morrow. To do the thing which needed to be done is the inculcation of this career, and a worthy inculcation it is. We need to study that lesson. If the republic is to live, women and men must give their best to its least.

Nothing is common or unclean which helps to its best the widest adventure in government this world has yet seen. Nelson Case loved his town and wrote its biography, and what is wider, helped make its biography. The town meeting was the statesman invention of the Puritans and must be held to as the chief stay of the republic against all times. The public school is a creation of Christian democracy and is to be nurtured by every lover of Christian democracy. Guard it, glorify it, modify it, but retain it and arrest any hand or voice which would derange it. Politics wisely understood deals with every phase of civic life and cleans and keeps clean all the fountains of public service. Nelson Case, citizen, you have done well.

III. The Scholar

The trouble with most professional men is that the profession is so engrossing as to monopolize all the time and leave a man a professional success but an intellectual vacuum. The rush of things, the compulsion of occupation, is a dreary taskmaster. Save in few elect instances this process of absorbing all the vital fluids of a strong man's strength in the discharge of his profession leaves a man no leisure for the cultivation of his soul and the nurture of his finer faculties of mind. Nelson Case in the fiery days of Kansas life, when nothing was made and everything was in the making, kept a place of quiet for his soul and took brave journeys into what Keats has named "The Realms of Gold where many goodly states and kingdoms are." This phase of a busy professional man's busy life is greatly worthy of meditation. He did

not admit the right of the sea to deafen him with its bluster of storm so as to disqualify him for the wideness of the sea at calm. It is so easy to mistake the bluster of the sea for the sea. This man studied to find some leisurely quiet. Not by avoiding the duties which come as the dawn, and shine across the day, but, though doing all other rightful things, reserving for his soul times apart with great spirits and elect books. He read widely. He had intellectual appetencies. He spoke familiarly with many ages and mentalities. He was a lawyer and schooled to logic and evidence, but he dreamed with Edmund Spenser and his *Faërie Queene*, which is farthest removed from logic and deepest incursion into the lands of dream. His miscellaneous writings cover a wide range of desire and acquaintanceship and fraternity. It makes a body proud to see this Kansas man with shoes of fire fleet as the prairies on fire with a wild wind driving it on, shutting the intrusive many things out to give pollen to his mind from all the winds that blew from all the spring trees of the world of high thinking and high saying. In his deepest instincts Nelson Case was a scholar. He was wistful in the large things of the mind. His manuscripts bequeathed to Baker University will prove a valuable directory to youth who are to see how far a man may fare in things intellectual when set upon by all the crowded duties of a very crowded life; and the professors-to-be in this college will do wisely well to send students often to look in at the window of this man's intellectual life. His *European Constitutional History* and his *Constitutional History of the United States* are his chief published volumes, which indicate the breadth of his historical understanding and the poise of his historical judgment, and yet these were but a trifle of the goodly flotsam and jetsam of the sea of his wide mind. His instincts were the instincts of a scholar, but never the instincts of a recluse, rather of a man in the joy of things and life and books and humankind.

IV. The Christian and Churchman

This was a quiet man, fitted to weigh evidence, by instinct and occupation a jurist. He weighed life and Christ, and found in quiet steadfastness of faith the way to God and the way across

the ages. He never wavered nor varied. He saw things straight and whole. He knew Christ was not an addendum to life but life itself. That settled, it was settled for all time and all wheres. He is not surprised at the glory of the life in which he now finds his content and ecstasy.

And the church, which is the household of God, he loved with a quiet fidelity which knew no cloud across its face. He was superintendent of the Sunday school for thirty-five years and was at his death superintendent emeritus. He was for fifty-one years a member of the official board of the Methodist Episcopal Church. These items are a volume. They speak out loud as to what a man of fine mind and heart thought to be the chiefest concern of organized society and of the individual spirit. The church was not flouted by him but loved by him, supported by him, attended by him, served by him. There he attended preaching and Sunday school and prayer meeting and official board meetings, knowing well that from a little church in a Kansas town there were worn footpaths to peace and a clean heart and the heavenly ways which should eventuate in the heavenly land. A refined gentleman, the feet of whose understanding wandered very far into many things of high emprise, knew that he went no whither which was as wonderful as the church of the living God, which should later in his journey prove "The church of the firstborn, which is in heaven." This lover of God was a lighthouse which, seen from far, gave mariners a sure lamp to sail by and make safe voyage. No man, poet or seer, can exaggerate the fine thing this man was in his winsome, reticent chastity of behavior and of love to God. Christianity still relies on such as Nelson Case as its chief acts of the apostles.

V. Friend of Baker University

From what has been set down thus far it will be clear how natural to Nelson Case as for a flower to bloom it was to become knit into the story of Baker University and its making. He did not think it out: it bloomed out and came to be, without notice to himself, later the crowning event in his career and the very reason for his being. When he died he was the oldest living practicing

attorney before the Supreme Court of Kansas. His name was without blemish in his professional career, which had been one fit to make any man honorably proud of the achievement, yet in a letter, the last written by his hand, as I think, to this writer he said that he did not wish his life effort to be judged by his professional career but by his service for Baker University. How imposing an utterance that is. On the frontier of eternity, with his time behind him and his mind clear as a Kansas sky after rain, seeing things as things are, his professional successes seemed to this clean, strong soul to be of minor importance, and his service to God and his country in his relation to the oldest college of arts in Kansas to be the really dignified occupation of his rugged years. It was so, he wrote me, he cared to have his life labor estimated. It is so we delight to estimate it. It is so the future will record him. It is so Baker University will honor itself in doing him honor. Nelson Case, friend of Baker University!

A man's secondary relation becomes his primary relation. Baker University at the time of the demise of Nelson Case was sixty-five years old. At the same time Judge Case was entering on his twenty-fifth year of his presidency of the board of trustees and the thirty-third year as trustee. More than a third of the lifetime of this distinguished institution was this lover of youth and lover of Christ and this lover of education president of the board: and one half of the life of the college was he a member of its board of trustees. This is an edifying consideration. We do well to give it heed. As years go this Christian college is young, but in sweaty and worthy work it has a thousand summers in its life calendar. And in the shaping and grim years when drought seemed on it past all recovery, it was his to stand by as relentless in purpose to make the college live as misadventures of drought and finance were relentless to have it die. It lives: it did not die. But for men like Nelson Case the word written had been an obituary and not a triumph song. I cannot stay my wealth of admiration for these sixty-five years of men who would not be daunted.

My life has fairly synchronized with the life of Baker University. It is a trifle of years older than I and what its stone eyes have seen and cannot find words to record I have both seen and

told. The venture of a college when Kansas was a territory, when the Great American Desert was biting its way to the Missouri River, when the geographers knew that all Kansas was "The American Desert," then how a few Methodist preachers saw the "desert blossom as a rose," as sung out brave flute-voiced Isaiah, and planted their rose in the morose soil and proceeded to make the desert bring rain and dew, is one of those iliads of faith which, if written in the Hallelujah Chorus of faith in the book of the Hebrews, would feel utterly at home and set up singing with the rest. I find myself leaning to catch a sight of the sunburned faces of those invincible men. They have the voyage look in their eyes like old Ulysses sweaty with the salt sweat of the sea. Their schooners were prairie schooners, and their lullabies were the unfettered winds of the prairies that never closed eyes for sleep, and those voyagers had what grim Ulysses never knew, namely, a smiling faith in Christ and an exultancy which cared not for sunset nor the coming of the dark, understanding full well that sunrise would chase sunset from the sky. They believed in God; and that faith is conquest.

That Nelson Case was by subtle unnamed instinct an educator we may clearly know from his having spent thirty-five years as superintendent of the Oswego Methodist Sunday school. Only born educators do such things. He felt that youth was the root of the world, without which no growth was possible. I feel those thirty-five eventful years through which this brainy, silent, capable man with his world mentality brooding over world concerns, Sunday by Sunday, directed a little Sunday school and knew how great the thing was there attempted and in a manner accomplished. All Sunday-school workers should warm their hands before this fire upon the hearth. It is so easy to take counsel of discouragements in work with childhood and youth and maturity as well, but losing faith gets the world nowhere. Keeping faith gets the world everywhere worth its going. Thirty-five years of registered faith in child and youth makes a chapter of very brave reading. It is like the Battle of Shiloh, where seeming defeat was absolute victory.

This man was a born captain of youth. He was a discoverer

of might-to-be in character. Hill and Lough and many beside, Nelson Case found out and introduced to themselves. This discovery of men to themselves is the real Columbus business. More and more it seems to me the largest service any soul can render the world. We are unknown continents save that we seem to ourselves trivial islands; and then, please God, someone comes with the discerning eye and sees in us continental proportions and tells us so and we cease triviality and learn magnificence.

Some wise mind discovered in this discoverer of youth a guiding faculty for Baker University. It would be fascinating to know the genesis of that discovery. We may guess it and keep the poetry of the event alive to our thought. In any wise this observing and retiring man who saw deeply and far came to be a servant in the house, the house of Baker University. And that was a great day for that house. For thirty-eight years this observant, modest, unblatant man came and went. In those days nobody paid the way of trustees of Baker University but the trustee himself. Emolument was there not save the golden emolument of feeling the tug of the world's high need and the response to that tug. This was imperial gravitation. Through the years of my own presidency of Baker University I recall the patient, untiring fidelity of the trustees, this man among them. I see the Davises and the Dearborns and the Newt Allens coming as punctually as the return of a comet or the sweaty sun. Whatever the need and whenever the need, there they were. God bless them all and keep their memories green, which without doubt he will. But that the college should keep their memories green is not quite so sure an event. Colleges grow so easily accustomed to being served that they are often remiss in their perception of service rendered and in memory of the servants which have ministered to the college life from the vital saps of their own spirits. This seems an apt moment to lift the word of kindly warning to the college lest it forget to give gratitude where it has received munificence. A grateful spirit is not less beautiful in an institution than in an individual.

We have no means of knowing at what stage in the career of Judge Case in his affiliation with the life of Baker University it began to dawn on him that his superior life work lay there; but so

it was that evidently long before his sunset letter to me he had settled it that so it was.

According to his means he was a generous contributor of his wealth to this adopted son of his love. The Case Library stands as his testimony of affection. And what could more worthily embody this man's spiritual attitude and sagacity than a library in a College of Arts, possession of the church of his love? His love of books, his unswerving love of culture, his unwavering fidelity to his church, his huge belief in youth and in Christian culture for youth, his steady friendship for the republic and his allegiancy to republican ideals, all set up song in this Case Library and will continue song while the world makes swayless way to renewed sunrise.

Baker University for twenty-five years took front place in his plans and prayers. He gave his literary remains to the college library. He expressed wish to me in his last letter that the presidents of the college who had had his vote for their election, namely, Gobin, Quayle, Murlin, Mason, and Lough, should measure his service to the college over which they had presided. He, though his hand was weary and his pain intense, hastened to say he wanted no panegyric but a manly utterance to attest the estimate of his manly purpose to advantage the work intrusted to him. Not one of those presidents has any other memory than of President Nelson Case of the trustee board being absolutely a gentleman, urbane, sagacious, unmeddlesome, unboisterous, prevalent where needed, absent when no demands summoned his services, helpful, prudent, far-seeing, faithful to the most trivial as well as to the most important details of college business, a fast friend and never a carping critic of the college president and set as the way of the sun to bring Baker University to its place in the sun and to make it a college that needed not to be ashamed before God or man.

Years are coming. The end of the world is not near. Generations will arise and serve their day; but to all the years the life and real service which thought service no grievance will be a steady light to all such as shall be bondservants of Baker University as it is bondservant to its church and country. Nelson Case, good friend, and true, good husband and father, lover of all good things

and furtherer of knowledge, and rejoicer in things of the Spirit, Nelson Case, doctor of Laws, FRIEND OF BAKER UNIVERSITY, march on, away, and up.

Faithful capacity can never age nor can its steps weary. There be things more enduring than cities set upon a hill. They have decayed, and will. But eminent love to God and man and fealty to youth and the ideals for youth taught by the Christ shall outlast all risings of the sun.

To his home beloveds this man nearing death never spoke of dying, but always spoke of going away; only we know that the going away of which he spake was not going away from home but going away to home: God houses such as Nelson Case well and near Christ's self. God likes good company.

ENGLAND THROUGH "PAINTED WINDOWS" [1]

RALPH W. SOCKMAN
New York City

ONE morning during the past winter Mr. Lloyd George invited about twenty leading Free Church ministers to breakfast with him. The subject of politics was eschewed. The conversation turned mainly on religious questions. The host urged that it is the duty of the churches to stimulate the spiritual revival which is needed in order to improve the material conditions of the people. Some of the guests agreed that a religious awakening must precede social improvement, while others thought the government ought to introduce reforms which would pave the way for a revival. Whether the pulpit or the front bench should take the first step, whether the premier's breakfast was more in the nature of a prayer meeting or a political gesture to win the nonconformist vote, may be matters of dispute. On one point, however, all were agreed, England needs a spiritual quickening.

If Jeremiah were to visit England with his prophetic vision, he might see the "rod of an almond tree." Revival buds are appearing. There are signs that England's churches are stirring with the restlessness of waking. The main theme of the Free Church Council at its annual session in March was revival. The Bishop of Manchester says that during the last few years there has been in all parts of the Christian Church a growing tendency toward evangelism. And Maude Royden, herself a sign of ecclesiastical springtime, after traveling about the country and walking with God, brings her belief to America that England is at the dawn of a spiritual revival.

It may be that the first streaks of the morning are to be seen in staid old Scotland. For some time a steady and powerful work has been wrought in the churches of Scotland, under the leadership chiefly of students in the colleges and the missionary committees of the churches. In this movement passion for winning

[1] *Painted Windows.* By The Gentleman with the Duster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

souls is blended with forethought for training in Christian service. Among the Scotch fisher-folk emotional fervor is being generated which suggests to some a repetition of the Welsh revival.

Local emotional whirlwinds, however, do not throw dust in the eyes of England's spiritual seers. They recognize that any revival worth while must go to the roots of action in the body politic and the body industrial. They agree with the country rector to whom his bishop wrote that he was coming to his parish to spend a quiet Sunday. The rector replied, "My parish doesn't need a quiet Sunday, it needs an earthquake." England's churches do not need merely the old conscientiousness about Sabbath observance and church attendance. The best religious thinkers of England are asking "To what is our country to be revived?"

To answer that question "The Gentleman with the Duster," who has been flicking the specks from the *Mirrors of Downing Street* and the *Glass of Fashion,* has set himself. Before we take up his duster, let us for a moment see how much dust lies on the *Painted Windows* of England's churches.

If we were to accept certain statements of the gloomy dean of Saint Paul's, Dr. Inge, we might conclude it were best to allow a little more dust to collect and then to pronounce the Church of England buried. He declared some time ago that for the last two hundred years the Church of England has been steadily losing ground. For this pessimistic utterance several of his brother clergy spanked him in the public press. One reply appealed to history saying: "In 1800 there was just one celebration of Holy Communion in Dr. Inge's Cathedral on Easter Day, and the total number of communicants was six. Clerical pluralities were the rule. Drunkenness was considered only a venial fault in the clergy. The cathedrals and many of the parish churches were dusty ruins. Services were conducted with a lack of reverence almost unimaginable to us."

The long look of a century does show the Church of England to have made progress. A comparison of the last few years shows her holding her own fairly well. The number of confirmations in 1921 was 195,394 as against 199,377 in 1920, and 216,888 in 1918. The number of Easter communicants in 1921 was 2,171,-

619 as compared with 2,291,051 in 1919. The Sunday schools and Bible classes have registered increases since the war. Approximately 2,000,000 pupils were enrolled in Sunday schools last year. The contributions of the Anglican Church have held up remarkably well in view of the hard times. £10,493,712 were given in 1921 and £10,731,448 in the previous year. It might be of interest to know that the clergy, according to the Bishop of Saint Albans, give well over £2,000,000 of this amount out of their own pockets. There is an insistent cry throughout the established church of a shortage of funds.

The most serious situation, however, in the English churches, both Anglican and Nonconformist, is the lack of ministerial candidates. The number of ordinations to the ministry in England during 1920 was 158; during 1919, 161; while during 1912 there were 626; and in 1911, 640. It is estimated that the Church of England is 2,372 clergy short. The Bishop of London says, "I go to all the public schools in England and I find that there is hardly a boy allowed by his parents to give his name for ordination, and a very few at the universities." The Methodist Times laments that "the more privileged sons of our church are sending few representatives into the ranks of the ministry."

Small stipends are partly but not wholly responsible for this dearth. The headmaster of Eton, preaching in Westminster Abbey, said that an almost unbelievable change has come over the standard of clerical life since the days depicted by such novelists as Jane Austen and Peacock. No satirist would now suggest that a man took holy orders to secure a life of comfort and luxury. Today large numbers of the clergy live a life of poverty. No class in all England's hard pressed society is suffering worse. Various remedies are suggested: a minimum salary; the amalgamation of small parishes; a more economical and scientific use of the clergy; the creation of a "permanent diaconate," that is, men who, while continuing in their secular calling, would be authorized to conduct services and preach if licensed. The preacher's self-respect must suffer more even than his pocketbook, if the "Gentleman with the Duster" is correct in his appraisal. He says: "The average clergyman, I am afraid, is regarded in these days as something of

a bore, a wet blanket even at tea parties. Something is wrong with the church. It is impious to think that heaven interposed in the affairs of humanity to produce that ridiculous mouse, the modern curate. No teacher in the history of the world ever occupied a lower place in the respect of men. He is abandoned by the world. He figures with the starving children of Russia in appeals to the charitable as an object of pity."

Certainly such a portrayal cannot be a composite picture. Enough preachers could be named so popular that their inclusion would change the whole cast of that portrait. As for the "average clergyman," there is no such animal. This estimate sounds as if it might have been formed from the movies or the stage. Yet perhaps the "Gentleman with the Duster" has seen enough to make his generalization arresting.

There is little question that prosperous persons look with pity on the preacher. Many a minister knows that his successful laymen often discount his spiritual advice because they discredit his business judgment in choosing such an underpaid profession. In every parish there are numerous "Gentlemen with Dusters" who keep brushing off their pastors and, like the author of *Painted Windows,* many of them do it anonymously. It is doubtful, however, whether "that ridiculous mouse, the modern curate," will be uplifted and bettered much by learning how low he has fallen in popular esteem. He needs enough regard to attract self-respecting young men. The clergy should not be disheartened by public contempt. Such was foretold by our Master himself. And Jesus added for our comfort, "The disciple is not above his teacher, nor the servant above his lord." "He too was despised and rejected of men . . . he was despised, and we esteemed him not."

"The Gentleman with the Duster" is correct when he says the church is at fault if the clergy are poor. It is impious to blame God for calling inferior men into his service. The pulpit is a cross-section of the church. Speaking nationally, a weak ministry is as much the result as the cause of a weak church. If the fathers love the church they will encourage their best sons to be its preachers. If the boys see a genuine religious experience in their parents many will be drawn to ordination, despite the dullness of

the clergy. If the clergy is in low esteem, it is a sign that the church is in low spirits. England does need a spiritual revival.

To what is she to be revived? The "Gentleman with the Duster" is the doctor who is diagnosing to-day in most striking fashion the ills of Britain.

In his *Mirrors of Downing Street* he gave the world a glimpse of England's Hall of Fame and showed on what shaking pedestals her political idols stood. The book was more than a mirror. It was an X-ray, revealing portraits of souls, not merely photographs of figures. This successful book was followed quickly by *The Glass of Fashion.* In this the author held up to our gaze the social élite of England. The light rapier of ridicule which had made the preceding book such a brilliant exhibition of fencing wit was replaced by the blunt broadsword of a twentieth century Puritan. The book was not so clever but perhaps more convincing. The number of editions indicates that the reading public liked his diagnosis. The publishers must have been appreciative. Why not capitalize his popularity while he could and write another book? He did. With good journalistic sense he decided to do it quickly, and with shrewd insight he chose for his subject an institution which the public likes to criticize—the church. To his third book in the trilogy on glass he gave the title—*Painted Windows.* The book bears the marks of rapid writing and pessimistic premise. The latter may be seen from his own words: "By means of a study in religious personality I seek to discover a reason for the present rather ignoble situation of the church in the affections of men."

Since the author's identity is now quite widely known his fitness as a critic can be appraised. His personal equation ought to make him a fairly competent judge. He is a son of the parsonage. He has felt the pulse of London's rawest human nature, writing out of his experience in the slums some years ago a heart-warming book. He is an experienced journalist with his ear to the ground to hear the first faint rumblings of approaching movements. His judgment may be deflected by personal prejudice. He may be a little too uncharitable toward men's motives. He may have the professional writer's fondness for pessimism in order to make capi-

tal of so-called impending crises. The voice of the man who writes one or two books a year cannot, of course, be a case of "deep calling unto deep." Nevertheless his words are worth hearing. His criticisms are stimulating. His suggestions are saner than his criticisms. To estimate the value of his individual studies, the reader must first get the author's lines of argument. The book is a sort of sermon, incorporating personal sketches as illustrations rather than a dispassionate classroom lecture deducing general principles from individual cases. Some of the chapters are gems of personal biography. Others look a little pasty. But they are all threaded on the "Gentleman's" necklace of theories. Remembering this method, the reader can understand how some of the characters look less attractive than in other settings.

One clear argument running through the book is for more modern teaching in the church. England, the author says, has a passion for education. As evidence the schools are crowded. The churches are not packed. His inference is that the church has not been sufficiently an educator. Christianity has not taught; "it has used mankind as a dictaphone." Man's cry, as Mark Sabre said, is for "Light, Light." The church must throw light on life, on the Gospels, on God. Religion is something to be taught, not primarily a mystery to be presented by rules and ceremonies. If the church could see the supreme importance of Christ as a Teacher, is it not possible that she might see the trivial unimportance of all matters which at present dismember her?

"The Gentleman" believes that Christ's teachings must be presented in the light of modern science. He condemns the church for her reactionary thinking. He draws a trenchant parallel from Froude. "If medicine," says Froude, "had been regulated three hundred years ago by Act of Parliament; if there had been thirty-nine articles of physic and every licensed practitioner had been compelled to compound his drugs by the prescriptions of Henry VIII's physician, Dr. Butts, it is easy to conjecture in what state of health the people of this country would at present be found."

Yet the church as a healer of souls has tried to make her prescriptions conform to the Thirty-nine Articles of three hundred years ago. No wonder she loses the loyalty of thoughtful people,

says the author. He is a modernist. He believes the main body of public opinion is moving toward what he calls "evangelical modernism." The evangelical modernist accepts almost everything in the Higher Criticism, but holds to Christ as an incarnation of the divine purpose, as an incarnation, if you will, of God; all we can know of God limited by his human body."

Feeling modernist teaching to be needed in the church to-day, he flays the religious leaders who thwart that teaching and commends those who encourage it. He thus brings in to prove his point an ecclesiastical lightweight. The clever young Ronald Knox, who in 1917 left the Church of England in order to join the Church of Rome, ought to feel grateful to the "Gentleman with a Duster" for having elevated him to a place in a book alongside of Bishop Gore, Dean Inge, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. This brilliant witty young Oxford man, who used to joke about the "credibility of Judges and the edibility of Jonah," is now preaching a theology which is fast being rejected by the Roman Catholic students in unprogressive Spain, and is being questioned even by the peasants of Ireland. To Knox truth is not to be explored and used, but to be defended. He sticks to tradition as did the Jews who crucified Christ. The author has exaggerated the importance of Knox, for we are told by others he is quite without significance. But he is a good illustration of the intellectual obstacles which hinder the church.

On the other hand, the author sees hope for the church in the leadership of such seekers after truth as Dean Inge, the ascetic of the intellect who preaches at Saint Paul's; Dr. Barnes, the scholarly Canon of Westminster; Dr. L. P. Jacks, the mystic man of letters who is principal of Manchester College, Oxford; and Principal W. B. Selbie, the quiet little "inspired mouse" of Mansfield College, Oxford, who places his august learning at the service of his fellow men. With all these men education is a passion. They are eager to present Christ as the Light of the World to those whose minds have been darkened. Even Dean Inge, with his bent for saying unpleasant things, is wholesome and constructive. "Although when he smiles it is as if a mischievous boy looked out of an undertaker's window," he is not trying to bury the church

but to rejuvenate her. Men must be made to think. Ours is a generation which becomes a crowd, which lives by catchwords, plays tricks, counts heads, but does not think. The church must restore the rule and discipline of reason to democracy.

This modern teaching church is not to be a cold academic affair. She is not to hand down to the people the dry and dusty facts which her scholars have dug from their libraries. She is to live closer to the people, to find out their needs, and then to interpret Christianity to them as something that helps. The church must teach Christ as a real power in everyday life.

The author believes Miss Maude Royden to be the most persuasive preacher of Christ as power in England. The gospel she preaches is a leaf torn from her own experience. She came to the pulpit from a life of social service. She has lived up against the heart of England's women and she believes Christianity has something that helps. After leaving college she became a worker in a Woman's Settlement in Liverpool. Here she toiled for three years in the slums. She felt that her philanthropy was a tiny broom with which she was trying to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean of sin and suffering and despair. She looked about for something with a wider sweep and, like many another idealist, she thought she found it in the Women's Suffrage Movement. Through politics she could spiritualize the public life of England. Here she made a discovery. She discovered that many who sought interviews with her were not so much interested in the struggle for women's rights as in the struggle for right within their own hearts. She would minister to that heart need direct. She would leave the expedients like suffrage and settlements to others. This she has been doing since, first as associate minister at City Temple and now from her own Guild House in London. She has become one of the most effective advocates of personal religion in England.

Maude Royden's experience may prove epoch-making. Those who have followed the recent trend of college women have become alarmed at their growing aloofness from the church. They have thought it too limited in its scope for their service. They would ride to the front on a charger not tethered to tradition. They have

been pouring their idealism into secular movements. But here is a thoroughly modern college woman, the daughter of a knight, who after trying other forms of social service takes her place in the pulpit. And she finds herself not thereby hiding her light under a bushel. It is giving light not only to her house of worship but to both England and America. Maude Royden's career may be a milestone in the church's advance. At least, she is preaching Christ as a Power in human life—a power that can change the habits of a lifetime, that can heal the tissues of a poisoned body, that can give a steady course to the soul that is drifting without aim. She is preaching Faith, as Kirsopp Lake defines it, "not belief in spite of evidence but life in scorn of consequence"; and England is responding to her ministry.

When one speaks of making Christ a real help to men, the question arises, "How can the church interpret Christ to organized labor?" The chasm between the church and English labor is wide. The "Gentleman with a Duster" seems to feel it is too broad to be bridged. He cites an illustration. "The Bishop of Manchester recently preached a sermon to the unemployed of that city. He was asked at the end of the sermon if the workers could get justice without the use of force. He replied it all depends what you mean by force. At that the congregation shouted 'Murder!' They were to have concluded the service with the hymn 'When Wilt Thou Save Thy People?' Instead it concluded with the singing of 'The Red Flag'!"

The outstanding church leader in the effort to bring the church and labor together is William Temple, Bishop of Manchester. It is quite significant that Temple, who is looked upon as a future Archbishop of Canterbury, should be heart and soul in the labor movement. He has a herculean task. The bitter attitude of many unions is shown by the statement of a highly gifted leader of labor which was, "If I were again to enter the organized church, I should feel that I were lending my sanction to the recrucifixion of Christ." On the other hand, Dean Inge, speaking for the church from the housetops of Saint Paul's, says the Christian cure is the only cure. "Socialism will only be possible when we are all perfect, and then it will not be needed."

Can such partisan spirits find a common ground? Surely leaders like Bishop Temple in the church and Arthur Henderson in labor, who desire approachment, have an almost superhuman task. It is said, however, that "England is a nation of compromises; America is a land of extremes." Let us hope that the British may show us Americans the way to bring the Carpenter of Nazareth back into his workshop.

One other fault, as the author sees it, the reviving church must remedy. She must recapture her lost attractiveness of younger years. This she cannot do, "The Gentleman," in almost ungentlemanly fashion, says, by any ecclesiastical cosmetics or ritualistic millinery such as Dr. W. E. Orchard is using at King's Weigh House, London. But she must do it. It is this lack of attractiveness which impairs the message of England's two foremost religious leaders.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is by position the chief shepherd of Britain. The author tries to shatter his lofty reputation with this bomb of damning judgment, "Under his rule a divided and distracted church has held together; but religion has gone out of favor." Why? Because his passion is for the *status quo;* his genius is for compromise. He has lacked the winning daring of courage. And, according to *Painted Windows,* more than any other man the archbishop sums up the virtues and defects of Anglicanism.

The other man who in many quarters is regarded as towering head and shoulders above all other religious figures of England to-day is Charles Gore, former Bishop of Oxford. He has a ghostly earnestness. He impresses one as having forsaken all to follow his Master. And yet he gives one no feeling of radiance, no sense of a living serenity. "He has the look of one whose head has long been thrust out of a window gloomily expecting an accident to happen at the street corner." "If he has peace of mind," the author says, "it is a peace of Versailles." Why his look of bafflement and perplexity? Because he is forcing his will to take a position which his reason does not fully support. He has ceased to be a wholehearted apostle of truth. He has become the defender of a particular aspect of faith. The chapter on Gore is a

gem of description. Remember, of course, it is not displayed as a solitaire, but on "The Gentleman's" necklace of argument.

As one reads these estimates of England's church leaders, he is led to make two queries. Can the beauties of painted windows be appreciated from outside? Obviously not. It makes a vital difference whether the "Gentleman with a Duster" represents the "man on the street" or the "man in the pew."

The other question is, can the man at the periscope of a submarine see all that goes on within the liner he is shadowing? Anonymous gentlemen holding up mirrors have a rather painful resemblance to periscopes. But submarine observers can tell directions and movements. And it is these we Americans want to know about England's churches. *Painted Windows* is a good periscope.

MORNING TOURIST, LTD.!

FREDERICK F. SHANNON

Chicago, Ill.

"WELL, what did you see this morning?"

The question was asked by the wife of the Morning Tourist.

"Ask me something easy," he answered. "I have seen so much that my mind is all in a harmonious whirl."

And yet the Tourist was limited in more ways than one. He was limited for time, a most important element in all true sight-seeing. He was limited, also, in respect to territory. For it was only a nook in the blooming, melodious out-of-doors that he had been able to visit. Most of all, as the sequel proves, he was limited in the matter of eyes. If he had owned a thousand eyes instead of two, he knows that something would have managed to escape them. So, fully recognizing the handicaps he suffered, here is an attempt to set down a few of the Morning Tourist's observations.

I

The first item has to do with what the wise ones call the inorganic. Whether they understand all that might be said about this mysterious realm, I shall not tarry to debate. It was the belief of Plato that poets utter great and mysterious things which they themselves do not understand; it may be even so of the savants and the inorganic. But, like the poor, the inorganic is ever with us. And with us in surpassing wonder, too. For is it not a miracle too great to be told to watch this world of soil and roots change before our very eyes? Snow covered the ground a few weeks ago; the earth was stiff with ribs of ice; the razorlike winds shaved one's face with keen edges. Yet behold! The only snow visible anywhere to-day is in the white blossoms waving in the domes of swaying, wind-rocked trees; there is not a sign of frozen stuff in the ground, this busy merchantman having bartered away his icy wares for tender grasses and flowering shrubs; the wind no longer smites—it is soft, wooing, and priestly, bearing a

million seeds upon its invisible wings to nuptial bowers hidden away in every part of the wedded and wedding springtime.

Do I believe in miracles? With all my heart! As long as snowbanks are lifted into bowers of green; as long as icicles are changed into fragrant twigs; as long as the wild tunes of March melt into the building songs of May, I shall remain an incurable believer in miracles. I refuse to be mentally and spiritually browbeaten by polysyllabic terminology about inviolable laws and cosmic forces. While some people use the big words only, I am highly resolved to enjoy the Big Fact also!

Still keeping close to the inorganic, here is a sight worth inscribing upon the tablets of memory. Let me illustrate what I mean by something familiar in our human world. Some friends came in to see the new baby—not mine, I am sorry to say, but somebody's dimpled, wonderful baby! But the little creature was asleep. Having slept long enough, it was high time the darling was now wideawake and engaged in the enchanting business of cooing—business, by the way, no honest bachelor can understand except through an interpreter. Still the baby slept on. Then did I see the mother bend over that cradle and gently call her child back from the Sleeplands of Babyhood into our noises. Likewise, have I not seen Mother Nature brooding above her ten thousand cradles? Putting on her robes of mothering glory, she goes mysteriously forth and says: "Get up, Dandelion! Rouse yourself, Tulip! Come out and greet the sun, Heliotrope! Wake up, Hyacinth, and sprinkle the air with your fragrance!" And do not all the floral children know their mother's voice? Yes; down to the last syllable and tone. A still better answer is in the whole wide verdured world named gardens, fields, valleys, and mountains. For in Maytime the earth is one vast, many-colored vase wafting its blended odors up to the throne of God.

Yet I dare not pass from the inorganic without asking a question which fairly haunts me every springtime. It is this: Where does the tulip *begin* to get its red or white or yellow? Is the color concealed in the soil, the root, the stamen, the pistil, or where? And when does the color *begin* to steal into the rose, the violet, or the orchid? I asked a gardener this question as he spaded

up the soil about the roots of the rose bushes. Truly, the look upon his face was a study in human botany! But never mind! I am slyly resolved on putting the same question—at the psychological moment, of course!—to my botanical friend, justly renowned for his knowledge of the plant world. Only, I am going to couple with my question concerning the birth of color in flowers a second one which troubles me not a little. It runs somewhat as follows: At what *point* does the fragrance get spilled into the jar of a hyacinth? There is, no doubt, a scientific answer to these questions; but even after they have been answered in the latest word of botanical technique, I somehow feel that I shall go right on from spring to spring, asking my foolish questions concerning the origin of color and fragrance in flowers. For, as someone has said, it is exactly where biology leaves off that all religion begins. Yet why not have all—botany, biology, and religion? This is the question the Morning Tourist was asked by the blossoming inorganic world.

But if so many awe-provoking sights are visible in the inorganic, what is one going to do when he invades the organic realms? Intellectually stampeded and emotionally overwhelmed, certainly, if he does not watch his step! If roots and petals are baffling, are not wings and warblings gloriously bewildering? If colors on trees and bushes are exquisite, colors on wings—singing flowers in feathers, floating through the air and winging from tree to tree—are lovelier by far than the most fragrant-sounding words can picture them. For, while fields and gardens are unfolding their panoramas of color, have not birds also been dipped in glowing vats of beauty and marked with every imaginable tint and tone? In a single tree I have seen a goldfinch and a bluebird holding forth at the same time. It was a momentary study in unconscious beauty; for no man or woman could possibly have flaunted so much finery on Fifth Avenue without the happy, accusing consciousness that everybody in the universe was looking straight at them! Yet was not that a holy trinity of color that I saw? The green of the tree, the blue of the bluebird, and the gold of the goldfinch!

One of the most royally marked creatures that travel on wings is the flicker. He is drawing worms by the yard out of the earth

some distance away, as I sit here writing. His large body only helps to display his rich colorings. Still, neither that flaming red spot above the head, nor that black scarf across the breast, nor that whiff of white on the tail, nor the shining, russet-colored suit worn by the large body—these do not disclose the unforgettable beauty of the flicker. It is when he springs from the ground and unfolds his ample wings in rhythmic motion, that his unrivaled beauty breaks upon the eye. His underwings are of gleaming gold, and the gold is visible only in flight. Often, as I watch him careering through the air and revealing his golden parts, I have two monotonously familiar thoughts. Foremost, that he deserves a more euphonious name; some mortal has inflicted a verbal wound upon this glorious bird by naming him the flicker. Why not call him a licker or a kicker, a whacker or a cracker, and be done with it! A rose may smell as sweet by another name; nevertheless, I would not take advantage of the rose's unprotesting, innocent sweetness by fastening a harsh, unmelodious name upon it. Why, if the flicker were dependent upon its name as a guarantee of its position in the scale of creation, it would most assuredly flicker out! The other thought this golden-underwinged bird flashes into me is this: How like a human he is at his best! As the bird discloses his gold only in flight, so man discloses his true qualities as he makes for the Infinite. Knee-deep in its muck and mire, human nature has no beauty that either God or man should desire it; but when human nature, with unfolded wings of aspiration and endeavor, makes for the highlands of destiny, it flashes forth from its hidden depths splendors of divinity and arguments of immortal worth.

Yet more than rainbowed colors make overtures from sod and wings. There is correspondence of the most irresistible and intelligent kind. I had to take off my hat one Sunday morning to valiant Mr. Woodpecker. I was out in the open getting tuned up for my sermon in Central Church, but lo! this gentleman in feathers was already in tune and preaching furiously from his tree pulpit. There he was, walking up and down, over and around the body of the tree. I soon found that the tree served him for his breakfast table, and he was swallowing insects as gormandiz-

ingly as John Barleycorn swallows "hooch." Ever and anon he paused at his feast and sang; as he sang, he listened; and while he listened, he got his answer. For, a considerable distance away, Mrs. Woodpecker was also serving herself at an oak-tree cafeteria. Each time my nearby friend sent his vocal wireless, she answered promptly in the clear, spontaneous woodpecker code. Did they understand? Now, don't be foolish, friend! The constitution of the universe would violate itself if it failed to keep faith with a pair of woodpeckers on a May morning.

So, there is hope for you, provided you do not insist on being the living prototype of the gentleman whose brief but significant biography was written millenniums ago: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." And does not the fool always go wrong, first, in his heart? Becoming a moral cripple, he begins to pull down the blinds in the house of life. Then, in that morally smothering, spiritually vermin-infested atmosphere, he exists rather than lives. And therein, with no window open toward the Infinite, he inwardly rots. The foul contagion of his foolishness, creeping from his heart to his head, produces gradual death. At last he blatantly screams that there is no God. In a living universe he alone seems to have been neglected by the undertaker, being thoroughly dead, but unburied. And the combined paradox, satire, sarcasm, irony, and idiocy of it all is: If a man says, There is no gravitation, we reply, Shut up, you fool, or you'll get yourself shut up in an asylum for the insane! But let some materialist or atheist proclaim from the cellars of life, There is no God, and there are many good-natured, easy-going, foolish folk who say, He is a smart man; he says there is no God; therefore, God is not!

As for myself, I prefer to accept the conclusions of Mr. Woodpecker and his faith-keeping mate. Without being able to read Tyndall on the science of sound, they instinctively assume that sound was made to answer sound. Thus, in our human world, wise men assume God; they act as if he were; they invariably find that he is. But fools never do. Intellectual smartness is too clumsy to survive in a universe which, as Job suggests, hangs on nothing. Just outside my study window I sometimes see a big, prosperous-looking spider hanging on nothing also—nothing save a thin,

filmy stuff without which modern astronomy would be seriously handicapped in its study of the interstellar worlds. Strange as it may seem, does not the fool become a wise man when he learns that the soul, as well as the universe, ultimately hangs upon the mighty but invisible threads of faith, hope, and love? "The path of science and letters is not the way into nature," says the seer. "The idiot, the Indian, the child, and the unschooled farmer's boy stand nearer to the light by which nature is to be read than the dissection of the antiquary." Consequently, when I go out in the splendor of the dawn I invariably leave my electric flashlamp at home. Then it is easier, somehow, to find God, the True Master of the Inn, who takes "a man who doesn't want to live and makes him fall in love with life."

II

The Morning Tourist, limited as he was, could not confine himself to nature only, however interesting and appealing. There were examples of human nature abroad clamorously refusing to be ignored. As our own is the age in which the factor of human life upon the earth is much in evidence, it is perhaps appropriate to consider this phase now.

But not from the viewpoint of the specialist! That smacks too much of the authoritative—and the Morning Tourist is not an authority. Long ago the biologist, the sociologist, and the psychologist in him were summarily killed by the humanitarian and the latitudinarian, aided and abetted by the vegetarian. It was all caused by the aforesaid conspirators rising up to destroy the joy and fun of the human in him. Little by little they were getting the better of the fight; but one day an unexpected ally suddenly leaped up out of his subconscious pool and smote those ugly enemies hip and thigh—if not with the jawbone of an ass, then probably with an infinitesimal but highly effective sword wrought from the byproducts of a gram of radium! Ever since, those conspirators have been serenely quiescent, if not entirely null and void. If they are still in existence, they have certainly changed their forms, obeying the natural behest of things that change but never die.

Moreover, it may be that he has been encouraged in this matter by some words of Richard Grant White. "Newton saw no better," avers the Shakespearean scholar, "rejoiced no more in the beauty of color, than other people because he analyzed the sunbeam." Add to these words that saying of O. Henry about prosperity, and you, too, gentle reader, will be disposed to seriously weigh my altered viewpoint: "When a man's income becomes so large that the butcher actually sends him the kind of steak he orders, he begins to think about his soul's salvation." Now, if two such diversified minds as Doctor White and O. Henry, functioning in such widely differing realms as spectroscopy and beefsteak, arrive at practically the same conclusion as my own, do you wonder that I am inclined to be a bit puffed up, even vainglorious, because I have foresworn the devious ways of the specialist and adhere strictly to the paths of the untutored human?

At any rate, I hasten to exhibit a few of my human specimens, assembled from my out-of-doors laboratory. I had almost said library, remembering that old but ever new story of Wordsworth and his morning caller. "Is Mr. Wordsworth in his library?" asked the visitor. Pointing to the hills of Rydal Mount, over which the poet was walking, the servant said, "Mr. Wordsworth's library is all out of doors." As the Morning Tourist can scarcely lay claim to either laboratory or library, suppose we agree on naming his quiet nook just a Lovable Loafing Land.

I venture to name my first exhibit specimen A. He is a boy on the verge of fifteen. In one hand he carries a fishing pole; in the other a can containing worms. Assuming myself to be a member of what the mystic called the Lord's Happy Boys, I forthwith undertook to be facetious. "Well, boy," quoth I, "the fish are already so frightened by your coming that they have sought refuge on land." "You don't say!" snarled back this digger of slimy worms. "Gee! That's fine! The land is always a good place to catch *suckers!*"

From the emphasis he threw into that last word, I divined that he meant me. So we parted at once, worsted as I unquestionably was in the verbal skirmish. Later on, however, I encountered him again. Now he was standing by the side of the

lagoon, barefooted, his pants rolled up above his knees, and in the act of wading out into the cold water. "Don't do that, boy! Please don't!" I shouted. "You will be dead of pneumonia within two weeks."

This time I won. For the boy, discreetly reconsidering his venture, withdrew from the water's edge. And yet my victory was short-lived. A voice out of the Land of Nowhere—much sharper and more accusing than the lad's sharp thrust about suckers on land—asked:

"Why did you yourself strip stark naked and go swimming in the Big Sandy River in the month of February?"

I did not answer. The question was most embarrassing. The boy's obedience to my earnest plea was in itself somewhat disconcerting. Like the man in the Master's parable of the wedding feast, I, too, was speechless.

Very different is my second specimen. He is a thoroughgoing man, successful to the ends of his finger tips. We often meet in our morning strolls and talk things over. "I should rate you a very happy man, Mr. Ferguson," said I, in the course of a discussion hinging upon the subject of success. "You came to this city from the country a poor boy. By dint of hard work and ability, you now stand in the forefront of your line of business. It must be very satisfying to have succeeded as you have."

Not in the least given to excitement or unmeasured words, he replied: "It depends altogether on what you mean by success. That is an elastic term, which contracts as well as stretches. True, I have played the game. It was furious, and not entirely devoid of fun, I confess. But now that I have more leisure, I think less of the fun and more of the fruit."

There was an undercurrent of deep meaning flowing through his quiet speech. Just then a brown thrush—much to my surprise—flew threateningly down and drove away a robin which was dining at the Early Worm Restaurant. The worm was doubtless a necessity for the music-making of the thrush. Yet there was something so impolite and ill-mannered in the way the thrush helped himself to the meal of his winged brother, that Ferguson's eye did not miss its suggestiveness.

"Yes," he continued, "there is a certain satisfaction in what we men call success. To come into a town like this, ignorant, poor, unknown, and by pluck to wrest a living and then a fortune from the arena of things—that requires industry, courage, and manhood. But there comes a time, as modern industry is organized, when rolling up a fortune is somewhat after the method practiced by that thrush on the robin. The robin found his worm, pulled him out of the soil, was in the act of enjoying him, when that bandit thrush appeared, helped himself to another's earnings, and flew away. Naturally, the robin, if he could reason, would ask the why and wherefore of such a system."

Meantime, I was wondering what the worm might have to say!

"Now what I am driving at," he continued, "is this: Industry is a cooperative affair. We are learning that society is dependent on all its parts, not just a few; that heads, hearts, and hands are not necessarily exclusive, but economically and humanly inclusive. The same is true of nations. The evolution of society makes it utterly impossible for modern nations to get along without each other; therefore, they must get along with each other, or perish through their selfishly competitive and destructive antagonisms."

Pretty tall talk that! And all from a self-educated man, successful to the core of him, but not altogether pleased with his success.

"You're a preacher," he went on. "Would to God that I myself were an ordained minister of the gospel! Night and day, in village and city, on farm and in factory, in school and governmental houses, I would proclaim the way of Jesus—not simply as the only way out of our educational, industrial, and political tangles, but"—here he paused for an instant, as if weighing every word he spoke—"but the way of Jesus is the only way *in* to success that does not leave regretful memories."

What a revelation was this man! Had I come in contact with a new angle of the modern mind? Is there an unchurched, creedless section of our humanity, prosperous, but disappointed with its prosperity, seriously aware that the law of Christ, which is

the Spirit of Love, is not merely the only way out of our international desert, but the only way into the paradise of human satisfaction and achievement? Anyway, this modern mind has compelled me to read with new eyes some words from a little book which I have carried in my pocket for many years. "The atmosphere of moral sentiment"—so the words run—"is a region of grandeur which reduces all material magnificence to toys, yet opens to every wretch that has reason the doors of the universe." And to these words of Emerson I cannot resist adding the words of David Swing: "The human soul must have freedom. By a gateway of wonder man came upon this earth; by the same gateway he passes out. The supernaturalism in Jesus is the best wisdom of our life in this world and in the world to come. He is the place where the earth blends with heaven—the line where sea and sky meet. He is the only miracle we need, but our need of him is infinite."

There are still other specimens—so many, indeed, that there is not room to label them all in this imperfectly constructed verbal cabinet. There is the little girl whose mother was feeding the blackbirds, which followed the peanut bag around with all the cringing brazenness of professional beggars. While the lustrous black tramps followed the bag, the child followed the birds, vainly striving to pick one up. Always barely missing the elusive citizen on wings, the child grew angrier by the minute, finally stamping her foot with indignation. As the mother and the maid laughed, I joined in. Yet, could one, in justice, limit such childish outbursts of indignation to my unknown little friend? There is too much of this in grown-ups for one to be unduly severe on the child. I have seen the temper of politicians, scientists, philosophers, physicians, preachers, editors, and millionaires fired up by kindred trivialities. The astute blackbirds of desire failed to play into their hands, and mercy! what an explosion! If somebody had just roared with laughter at the proper moment, the peeved child of larger growth may have been shocked into a wholesome reaction to common sense, and laughed also. Is there not entirely too much bad temper in the world, and among people, too, of whom we have the right to require better manners? "Bad temper," observes a

thinker, "is the vice of the virtuous." Bad temper is not confined to the virtuous, by any means; but the virtuous have no right to succumb to such a vice. "Anger," said Plutarch, "turns the mind out of doors, and bolts the door." There is, of course, a righteous anger—not mere personal resentment nor undisciplined human explosiveness—that burns deep and strong. Its seat is in the bosom of God and in the soul of every genuine apostle of justice. Therefore, in all ultimate thinking, the wrath of the Lamb is to be dreaded more than the roar of the lion.

To sum it all up in a sentence, the Morning Tourist saw just as many editions of human nature as there were human beings. Each of us brings his own map of the universe with him. There is resemblance everywhere, but always difference, too. As Carlyle said, Newton and his dog Diamond looked out upon a different pair of universes. But it is not true of dogs and philosophers only; it is equally true of philosophers and hod carriers. The whole seems to have been symbolized by that versatile musician in the top of a lilac bush. My favorite soloist of the trees is the mocking bird. A Caruso on wings, he is so glad to sing that he gives you, free of charge, a ticket calling for a front seat in his embowered opera house. As is well known, he is a master imitator, singing the songs of other birds as well as his own. I thought I had never heard him sing so deliriously and with such versatility. For repertoire, he was a combined Mozart, Wagner, and Beethoven in feathers. He seemed, as he proceeded with his many-sided program, a kind of feathery vocal expression of the universe; for he displays marvelous variety in harmoniously concentrated unity.

So, is not the world itself one vast mocking bird, wherein each soul may hear its own song, and as much of the music of every other soul as he is capable of hearing? Stars differ in glory, said Paul; and so do humans; they exhibit as many trillions of differences as there have been human individuals in the sweep of the ages.

Yet the universe is one throughout its million-toned variations, because, within the dazzling splendor of his infinite variousness, God is one; and the heart of his oneness is Love.

But here we are entering a field which reminds the Morning

Tourist that he is limited indeed! It may be well, therefore, to close with the song of "The Never-Old":

They who can smile when others hate,
Nor bind the heart with frosts of fate,
Their feet will go with laughter bold
The green roads of the Never-Old.

They who can let the spirit shine
And keep the heart a lighted shrine,
Their feet will glide with fire-of-gold
The green roads of the Never-Old.

They who can put the self aside
And in Love's saddle leap and ride,
Their eyes will see the gates unfold
The green roads of the Never-Old.

THE PROMISES FULFILLED—AN APPRECIATION OF BISHOP HARRIS

J. Victor Martin and Esther L. Martin

Tokyo, Japan

Then Peter began to say unto him, Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee. And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life.—Mark 10. 28-30.

Bishop Merriman C. Harris laid down his mortality to put on immortality a year ago, on the eighth of May, 1921. He had come to Japan in the strength and glory of his young manhood and for forty-eight years he gave himself unreservedly to the people of Japan and Korea and Manchuria for Christ's sake and the gospel's.

He never asked his Lord the question that Peter asked. He did not think about sacrifices and rewards. He sought nothing for himself. He left all that he had in America, all that life promised him in America, and followed Christ to Japan. And in Japan he followed Christ to the dwellings and shops of the poor, to the offices and palaces of the rich.

We introduced him one day to an old Japanese tradesman, a man who had neither position nor money nor influence. According to Japanese etiquette, Bishop Harris should have acknowledged the introduction with a slight bow while the old man should have bent himself nearly to the ground, so great was their difference in station. A new missionary would have followed the rules. An older one might have bent his back a little more. But Bishop Harris prevented the old man's profound bows by grasping his hand and shaking it cordially. And the look on the tradesman's face was good to see and long to be remembered.

Bishop Harris knew the great men of Japan, the merchants, the artists, the scholars, the statesmen. To one who did not know

him but who knew how many of the distinguished men of Japan had given him their friendship, it might have seemed that he courted the favor of the great. But those of us who knew him knew that there was no man in Japan too humble for Bishop Harris not only to treat as a brother but to love as a brother.

He knew no classes, no nationalities. He believed that God had made of one blood all men who dwell on the face of the earth. Because one American loved the Japanese, not as himself but more than himself, the Japanese thought more kindly of all Americans. And how many Americans first saw the Japanese as they are through Bishop Harris' eyes! Small wonder that one said of him, "Bishop Harris is worth more to either Japan or America in keeping peace on the Pacific than any battleship that either nation owns."

And this man who loved so much, who gave so much, what were his rewards?

He left his house in America and lived here and there in mission houses until his first wife died. Then, although he was always welcome in the homes of the Methodist missionaries, he accepted frequently the hospitality of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, where no bill for room rent was ever sent to him, no matter how long he stayed. When he retired from active work the Japanese people said, "We cannot let him go back to America to live. We must keep him in Japan. But he needs a place in which to live. Come, now, let us build him a house."

They told him that he had only to name the place in Japan where he would most like to live, and they would do the rest. He chose our Methodist Episcopal compound in Tokyo, and there his Japanese friends built him a house and furnished it completely. He accepted the gift with the understanding that when he no longer needed it, it should become the property of Aoyama Gakuin, the Methodist college on the same compound.

He had left his house in America years before, and now this new house was his. He had left his family too, but the Japanese people adopted him. In his earlier years in Japan, there were many who were to him as father and mother. For brethren and sisters who loved him with a love surpassing the ties of the flesh,

he never lacked. Providence gave him but one child and it died in infancy, but there are scores of Japanese and Koreans to whom Bishop Harris was as a father. He sent many young to school and helped pay their expenses. He never turned away a young man who came to him in need, if he really wanted a Christian education. Out of his nothing he gave abundantly. No one knows how he did it. Through his generosity and sympathy he made many young men his sons, and they loved him with filial devotion.

He left America, the land for which he had fought in his young manhood, and which he loved passionately to the day of his death. But for America God gave him three countries, Japan and Korea and Manchuria. So much were these countries his that their railway facilities were at his disposal. Wherever the great network of the Imperial Railways of Japan reached, there Bishop Harris was free to go without the purchase of a ticket. And in the homes of the poor and the homes of the rich, and in the great hotels of the land, he was welcome. In a Japanese household there is always room for one more relative, and this man was son and brother and father to the people everywhere.

All the good things that the Master promised he received. Houses, brethren, sisters, mothers, fathers, children, and lands were his. If the persecutions that are promised were also his, he was the last man to mention them, nor would he want them mentioned now.

Finally, in addition to all these things, honors of a high sort were given to him. Twice he was decorated by the Emperor. It was our privilege to be present when the imperial messenger pinned on his breast the second decoration. It was at a great banquet in the bishop's honor, and Japanese were there from every rank and station. Humbly yet proudly he received this token of the imperial favor, and expressed his gratitude for it. Then in a fine burst of enthusiasm, he spoke beautifully and simply of his Christ in whose steps he had tried to walk, and whom it was his joy to serve.

When he died, the Japanese people said, "He was ours, let us bury him." They made all the arrangements for the funeral

and paid all the expenses. The Emperor sent a contribution of five hundred yen ($250), but the people said, "Let Mrs. Harris have the imperial gift; we want to bury him."

It was a gray day and a light rain was falling when they carried him to the chapel and thence to the cemetery. Only the gallery of the chapel could be given to students. Those for whom there was no room inside stood all through the funeral services in a long double line reaching from his home to the chapel. And for them it was no hardship, for they loved him.

Bishop Harris has been gone from us a year now, but his memory is with us still, sweet and gracious and abiding, and so it will ever be.

WILLIAM FLETCHER KING

ROLLO FRANKLIN HURLBURT

Waterloo, Ia.

WHEN Charles II of England visited the Westminster school under the headship of the famous Richard Busby, the great master did not take off his hat in the presence of his monarch, lest to remove it before his scholars might lower their opinion of the rank and dignity of the teacher's high calling. Whereupon the king frankly confessed that the teacher there outranked the king. In the realm of brain power and heart power, the real king of the seventeenth century in English history was not Charles the Second, but Richard Busby. For the greatest masters in English literature and the most illustrious men in church and state of that period were trained in Westminster School under the remarkable tutelage of Richard Busby.

The classroom of the teacher continues to be the commanding source of greatest power and of widest influence. It has well been said that institutions are but the lengthened shadows of the men who originate them. The visible and tangible results that have come from the consecrated life of William Fletcher King show how large a place he made for himself in the educational history of the State of Iowa. He came to Iowa in 1862 and began his educational work in that year in this State as the professor of ancient languages in Cornell College.

In 1863 he was made the acting president of the institution. And in the following year, 1864, he was elected to the presidency of Cornell College, continuing in this office for a period of forty-four years until his resignation in 1908. It was said of the beneficent reign of the Emperor Augustus, that he found Rome built of brick but that he left it built of marble. Such figure of speech is suggestive of the transformation wrought in Cornell College during Dr. King's administration.

A half century ago Iowa's natural resources were largely undeveloped and yielded but little of the later remarkable richness

of her varied products. Much of the best farming land of the State was still the undisturbed, virgin prairie soil. Its pioneer people had great warmth of heart but little wealth of purse. The schools of those days shared in the general poverty of the times. Sacrifices in Christian giving were no doubt greater then than they are now.

But even gifts that were fully commensurate with the ability of the donors could accomplish but little in the way of establishing and maintaining schools and colleges. All this in the local environment of the times shows some of the peculiar difficulties that faced this pioneer college president in Iowa. When we compare what Cornell College was in 1863 with what it was at the close of Dr. King's administration in 1908, we may learn something of the remarkable growth of the institution under his guiding hand.

The college catalogue of 1863 shows a total enrollment of only 266, forty names appearing in the list of college students, while 53 were in the primary department, leaving 173 preparatory students. The faculty consisted of the president, two professors, two lady teachers, one music teacher, and two teachers in the primary department, which was maintained for the benefit of the small children living in Mount Vernon. In 1908 Cornell's student enrollment was as follows: Graduate students, 6; college, 402; academy and special, 347. Total, 755. The faculty in 1908 numbered 39, of whom 22 were regular professors. In 1863 there were two buildings. In 1908 there were seven.

In the former year the campus was fifteen acres in extent. In the latter year it was sixty acres in extent. In 1863 the assets of the college outside of buildings and grounds were less than $50,000. In 1908 they were over $500,000. In 1863 there was a total in the alumni of 21. In 1908 the quinquennial catalogue listed 1,244 graduates in the regular courses. Of all these graduates over 1,200 had their diplomas signed by President King. His name was also signed to many diplomas issued by the schools of music, art, and oratory. In 1863 there was but one in the graduating class. In 1908 there were 59. But the mere comparison of statistics by no means reveals all the facts. Buildings were

erected and extensive additions were made to apparatus, museum, and library. Methods of instruction were greatly improved and facilities to students were multiplied, while the expenses were kept at the same time within reasonable limits.

In raising the money for the erection of buildings, in deciding upon plans, in letting contracts, and in seeing that they were carried out, he showed great business and executive ability. He was unceasingly industrious, and those who knew his unresting activity can fully appreciate that dictum of another great college president, Dr. Francis Wayland of Brown, that "nothing can stand against days' works."

He was a master of details, a good judge of human nature, rarely making a mistake in deciding upon one's ability or aptitude for the performance of any duty or line of work. He manifested through all the years of his administration a great talent for securing harmony and cooperation, and through the exercise of a sound judgment and wise discretion he avoided difficulties which many other men would not have foreseen. He evinced the utmost devotion to the college, giving undivided attention to its interests.

He showed carefulness and great wisdom in the selection of teachers; prudence and caution in financial management; the faculty of commanding the support of successful and sagacious business men, who have done much for the college; a cultivated taste, which is indicated by the appearance of the buildings and grounds; a continual insistence upon high intellectual and moral standards, and determination to make the school such that all coming within its influence would be earnest and enthusiastic in its support. He proved himself to be a master of style in literary composition. His baccalaureate sermons and public addresses were models of concise expression and luminous statement.

His early life was on a farm, where he had a rigid training in habits of work and self-denial. Graduating from the Ohio Wesleyan University under the presidency of Dr. Edward Thomson, afterward a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he often spoke of the great inspiration which that man's noble life and splendid example had been to him. He thus began his life's work with a strong body as well as with a well-trained mind.

Although Dr. King was thoroughly devoted to the continuous advancement of the institution which he served, he nevertheless found time for many other and varied interests and engagements. Throughout his long career as an Iowa educator, he was a recognized leader in the councils of the State Teachers' Association, and served as its president in 1885. He was for many years a member of the Educational Council of the National Educational Association. He was appointed by President Benjamin Harrison as one of the Iowa State Commissioners at the World's Columbian Exposition held in Chicago in 1893.

He served as a delegate from the Upper Iowa Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the General Conferences of 1876, 1888, 1896, 1904, and 1908. In the General Conference of 1896, which met in Cleveland, Ohio, he was chosen as the chairman of the Committee on Education, one of the most important committees in the greatest deliberative and legislative body of Methodism. Dr. King gave not only the service of his life to the college, with which he was so long associated, but he gave his means as well. The story of his wise investments in real estate in different parts of the country and the rich returns that came from these fortunate investments reads like a romance of Providence. His only thought in all these successful ventures was to make money to help the college that he loved.

He gave fifty thousand dollars to endow the Lucy King Professorship in memory of an only child of unusual beauty and promise, whose early translation filled many hearts with sorrow. At the semi-centennial celebration of the college in June, 1904, he gave, in memory of his sainted wife, one hundred thousand dollars to endow one hundred free scholarships in the college, one for every county in Iowa, and two for Kossuth County, the largest county in the State. In the later years of his life he turned over all his remaining property to the college, receiving from that time to the day of his death only an annuity sufficient for his comfortable support. The college grew and prospered under his wise and businesslike administration because it was nurtured by his prayers and was given the love and devotion of his heart.

This sketch would not be complete without reference to his

religious life. As a student under him in college and afterward as his pastor, I came to know him well. A number of years ago when I was his pastor, he came home once from one of his long hard trips for the college, not only completely exhausted, but ill. When I called upon him, he was in an unusually tender mood, and reminiscent. He said that he believed profoundly in that teaching of Horace Bushnell that every man's life is a plan of God; that Abraham was girded for a particular work and mission, in what was termed his call; that Joseph in Egypt distinguished the girding of God's hand; that Moses and Samuel were even called by name; that the humblest and commonest have a place and a work assigned them in the same manner; that God has a definite life plan for every human person, girding him, visibly or invisibly, for some exact thing, which it will be the true significance and glory of his life to have accomplished.

He spoke of his love for the college, and his strong desire to see his cherished plans for it fulfilled, before he should be called away. He continued: "I have been very near death several times in my life, and I have been so remarkably preserved in every instance, that I have made up my mind that I am not to be taken away until God's plan has been fulfilled in my life. When I was a very young child, my father was chopping down a large hickory tree near the cabin where we lived. As the tree began to fall he saw me step out from behind another tree right into the path of the falling tree. He tried to rush in to get me out, but found that he could not except at the risk of his own life. After the tree had fallen he began to search for me, fully expecting to find me dead. He found me in the large fork of the tree pressed down to the ground under a lot of small branches and twigs, badly scratched, benumbed and unconscious, but not vitally injured.

"A few months afterward my father and mother and I with them were crossing the Potomac River, somewhere between Washington and Cumberland, in a carriage, in the twilight of the evening. Father thought he knew the ford. But since he had been there changes had occurred. The carriage got fast. The horse floundered there in the middle of the river for a long time. The water overflowed the carriage, mother holding on to me, with

the expectation that we would all be drowned. After a long struggle the horse got his footing and pulled the carriage out. When father got to the other side he found at the hotel that he had gotten into some cribs of the new bridge, that had just been started, and the wonder to everybody was that the horse ever got us through alive.

"One vacation when I was home from college, I was helping my father stack some hay. We saw a small cloud hanging over one of the hills of our farm. As I was handing him a forkful of hay I saw a flash of lightning come down from the cloud and divide into two forks, one fork going to a sugar tree on a hill one third of a mile away, and the other coming to us. I saw it playing on the tines of the pitchfork I was holding very perceptibly, which was the last thing of which I was conscious. It knocked us all down, father on the stack of hay, I on the wagon and the horses on the ground. When we regained consciousness and looked over to the sugar tree on the hill, we saw that the tree was on fire.

"During another summer vacation I started out one evening to ride a colt that was supposed to be gentle. Before I had ridden far he became suddenly unmanageable. He threw me over his head, and then with one foot hanging in the stirrups he left the road and dragged me in an unconscious condition through the edge of a forest over logs and rocks and through the brush. After running for a quarter of a mile through the edge of the wood, he returned to the road, where some way my foot was released from the stirrup. I was very severely injured, and confined to the house for six weeks. My parents and the neighbors all marvelled at my escape from death.

"When coming home from California at one time and on a night train a band of highwaymen took out two rails of the road within a few rods of Point Horn, one of the most dangerous precipices on the line. The train was derailed, but did not leave the ties. Thus awakened we found that the robbers were trying to get control of the engineer and fireman and rob the train. For some unaccountable reason they became frightened and ran off into the woods without accomplishing their purpose, and leaving

behind them thirty-nine packages of giant powder and dynamite and other equipments.

"I was once shipwrecked in the Mediterranean, the vessel being guided by a pilot and captain who were unfamiliar with the coast. When within sight of Athens, and at about eight o'clock in the evening, we ran aground near the shore with such force that the vessel was almost wrenched in pieces. We were all taken on board another vessel and brought into the port of Piræus. While standing on the Acropolis in Athens a week afterward I saw the wreck of the vessel from which we had been rescued.

"Do you wonder," he said, in a subdued tone, "that I should feel that God has thus repeatedly delivered me from death, because he must have some plans in my life, that have not yet been worked out for the good of the world?"

After his retirement from the presidency of Cornell College in 1908 he still kept up the keenest interest in the affairs of the college, meeting with the trustees whenever they assembled at their annual gatherings or at their special meetings, taking an active part in all the discussions, and giving wise words of counsel that were regarded as of great weight. At the meeting of the board of trustees in June, 1921, he spoke to questions with all his accustomed intellectual vigor and mental acumen.

Upon the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, December 20, 1920, in his winter home in Southern California, he received over two hundred telegrams and letters of loving congratulations from all parts of this country and from abroad.

His last public address was given at the Cornell College Alumni Banquet, commencement week of 1921. The address, which was given entirely extempore without the mental crutch of a note of any kind before him, in logical arrangement and in cogent statement was a remarkable deliverance for a man in his ninety-first year. He spoke in a clear voice, that made every word audible in the large and crowded room. The address, which was taken at the time in shorthand, is as follows:

"Mr. Toastmaster and dear friends: I am glad to join with you once more in these annual festivities of dear old Cornell. It has been my privilege to meet here year by year, for fifty-eight

years, this constantly increasing number of friends, and so I have abundant reason for adopting the sentiment of the late Hon. John Hay, when he said that 'friends are the sunshine of life.'

"I heartily congratulate every new graduating class that is initiated into this noble brotherhood, which extends all over this broad land and into many foreign countries, and so I am glad to remind the members of this class that this is no ordinary brotherhood, for it is made up of men and women of high educational and moral character, hence they are abundantly worthy of your companionship.

"I was called to the college in 1862, five years after its founding in 1857. I knew well its noble founder, Rev. George B. Bowman, D.D., who wisely labored for the upbuilding of the institution for many years. I also have known well and favorably all the five presidents of the institution, including the two that are deceased, and I think it would be very appropriate to arrange for the hanging of the portraits of the founder and five presidents in the chapel auditorium. I am glad to be informed that steps have been taken to prepare suitable oil portraits of the two deceased men from existing daguerrotypes and photographs and I earnestly hope that portraits will be secured at an early day from the three living presidents, while they are yet available. I might say in this connection that one of my own portraits, which was procured a few years ago, has been hung in the chapel with that of Dr. Bowman. I seriously object to this discrimination, unless the portraits of the other presidents are also placed in the auditorium. Though the auditorium is not designed for the hanging of portraits, yet there is eligible space enough for the founder and the five past presidents, and all that are likely to be elected so long as the auditorium remains in its present form.

"One of the marked and useful characteristics of the college has been the long term of service of the members of the board of trustees and faculty. For example, the average term of service of the five presidents has been nearly thirteen years, and though this may not seem long, yet it is so when compared with other institutions—for example, it has recently been published that the presi-

dents of the fifty or sixty excellent colleges on the Carnegie foundation have had an average term of service of only three and one half years, or about one fourth that of Cornell presidents. As further illustrative of this I will relate an incident that occurred several years ago. One of the early graduates of the college turned up in Mount Vernon requesting a new diploma, his original diploma having been lost or destroyed, and when he got together the two proper officers to sign his diploma, he was greatly surprised to note that they were the same two men who had signed his diploma forty years before, being the president of the college and the secretary of the board of trustees.

"I knew thoroughly and well every member of the first faculty of the college, except Professor Gage, who died before I came here, and I have known every professor and instructor in the institution from that day to the present, excepting possibly one or two members of the present faculty to whom I may not have been introduced. We are in debt to these various officers and teachers for the splendid history of the college in the past; this has been brought about largely by the industry, efficiency, harmony, and self-sacrifice of its noble faculty.

"Having now sufficiently demonstrated my antiquity, I will gladly turn toward the future. We must not unduly dwell upon or magnify the past, however attractive that may be, for we all here agree that the future of the college must be made more glorious than the past. To this end I will suggest two or three important essentials.

"The first of these is that the physical health of the student shall be carefully guarded, both at his entrance into college and during his entire course, without unduly magnifying athletics, however important that may be.

"Second, is the importance of preserving the cultural courses of the college, as these broad foundations are known to be the best means for developing strong men and women. They are also the best foundation for the various lines of specialization, and as further justification it may be noted, that training in these special lines of work is appropriately assigned to the universities, rather than to the colleges. It is a mistake when it can be avoided to

begin specialization before we have the proper general foundation.

"The third and last essential that I shall name is the imperative need of maintaining and developing in the college and student body a high moral and Christian character. Let us hope that these essentials and other important factors shall be so guarded that the future of the college shall far eclipse its past."

Dr. King, several years before his death, placed in the library building of Cornell College several beautiful gifts of statuary in bronze and marble. These silent monitors will continue to speak of him who placed them there, and will teach their lessons in art through coming years. But far outlasting bronze and marble will be the lesson of his own consecrated and self-sacrificing life. As Daniel Webster once said:

"If we work upon marble, it will perish. If we work upon brass, time will efface it. If we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles—with the just fear of God and our fellow men—we will engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

METHODISM AND FUNDAMENTALISM

The word "Fundamentalism" is just now filling the religious atmosphere of America with a furious clamor of debate which forces some faithful souls to fight for the faith which was once for all delivered to the saints. And they need to fight, for the movement is not a religious advance but largely a dogmatic retreat, not to primitive Christianity, but to the Protestant scholasticism of the seventeenth century, that age of strict confessionalism when the Reformed Churches lost their sense of spiritual authority and drifted back to a Romanist philosophy of religion. The evangelical revival of the eighteenth century, whose chief dynamic movement was Methodism, was a revival of the genuine fundamentalism of the Reformers—nay, more, of New Testament religion.

The pseudo-Fundamentalists of our day are again placing emphasis on doctrines which have no vital relation to life—such as the verbal inspiration of the Bible, its inerrancy not only in historical detail but in scientific statement, literalism in its interpretation even when its language is absolutely symbolical, the Jewish conception of the Messiahship as culminating in a visible kingdom, dogmatic definitions of the Deity of our Lord, the Atonement, and the Trinity, which would close the eyes of the church to growing visions of Christ, his Cross and the divine nature—in other words, substituting everywhere a static and dead for a dynamic and living theology.

That age between the Reformation and the evangelical revival was a weary waste, in which Protestant worship became a dreary desert of humdrum homiletics and formal devotion. Its effects can be seen in the Europe of to-day, in which nations blighted and blasted by the Great War reveal the calamity caused by a

church whose objective is neither the creation of character nor the service of the community.

Methodism largely changed all that. To-day it is the lands where the evangelical spirit is most alive which are recovering most rapidly from the wreckage of war, and no Christian movement arouses such hope for the future of the world as the missionary passion of the Centenary campaign. Genuine fundamentalism is in those truths which are vital and spiritual, rather than in those that are doctrinal and institutional.

It is a problem for every age of the church. Saint Paul had to meet it. He is compelled to warn a young preacher to ignore foolish and ignorant questionings, knowing that they engender strife. He exhorts Christian teachers to "strive not about words to the subverting of them that hear." He is not a negative critic as to the historic facts of faith. Denying them is a gangrene to eat up faith. But he founds even such facts as the resurrection, not on rationalistic evidence, but on spiritual certainty. "Nevertheless, the firm foundation of God standeth; this is its seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his, and Let every one that nameth the name of the Lord depart from unrighteousness."

Nevertheless! there is a note of triumph in that, and also of restful confidence. There have been storms, but they sing themselves to sleep when the keynote of the divine assurance is sounded. And there are times when this assurance is needed. When apostasies have robbed God's heaven of its stars, when men we counted holy have made shipwreck of character as well as faith, when the idols we worship have been crushed and the creeds we accepted disproved, when doubts darken day and trials trouble the rest of night, then we do well to sink down to those things which cannot be shaken. The engineering of God will stand all the tests of time; it belongs to the order of eternity. The house he builds shall stand the shock of every blast that blows out of the sinful heart and doubting brain of man or from the open gates of hell.

From this standpoint of Christian certainty, we dare apply the severest tests to forms, traditions, customs, ceremonies, confessions, and institutions. If a deluge should drown all the world of theoretical religion, leaving only the island of assured experi-

mental fact, then let us pitch there our tents and proceed to build new fleets to explore and rediscover new kingdoms of truth.

The age in which we live has been marked with two seemingly opposite tendencies. There is on the one hand great intellectual unrest; it is the age of criticism and inquiry. What wonder that panic sometimes seizes timid souls and that those not well grounded in faith and morals frequently make shipwreck of both? On the other hand it has been a time of unparalleled religious activity. Never was the Christian church so thoroughly organized for aggressive work or so earnestly engaged in it. Never were more crowns being laid at the feet of our King. Does not this suggest that modern criticism has simply destroyed our human theories, and not the truth of God, and therefore is really laying bare the unshaken and secure foundations of our faith? Though dogma wanes, truth waxes in power. Though forms are decadent, life is crescent everywhere.

What is the firm foundation of God? To answer that question in detail would be too dogmatic. What the church needs is not a doctrinal test for its membership, but a vital and spiritual test of doctrine and of life. And such a test is given both by our Lord and the apostle Paul.

When Jesus accepted the confession by Peter of his Messiahship and his divine Sonship by saying, "On this Rock I will build my church," he verified that Rock with a spiritual touchstone. "Flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father." And Paul echoes this *experimentum crucis* of confessional verification in the words, "No man can say that Jesus is Lord but by the Holy Spirit." It was by this spiritual instruction and guidance that the apostle to the Gentiles became a Christian: "It pleased God to reveal his Son *in* me." His feet reached the Rock by the same Petrine path.

Now it is easy to make mistakes as to fundamentals. The Christian Church from the beginning has been continually substituting the accidental for the essential, human forms for Divine power, the external for the spiritual, and intellectual credence of propositions for saving faith in a Living Person.

Christianity is a life. It is not an institution, although its

dynamic power will be continually building organizations. It does not rest upon some objective authority. Faith came before dogma and created the dogma. Doctrine is simply the method of stating in terms of the intellect what is already an experience of the heart. A striking concrete illustration is the story of the blind man in the ninth chapter of John. He does not start with a scientific statement as to the person of Christ. He even dares say of Jesus, "Whether he be a sinner, I know not." His primary affirmation is experimental: "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." But it is not long until this experience grows into a conviction as to the nature of his Healer: "If this man were not from God, he could do nothing." And later, on meeting the Master, he cries, "Lord, I believe." And he worshiped him. His "one thing" soon grew into a respectable creed. It is the spiritual seal of experience that certifies the fundamental truths of God.

It is not the Church, the Book, or the Reason that is the source of religious authority. Neither dogmatic Romanism, ultra Protestantism, nor pseudo-rationalistic Modernism can play pope to the man of spiritual vision. "Life is greater than logic." This is true in other than religious matters. Æsthetics, ethics, politics—all rest on primitive elements of our nature that precede reflection and condition it. And it is even true of that pet child of the intellect, physical science. We would be living in a dead and frozen world if the sun were not allowed to shine until we correctly conceived the theories of light and heat. Indeed, we have a new science with every generation but the same old earth and sea and stars.

What is thus true of all knowledge is preeminently so in the moral and spiritual realm. What chemical analysis or logical process can discover or demonstrate love, patriotism, justice, purity, or righteousness? You say we cannot see God—but you have never really seen your mother! For lips, hands, cheeks, eyes, etc., are not your mother as you really know her. You are conscious of her patience, self-sacrifice, and all-surrendering tenderness in ways that you will never resolve into logical propositions. We do not allow the man who cannot understand or appreciate

the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven to deny the reality of music, even if he be an expert in acoustics.

Let us return to that "firm foundation," of which Paul writes to Timothy, and note again the royal cartouche of the Divine Architect, the seal of verification which he has placed upon it. The seal is inscribed on two sides of the Rock. It reveals the nature of the foundation and thus accounts for its security. The tests are two—a spiritual fact and an ethical result. The spiritual fact of the Divine Communion is expressed in the phrase, "The Lord knoweth them that are his"; the moral consequence is, "Let every one that nameth the name of the Lord depart from unrighteousness." One side, Christian character, looks toward God as its source; the other side, Christian conduct, looks toward man for its expression. The fundamental tests of Christian truth are the Divine Election and the Divine Sanctification. And this is the glory of Methodism, that her emphasis has not been put on opinions, but upon spiritual and ethical tests. Paul's dual seal of security is expressed in our two great historic slogans: The Witness of the Spirit, and Holiness to the Lord. John Wesley was soundly orthodox in the conventional sense of that term. He personally subscribed to the Catholic creeds in their historic interpretation. But his orthodoxy was never allowed to dim his vision of religious reality. Therefore as a true prophet of spiritual religion, he sanely placed the emphasis on these two basal facts—the reality of the Divine life in the soul and the evangelical perfection which flows from that spring of spiritual experience.

What is religion fundamentally but this communion of God and man? The pious man may be utterly without accurate understanding of the scientific interpretation of nature; but he has a clearer vision of the world order than any physicist, chemist, or biologist—he sees in it a Creator Person coming into relation with a creature person. The relation of man and God is unique. Man apart from God is a failure. The lower animals never seem to wholly fail of their ideal (if we may call it that). The eagle may achieve consummate eaglehood and the lion a very complete lionhood, but man constantly misses full manhood. Only through some touch of God is human life achieved. Man lives on the edge

of the world and only realizes the full meaning of life by the invasion from the Unseen. Yes, "The Lord knoweth them that are his"—not the knowledge of arbitrary decrees, mysterious and inscrutable—but the knowledge that means love and personal fellowship. Man may become God's own in such sense that he vibrates to every touch of God. We Methodists call it the Witness of the Spirit, but the reality is beneath and behind the testimony. Our spiritual knowledge has its ground in the Divine consciousness. Because He knows, we come to know.

This spiritual test is an assurance of the security of the foundation. It stands because of the abiding superiority of spiritual reality over material things. So Jesus built his church, as he told Peter, upon a Rock attested by spiritual insight and affirmed that the open gates of Hades could not swallow it up. It is only the visible that fades and fails. Even so skeptical a soul as John Tyndall was compelled to admit that "Religion as an experience of the heart is impregnable to the assaults of logic."

> We, who believe life's bases rest
> Beyond the reach of chemic test,
> Still, like our fathers, find Thee near.

It is quite as true of other human interests as religion that the inward soul of things survives the outward form. Take art, for an example. One might demolish all temples, statues and pictures, and yet art would not be destroyed; for the spirit of beauty in the human mind would arise and refill the world with loveliness. So you cannot conquer religion by criticism, by disproving doctrinal statements; by abolishing institutions or even by burning its books; its foundations are in the holy mountains of spiritual verity and can never be dissolved by the mists of doubt. Mow your grass every day and you do not get rid of your lawn; you only make the roots tougher and the sod closer. A hen at the base of Bunker Hill might scratch the earth so hard as to fill the air with dust, blind her sight of the stately shaft and convince her that she had torn it down. Just let her stop scratching for a moment, the dust will settle and the monument be revealed in unshaken strength. The frantic fury of materialism and skeptical philosophy may

darken the air for a time, but behind the earthly shadow, Mount Zion stands.

Holiness, the second motto on the firm foundation, is as sure a test of stability as is spirituality. Would you be firmly founded in your faith, hold fast to righteousness. Any creed that does not create character and express itself in conduct will crumble. A non-moral faith and a faithless morality are both failures. All persistent obedience to conscience will at last find God and his truth. For the universe is on the side of righteousness. The stars in their courses, the earth in its seasons, time with its changes, history in its processes—all are pledged to defend the right and overthrow the wrong. These lines are written here in the very heart of perhaps the most magnificent city of the world. Manhattan, the Vertical City, rests on a rocky foundation and climbs nearer the stars than any other town of all time. But grand and strong as it is it will not last forever. Its pyramidal skyscrapers, its palaces, its mighty bridges, its noble streets and monuments will all melt in the breath of the ages. Some day, very likely, the Atlantic will roll over the spot where the Woolworth building lifts its gilded tower and the cry of the sea-bird take the place of the roar of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Nothing of these mansions and tenements will endure, nor will anything survive of the five millions that people them, except spiritual character and holy conduct. The pride, the passion, and the power will perish, but the purity must persist. "The world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." There is a city that is everlasting, a kingdom that has no end. *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.*

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
We will not fear amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.

"What though evil seem to prosper, 'tis the good alone is strong."

This outward and visible test, the fruit of the Holy Spirit which is Christian conduct, is even more important apologetically than the inward and unseen test of the Witness of the Spirit, which is Christian character. For the sinful world sees Christ

chiefly in the beauty of holiness in the Christian life. These living epistles are "read and known of all men." The Christ who is lifted up in sacrificial lives of loving service will draw all men unto him far more mightily than the most reasonable theological statement of the doctrine of the atonement. Holy living is much more fundamental to Christianity than a belligerent orthodoxy.

The true test of fundamentalism is therefore spirituality as security against material decay and morality as sure victory over the rot of wrong. By these pragmatic tests all religious teaching must be evaluated. Doctrine must be measured by its worth for life and conduct. The same is true of religious institutions. No officialism that does not render holy service can claim historic sanctity. The true apostolic succession is revealed by its spiritual success. We need not go back to worn-out ceremonies, exploded philosophies, and disused divinities—but must go down to the abiding, eternal Rock. In such times of storms and fear as these, our priestly caste makes golden calves and cries, "Here be thy gods, O Israel!" but the prophetic soul still dares to walk unalarmed among the thunders, penetrate the darkness of the cloud, and there find God.

We need a real revival of religion. We must have it, we will have it. But it will not come by any false Fundamentalism of creedal statements wrought out by formal logic, but by the true Fundamentalism of the Fifty-first Psalm—by the road of a restored spirituality and a restored righteousness. This is Methodist Fundamentalism. Better still, it is the real "Faith of our Fathers." Best of all, it is the Religion of Spirit and Life found in the Person and teachings of Jesus Christ.

THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER

We are giving only two expositions from the prophecies of Ezekiel. But it is very rich in sermonic material. Every preacher must eventually find in it vital messages, such as the "Chambers of Imagery" in the Eighth Chapter, the exilic emphasis on "Individualism in Religion," in Chapter 18, and the vision of the "Valley of Dry Bones" in Chapter 37. Davidson's *Ezekiel*, in the Cambridge Bible for Schools, and Skinner's volume in the Expositor's Bible are both scholarly and suggestive. The

real interpreter, however, is the Holy Spirit, who brings to the Christian mind clear insight into the religious values of the Old Testament.

The Watchman and the Warning

Ezekiel, next to Jeremiah, is the most striking example of the prophetic temperament. The very sensitiveness of soul which made him quickly responsive to the divine touch also made him liable to swift alternations of ecstasy and depression. The designation, "Son of Man," by which Jehovah addresses him, emphasizes the humanness of the true messenger of God. God makes the emotions and faculties of mortal man the keyboard on which he plays the symphony of his will and word. The heavenly treasure is carried in earthen vessels. So the divine compulsion, "Woe is me if I preach not," carries with it both the crown of high privilege and the crushing burden of awful responsibility (Ezek. 3. 12-21).

It is joy to be a watchman when the sentinel stars are paling in the greater glory of the radiant dawn, and to shout the glad tidings of approaching day to the weary waiters in the gloom below. But just then comes the realization that this message of light is hateful to the batlike souls that do not welcome but dread the dawn. The barrier between the preacher and his hearers is not principally an intellectual barrier. He is not "sent to a people of a strange speech and a hard language"; it is the moral hindrance of defect of will; "all the house of Israel are stiff of forehead and hard of heart." And so from the high place where shines the glory of the vision and speaks the music of the Voice, the prophet descends into depths of prostration where he tastes the bitterness of seeing failure and is driven by "hot anger of spirit."

The watchman needs to learn the lesson that God's standard of success in his work is not the measure of heed given to his warning, but his fidelity in delivering it. God everywhere exhorts his servants, "Be faithful," and nowhere does he say, "Be successful." "Thou shalt speak my words unto them whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear." To do our duty conscientiously is an end in itself; the final issue of our fidelity lives in that unseen realm where God guides every righteous resolve and all loving loyalty to its sure reward.

Perhaps the hardest thing about the work of the watchman is that his message must be so largely one of warning; the scroll placed in his hand has "written therein lamentations and mourning and woe." There may be preachers who delight in denunciation and exult in the proclamation of penalty. Not so with the true prophet; the thunders of judgment are half drowned by the rain of his tears. Yet there is nothing for it sometimes but to meet severity with severity, to set a countenance of adamant against the flinty face of rebellion. Then, saddest of all, there will come to every true minister, as to Ezekiel, the days of numbness, the seven days of stupefaction, in which the hardest thing to bear is the knowledge that this passing paralysis of prophetic power is a part of the punishment God is visiting upon the indifference of the people (Ezek. 3. 25, 26).

"Who is sufficient for these things?" There is one complete compensation for the deep discouragement caused by the hard conditions of the watchman's task. It is for the messenger himself to absorb the message and incorporate it in his own life. "Eat this roll," says Jehovah to the prophet. "Then I did eat it and it was in my mouth as honey for sweetness." A like experience came to Jeremiah: "Thy words were found and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." This was the refreshment that came to the hungry heart of our Lord, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me and to finish his work." They who will thoroughly assimilate the holy will shall find sweetest mercy hidden in the very heart of judgment. And higher still is the joy that shall come from personal appropriation of the message.

May they that Jesus, whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls
That they may watch for thee.

Although the watchman is not responsible for the effect of his warning if faithfully proclaimed, he is responsible for every calamity resulting of his failure to proclaim "the whole counsel of God." This is the first distinct statement in Holy Scripture of the familiar yet neglected doctrine of accountability for the lives of others. "His blood will I require at thine hand." There is something vicarious in all loving service. The true prophet of old was partner of the passion and pain of the eternal Heart; the true Christian to-day is comrade of the cross and of the Christ. Thus only can we "deliver our own souls."

The Stream of Salvation

One compensation God gives to lonely souls—the divine gift of dreaming. Fugitive Jacob, under the blue skies of Bethel, imprisoned Joseph in Egypt, exiled Daniel and Ezekiel by the Mesopotamian rivers, and John Bunyan in Bedford jail are visited with visions of comfort and revealing. What if Jerusalem is trodden down, its palaces burned, its holy altars destroyed and desecrated, the captive prophet, Ezekiel, sees a restored Judea, symmetrically parted among the restored tribes, a new and glorified Jerusalem, and a rebuilt Temple with a reformed ritual. And Babylonia contributed to the grandeur of the ideal commonwealth, for the new city shall be four-square, like the magnificent Chaldean capital, and like that shall have gates on every side and a majestic river flowing through it. The Jew in his banishment learned the value of that Godlike gift of God, a river. Although by the waters of Babylon he wept at the memory of Zion, he could not fail to remember that Judea was a stern mother, with barren hills and a vast expanse of waterless desert waste. As his sad soul is soothed by the music of murmuring streams, how natural that the Holy City builded in his inspired imagination should share this Babylonian blessing of a life-giving, fertilizing stream. (Ezek. 47. 1-12.)

The redeeming river is to issue from the very sanctuary of Jehovah. Where formerly the sacred pools had only been fed by the costly aqueducts

bringing the precious fluid from distant springs, now the very shrine itself becomes the source of a swelling torrent of beneficent vitality, and where the waters of Siloa once went softly and intermittently, now a singing deluge sweeps eastward to inundate the wastes of the wilderness and sweeten the salt valleys of desolation and death. In the barren valley, where formerly the prophet's vision had seen the dry bones lie bleaching in the sun, the fertilizing flood brings the beauty of blooming meadows and fruitful fields. Even the Sodom Sea shall stir with vivid life.

All this is a divine parable of that stream of salvation which always has its source in the sanctuary of God. Even in exile, the pious Jew well knew that all that was richest and best in his life had its origin in the holy place of the Most High, and he sang, as he looked toward the city of God, "All my springs are in thee." For the temple that Ezekiel beheld in his ecstasy is no building of stones and mortar that human hands shall ever erect, but a spiritual structure whose towers of beauty are forever rising beside our huts of clay. And "out of the throne of God and the Lamb," eternally descending to earth, forever flows "the river of the water of life," the affluent gifts of that Holy Spirit which, in the words of the Nicene Creed, "proceedeth from the Father and the Son." The church that Jesus built on the rock of a spiritually inspired confession is the fountain from which flow all the streams of personal and social salvation. It is still flooding the arid, scorched Saharas of souls, societies, and nations with its redeeming power. All loveliest art, finest culture, truest science, purest philanthropy, and holiest character spring up at the fertilizing touch of the flood that flows from the house of God. All that is highest and best in human life are "fruits of the Spirit," the variegated product of the mystical trees which grow on the banks of the river of life.

Society has no greater benefactors than the apostles of reclamation, those who are teaching us how to redeem the arid wastes, so that "in the wilderness waters break forth and streams in the desert." But the gospel of Christ is the mightiest irrigation project ever conceived or wrought out. A real revival of religion is a bigger blessing than any Roosevelt dam, however beneficent, can be. There is a Persian fable of a spring, every drop of whose water had the property of creating a new spring wherever it touched the earth. This is literally true of the river of salvation. Every saved soul becomes a living temple of the Holy Spirit, a sacred shrine, from which a fresh stream of spiritual power goes forth to bless and save the world. "He that believeth on me, from within him shall flow rivers of living water." Which are you? a dry ditch in a barren and untilled field? a stagnant pond, sending forth only corruption and pestilence? or a living spring of holy influence along whose banks of growing bloom, the plants of health and wealth and healing multiply? In that sweetest song of love and beauty, the inspired lover sings of the spotless bride, "Thou art a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters and flowing streams from Lebanon."

The vision of the stream of redemption is a prophecy of the renewal of all things. It is the Lord of the river, who sits on the throne from

which its waters break forth, who sings in the rippling music of its flow, "Behold, I am making all things new."

Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

THE ARENA

SAVING THE THEOLOGICAL FACE

Both schools protest. It is not a merger, not an organic union. The relation, whatever it is, can be dissolved by either party at two years' notice. But something unusual has happened at Cambridge which disavowal only makes more emphatic and conspicuous. All the books in Harvard Divinity (Unitarian) have been moved over to the building of Andover (Trinitarian). The Trinitarian theologues will lodge in the Unitarian dormitory. The new faculty will make a composite portrait the like of which has never been seen, at least in America. The united institutions will be called "The School of Theology in Harvard University." There will be no more "Andover" catalogues or "Andover" degrees, only always "Harvard." But Andover cannot die thus unhonored and unsung. What a faculty! Moses Stuart, Edward Park, Austin Phelps! They hitched the universe to their professorial chairs. They trained eight thousand ministers and some scores of divinity professors, who in turn trained other thousands of ministers. Their influence has gone out in concentric circles throughout America, and with their missionaries to the outer rim of the world. They had the advantage (doubtful though in the ultimate analysis it may be counted) of a clear-cut creed which they believed utterly themselves and which they would not let anyone else doubt. But it was a formulary a trifle stiff and narrow for these broad and plastic days, including as it did in its anathema "Jews, Papists, Mahometans, Antinomians, Unitarians, and Universalists." In the "Eighties" Professors Smyth, Tucker, and Harris, unworthy (as some counted them) successors to the former trinity, began to pick at the granite face of the "Andover Creed" with the electric drills of modern scholarship. The acrimonious controversy, it will be remembered, had at length to be taken to the civil courts where it was decided in favor of the advanced teaching. This has been counted the first step in the "retreat" which has ended in the arms of Harvard. So succeeded in theology what failed in science. Lawrence Scientific (Harvard) and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology could not be brought together though clever intermediaries attempted with various devices. Perhaps it was in that instance because Harvard had the smaller dower. But will the alliance hold? A well-informed party at my elbow says, "The chances are a thousand to one it will!" So comes a school of religion rather than one of theology, with professors pledged not to teach dogma but religion.

A school without a creed or ecclesiastical affiliation. Solitaire in its field! But does it not admit of question whether President Lowell's phrase in this connection was rather rhetorical than one according to fact? He said the streams of thought at Andover and Harvard were separated a hundred years ago not by an interminable barrier, as men thought then, but by an island which, now being passed, the currents would flow together in a broader, deeper channel forever. Was it an island that separated?

DAVIS WASGATT CLARK.

Boston, Mass.

GALLI-CURCI SINGS

A GREAT summer Christian conference—domed by trees—eight thousand people in the Tabernacle—Galli-Curci singing. What setting could be more perfect? A wonderful artist, master of technique, marvelously endowed with a supreme gift, modest yet fascinating in appearance! An equally wonderful audience, markedly responsive to life's high notes, the chosen few of many churches and communities! Artist and audience together produced an occasion the memory of which will richly color many glorious hours.

From the artist soul flew forth Italian airs interspersed with melodies of England and America. At times notes like unto those of birds warbling at sunrise danced through the auditorium. Then again the tragedy of the "Mad Scenes From Lucia" crashed across myriad heart strings.

Generous applause was given to every number. But this fact was conspicuously evident throughout the evening—the deepest response of the people was not to the Italian airs with their amazing art, but to the simple encores, songs like "Suwanee River" and "Long, Long Ago." During the singing of those the stillness was acute. A moment's awed silence followed their last note, and then from eight thousand hearts leaped the surgings of joy.

By those melodies Galli-Curci had reached the truest spirit of that audience. Her formal numbers were those of the artist displaying consummate ability. The rich notes, struck so surely and easily, the tonal colorings quickly touching a hundred delicate shades—all that was evident. But while to them was given applause for genius, to the simple old songs heard in every home in the land was given the spirit's real response.

The formal numbers appealed to the head and received the appreciation always due to highly perfected art. The encores appealed to the heart and received life's truest response—praise, gratitude, moistened eyes, quickened pulses, love-thrilled memories. In that the prima donna had touched folks where they really live, in the world of heart rather than of head.

Rich lesson there for servants of the Lord—heart appeal compels men toward God far more than does head appeal. A quickened head may or

may not urge toward him. But a quickened heart turns instinctively toward him.

Preacher-man, the heart, not the head, is thy goal. Sunday-school teacher, not the mere imparting of knowledge is thy task, but the stirring of spirit by the love of the Lord Jesus. Parent, not the mere providing of food and shelter is thy work, but the remaking of the child into the image of the heavenly Father. Make that thine aim and to thee will come the response of quickened hearts and exalted lives.

GEORGE H. MCCREA.

Sheldon, Ill.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

THREE voices are being heard in India to-day, which offer solutions of the perennial problems of life. One is that of Sadhu Sundar Singh, who preaches the gospel of reunion with Christ, well characterized by Canon B. H. Streeter as a "Christocentric mystic." The next is that of Mahatma Gandhi, whose message of renunciation has led to forms of violent nationalism on the part of reactionaries, determined to disentangle themselves from the toils of Western civilization and to plunge back into the passivity of the Oriental past, under the fantastic impression that "hermit nations" could still exist. The third voice is that of Rabindranath Tagore, who, in season and out of season, preaches the truth of realization, with a mellowness of spirit, a richness of imagery, a charm of style, and a witchery of language not excelled even by those to whom English is their native tongue.

Tagore has produced fifty-eight volumes in Bengali and twenty-three volumes in English, consisting of poems, plays, stories, and essays. He was born in 1860, of one of the most talented families of India. In his volume, *My Reminiscences*, he has written with cultured enthusiasm and good taste of the atmosphere in which he was nurtured, chastened by literature, art, music, and religion. In 1913 he received the Nobel prize for idealistic literature. It is his idealism tinged with mysticism that has appealed to a multitude of readers, who turn with relief from the discordant notes of empty materialism to the poetic meditations of this thinker, who writes with sweet reasonableness of the higher life of spiritual satisfaction.

Some of his self-complacent mannerisms are wearisome. He claims too much for the originality of Oriental thought and is blind to its provincial pettiness. His criticisms of modern commercialism were anticipated by Wordsworth, Ruskin, Morris, and other Western prophets. His references to organization are too far-fetched. He seems to forget that disorganization would be a worse evil and that the perils of organization are due to the embittering and disrupting spirit of selfishness, common to West and East. No less dangerous is his advocacy of quiescent aloofness. In *Glimpses of Bengal* he lays bare his own inner feelings and desires and confesses a preference for "the freedom of solitude." These letters express his typical mood. "I am feeling listlessly comfortable and

delightfully irresponsible. There is a river, but it has no current to speak of, and, lying snugly tucked up in its coverlet of floating weeds, seems to think, 'Since it is possible to get on without getting along, why should I bestir myself to stir?'" This is good enough for vacation, but not for the days of urgent action, and while Tagore recognizes as much, his entire philosophy favors "a dreamy, self-absorbed, sky-filled state of mind." It should, however, be stated in justice to him that as an educationist he has exercised a sanitary influence through his school at Bolpur. Many of the immaturities of prejudice have disappeared in his later writings. This is especially true of his *Creative Unity*, his latest and, in many ways, his best production.

Rabi Babu, as he is known in India, took the Western world by storm with *Gitangali*. These song offerings to God, in prose translation, have all the flavor of mystical devotion as well as the note of spiritual wistfulness. *The Crescent Moon* celebrates parental love and the joys of childhood in beautiful cadences. *The Gardener* eulogizes conjugal love and reminds one of the Old Testament "Song of Songs." *Fruit Gathering* is a sequel to *Gitangali*. No one has written with better insight of the heart of woman, so graphically portrayed in the plays *Chitra*, *The Post Office*, *The Cycle of Spring*, and his short stories. The prose works expound his philosophy of idealism with the persuasiveness of good taste and a haunting style. *Sadhana* is a sympathetic interpretation of his central message of realization. *Personality* is an expansion of the thought that, "living one's own life in truth is living the life of all the world." *Nationalism* reveals the weakness of his Oriental inheritance. Of all his writings, I prefer *Creative Unity* for the mature expression of his philosophy; *Glimpses of Bengal* for the fine delineations of the Indian mind and the exquisite descriptions of scenery; *Gitangali* for the rapt mysticism; *Thought Relics* as an example of exalted religious meditation. All his books are published by The Macmillan Company.

There is, however, something lacking in Tagore. He does not reckon with the tragic note of sin and the need for repentance and redemption. "Pessimism is a form of mental dipsomania," but a genuine optimism must sound the depths of evil and go deeper than the pantheism of Tagore, to realize the true freedom of faith and fellowship. We assuredly need the energy of love to change the heart and introduce a spiritual power to transform life. But it is not self-created. It is a superhuman afflatus which has come upon earnest souls in many forms, and in its fullness and efficacy through the indwelling spirit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. When this truth is more widely acknowledged and Indian Christianity comes to flower, the influence of Tagore, albeit a lover of Christ from afar, will have been considerable.

Since writing the above, I have read *Rabindranath Tagore*, by E. J. Thompson of the Wesleyan College, Bankura, Bengal (Oxford University Press, 85 cents). It is an impartial interpretation and well worth reading.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

BIBLICAL RESEARCH

JEREMIAH[1]

THE call of Jeremiah came to him in the thirteenth year of Josiah, that is, about 626 B. C. He speaks of himself as too young for the task, and probably he was little more than twenty years old. He belonged to the city of Anathoth in Benjamin, which was quite near to Jerusalem. There Abiathar had been sent by Solomon when, for complicity with Adonijah, he had been degraded from the priesthood of the Ark in which Zadok succeeded him. Jeremiah was himself "of the priests that were in Anathoth," and may not improbably have inherited the proud memories of Abiathar the companion of David, "afflicted with him in all his affliction," and of Eli the priest of Shiloh. His call came to him in an experience which is bare in its simplicity when we compare it with the overwhelming visions of Isaiah and Ezekiel. Yet it speaks of a deeper intimacy already existing between Yahweh and his servant. There is borne in upon him the conviction, which later came to Paul, of a divine election to a mission that included the heathen in its scope. And, as with Paul, the election went back to the time before his birth. He was not chosen from his contemporaries as the fittest instrument for the divine purpose; before the first rudiments of his being came into existence God had thought upon him and selected him for his task. His ancestry, his parentage, his home, the time of his coming, the circumstances in which his plastic nature was to be shaped, the peculiar quality of his personality were all deliberately planned by God. And this conviction is corroborated by the impression the prophet makes upon us of a personality rare and exquisite in no common degree. From a vocation so great as that of Yahweh's spokesman the sensitive spirit of Jeremiah shrinks in dismay. For such a task he feels himself too small. But his shy reluctance is overborne by the imperious will of God, who had fashioned with such care an instrument so perfectly adapted for his purpose. The Maker claims from his creature an implicit obedience, but promises that resources for his mission will never be wanting. He touches his lips and puts his word in his mouth. And the word he is to utter does not simply announce the future, it sets in motion the forces which will create it. For the word of the prophet is Yahweh's word, living and efficient, which cannot return to him void but must prosper in the errand on which he sends it. And prophecy was not limited in its outlook or effect to the chosen people. Many years later Jeremiah said to Hananiah, the prophet of optimism, "The prophets that have been before me and before thee of old prophesied against many countries, and against great kingdoms, of war, and of evil, and of pestilence." Hence Jeremiah is conscious that, with Yahweh's words in his mouth, he is "set over the nations and over

[1]This study is contributed by the Rev. Arthur S. Peake, D.D., of the University of Manchester, England, who is author of what is probably the best commentary on Jeremiah in English. It will be of special value to our ministerial graduates, who are specializing on this Prophet of the Spirit.—EDITOR.

the kingdoms, to pluck up and to break down, and to destroy and to overthrow; to build, and to plant." Preeminently in Jeremiah's time, Judah was caught in the rushing current of international politics. In the very nature of the case a Hebrew prophet of his magnitude must be deeply implicated in problems of foreign policy. And if it be said that the sovereign position implied in the words "I have set thee over the nations" cannot have been claimed by Jeremiah, since it involves a megalomania inconsistent with the sense of his own insignificance, that is wholly to miss the point. For Jeremiah was a monotheist. For him Yahweh was the only God. The mightiest, haughtiest nations were as nothing before him. And Jeremiah too in himself was nothing, but since he was God's chosen spokesman his prophetic word was filled with the divine energy which, through all the futile opposition of man, moved irresistibly to its goal.

And as Jesus after his baptism, in which he learned the secret of his personality, went away to the wilderness, there to explore God's will for his mission and be tested through temptation, so Jeremiah meditates on his vocation and his message and is tempted to despair. For as he looks at the spiritual and moral conditions of his people his heart sinks within him. The worship of Yahweh had been contaminated by alien cults. The local Baalim of Canaan, on whose good will the fruitfulness of the land depended, were worshiped with wild orgies of license, and side by side with this ancient cult there stood the worship of the host of heaven and especially of Ishtar the Queen of Heaven, that is, the planet Venus. And Yahweh himself was worshiped with heathenish rites, in particular with the sacrifice of children. And apostasy in religion is matched by unrighteousness in conduct. Deceit and falsehood, treachery and false dealing have poisoned the springs of intercourse. Violence and oppression and the perversion of justice are dark blots on the character of the nation. What hope, then, was there that the message of the prophet would achieve its intended result? He might go forth sowing the precious seed, but with what hope of any harvest if winter held the land in its iron grip? And while he thus meditates in despondency the message of God comes to him. Not, indeed, in signs and wonders which shout their message into the deafest ears. No, but in something so commonplace that only the intuition of spiritual genius can discern the divine meaning of something so familiar. He looks out on the physical world and all is lifeless, too true a symbol of Judah's spiritual state! But he sees an almond tree just bursting into blossom. It was called "the wakeful" because it was the first to wake from the winter's sleep. So just as the snowdrop with ourselves, it was in the depth of winter the welcome prophecy of spring. And the soul of Jeremiah, ever sensitive to the slightest indications of the Divine leading, reads the parable of Nature. Beneath all the appearance of spiritual deadness the Divine energy is unceasingly at work. The word of the prophet is God's word, he too is wakeful and watches over it to perform it.

It is sometimes suggested that this experience reflects a much later stage in Jeremiah's ministry. We have a similar problem in connection

with the call of Isaiah, where it is thought that the representation of his message as hardening rather than reforming his people was not entertained by Isaiah from the outset, but rather was created by the bitter disillusion which his early ministry brought him. When, after his failure to restrain Ahaz from his fatal policy of purchasing relief from Syria and Ephraim by becoming tributary to Assyria, he issued his prophecies in connection with the crisis, he prefixed the account of his call but allowed his later experience to color his narrative. So it is urged, for example by Hölscher, that this vision is really the outcome of a later period of disillusion, and that he wrote this introduction embodying the experience when he dictated the roll which was burned by Jehoiakim. But the close association of the vision and his call shows that while the occasions were different the incidents stood in almost immediate sequence. The vision of the seething caldron, while uncertain in its details, clearly indicates the coming of calamity from the North.

It is probable that the calamity anticipated was an invasion by the Scythians. These barbarian hordes did, in fact, soon after pour down the coast of Palestine to the Border of Egypt, from which they turned back, retracing their steps, leaving Judah apparently unharmed. It seemed as if the early prophecies of Jeremiah, which, like those of Zephaniah, were called forth by this anticipation, sprang from a delusion. It was not the last occasion on which the prophet was tempted to believe that God had placed him in a false position and allowed him to predict disaster and failed to make the prediction good. It would seem as if the earlier activity was followed by a period of silence.

Then came the discovery of the Deuteronomic Law and Josiah's Reformation based upon it (about 621). Opinion is greatly divided as to Jeremiah's attitude. There were certainly elements in it which would strongly appeal to him. The suppression of idolatry and the elimination of heathenish rites from the worship of Yahweh, together with the regulations to secure justice and humanity in social relationships, would command his sympathy. And the most characteristic feature of the Law, the suppression of the local sanctuaries and the concentration of the cultus at Jerusalem, may well have appeared to him the best expedient for extirpating pagan abuses from the religion. We may well conclude then that Jeremiah favored the Reformation. Indeed, there is some ground for believing that he openly advocated it. We can thus understand how he drew upon himself the murderous hatred of his kinsfolk at Anathoth, for Anathoth was the home of Abiathar and the priesthood of Jerusalem was in the hands of the descendants of Zadok, who had supplanted Abiathar. The abolition of the local shrines must have occasioned a good deal of feeling throughout the Southern Kingdom, but presumably the feeling was nowhere so bitter as in Anathoth, where the sons of Abiathar, who had once suffered degradation, now experienced dislodgment and saw a monopoly in the cultus pass into the hands of the hated upstarts at Jerusalem. If, then, Jeremiah advocated the reform he would seem a traitor to his family, and their plots to destroy him become only too intelligible. But Jeremiah ere long discovered that the

healing of the people had been altogether too superficial. It had regularized the cultus and suppressed the more flagrant disorders; but it had stopped at the surface, it had effected no moral or spiritual change for the better, and had indeed tended to add to their other faults a certain self-complacency.

The great empire of Assyria had fallen on evil days and the long delayed vengeance for its crimes against humanity was drawing near. Egypt thought it a favorable opportunity for the recovery of Syria and Josiah met his death before he was forty in the vain attempt to stay the Pharaoh's progress. His son Jehoahaz, after three months' reign, was taken a prisoner to Egypt. His worthless brother Jehoiakim was made king in his place, a man who, when his country was groaning under Egyptian tribute, squandered the money he wrung from his subjects in ostentation and luxury while he forced his workmen to toil without wages. The prophet was roused to new activity by the new conditions. He risked his life by his prediction that the Temple would be destroyed, that Temple which his countrymen regarded as a fetish guaranteeing their safety. And soon after the sinister figure of Assyria disappeared, and Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian crown prince, inflicted a decisive defeat upon Egypt. In the arrangement which followed Judah came under the suzerainty of Babylon. Jeremiah seems to have anticipated that the ruin of Judah was at hand. But this proved not to be the case, so Jeremiah dictated to Baruch the prophecies he had delivered during his ministry and charged his secretary to read them to the people. The action was reported to the king, who listened to the roll and burned the prophecies, but was unable to arrest the prophet and his helper, as they had escaped into hiding. Jeremiah then dictated an enlarged edition.

With a folly only too characteristic of Judah, Jehoiakim rebelled against Babylon. He evaded by death the just vengeance of Nebuchadnezzar, but his son Jehoiachin paid the penalty by exile with the flower of the nation. He was succeeded by Zedekiah, who was apparently a man of good intentions and personally well disposed to the prophet, but he had no strength of character and could not control the headstrong incompetence of his princes. A movement for revolt favored by the prophets in Judah, among whom Hananiah was conspicuous, came to nothing. Jeremiah rebuked the optimism which anticipated the swift downfall of Babylon and predicted the death of Hananiah, which duly came to pass. For a time the national danger was averted, but the turbulent politicians of Judah, relying on that help from Egypt which history should have taught them to distrust, precipitated the crisis, and the doom, which had once and again been averted, now closed in upon the nation and vindicated the pessimism of Jeremiah. Assured that all resistance was hopeless, the prophet counseled the people and king to surrender. Naturally those responsible for the defense of the city did their best to silence him and finally put him in a pit to die by starvation, a fate from which he was rescued by an Ethiopian, Ebed-Melech. At last the city was captured, the fugitive king was overtaken, blinded, and carried captive to Babylon with a large number of the people. Jeremiah himself had the option

of an honorable position in Babylon or of remaining in his own country. He chose to stay with the remnant which was placed under the wise governorship of Gedaliah. But Gedaliah was treacherously murdered by Ishmael and, fearing the vengeance of Babylon, the Jews who were left, in spite of Jeremiah's counsel which they had pledged themselves to follow, found a refuge in Egypt, taking Jeremiah and Baruch with them. The last scene in which we catch sight of him is that in which he rebukes his apostate countrymen for reverting to the worship of the Queen of heaven and their justification of the intention to persist in it. It is all too probable that martyrdom crowned the prophet's long fidelity to his vocation.

Such is a rough outline of his career, which is little affected by the critical problems presented by the book. But these problems do affect very considerably our estimate alike of the personality and the teaching of the prophet. It is necessary, therefore, to touch upon them at this point. Till a comparatively recent period criticism of the book has been extremely conservative. It is remarkable that Graf, whose name is most familiarly associated with the Grafian theory which was for a considerable time too advanced for German critics, should have been so remarkably conservative in the criticism of Jeremiah as he showed himself in his famous Commentary. But the great German commentators, Giesebrecht, Duhm, and Cornill, whose works have carried forward the interpretation of the prophet in unprecedented measure, represent a much more radical position; and this again is surpassed by Prof. N. Schmidt's article in the *Encyclopædia Biblica* and Hölscher's discussion in his *Die Profeten*. Duhm restricts Jeremiah's work, apart from his letter to the exiles, to sixty short poems (268 couplets), all written in elegiac rhythm. He also regards about 220 verses as taken from the biography of Baruch. In other words little more than one third of the book is attributed to the prophet and his secretary, nearly two thirds being left for later editors and supplementers. In particular, following Stade and Smend, he rejected the authenticity of the New Covenant passage. He denies the historicity of some of the biographical sections. But he is less extreme than N. Schmidt or Hölscher, and his criticism modifies much less than theirs our conception of the prophet's personality and his spiritual history. This comes out especially with reference to the passages which seem beyond all others to take us into the most intimate secrets of the prophet's religious experience. On these Wellhausen based his famous characterization of Jeremiah, which has left its mark deep on later expositors. If we deny these to Jeremiah and deprive him also of the New Covenant prophecy we are left still with a great but yet a sadly impoverished figure. For my own part I firmly adhere to the generally accepted view, and shall assume its correctness in the estimate I give of the personality of the prophet and the significance of his work.

His personality was of a type exceptionally fine and rich. Nature seemed to have fitted him but ill for the stern life of conflict to which his vocation condemned him. He was sensitive and high strung, timid and shrinking, not self-reliant, not marked out for leadership, not a dominant

personality. He did not love the limelight, but courted obscurity. He was acutely distressed by strife and bitterness, very conscious of his natural deficiencies; a public career was terrifying to him. He longed above all for quiet, untroubled days in peaceful retirement. Yet the victory of his courage is the more amazing that it triumphed again and again over his timidity. In unfaltering tones he rebukes the sins and follies of his countrymen, outrages their cherished prejudices, and again and again risks death, and is indeed more than once doomed to apparently inevitable execution. He had his full measure of the more feminine qualities, sympathy, intuition, delicacy of feeling. His passionate sorrow for the calamities of his people found noble expression in his wonderful words, "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." This richness of the emotional nature was accompanied by an exceptional gift of psychological analysis. Beyond his predecessors he is versed in man's inner motives, he understands the windings of the human heart because he has so often explored his own. There is no prophet who reveals to us so fully his inmost thoughts and emotions. And it is out of these experiences that his supreme contribution to religion was created. So far as the prophet's general teaching is concerned, he does not add much to his predecessors. But he is the greatest of the prophets in virtue of the fact that all is deepened and made more inward and that in his anticipation of the New Covenant he made the supreme advance by which the individual rather than the nation became the unit of religion. The days are to come when, to replace the Old Covenant made by Yahweh with Israel when he delivered his people from Egypt, a Covenant annulled by Israel's apostasy, he will make a New Covenant. It will still be a Covenant with the nation, but its whole nature will be different. For that Covenant was engraved on stones and thus was external and rigid, very general in its commands and prohibitions, because it was addressed to all alike. But under the New Covenant the Law would be placed in the inward parts and written on the heart. It would, in other words, become a part of personality itself. For the heart would also be renewed, its motives and desires would be entirely in harmony with the will of God. And so conformity with his law would no longer be something achieved by a difficult struggle and by victory over self, it would be spontaneous and instinctive, the joyful expression of man's inmost feeling. And this would all be due not to man's effort but to the divine initiative. God himself would make the Covenant, he would implant the knowledge of himself in every heart and write his law upon it. A divine illumination would flood every soul, none would need to exhort his neighbor to attain the knowledge of God, for all would know him from the least to the greatest. And in that happy time the sin which interrupted communion between man and God would be forgiven and remembered no more against any of his people.

We can hardly overestimate the greatness of this passage or the revolution it involves. It marks an epoch-making change in the very conception of religion. For religion had been conceived as primarily a

relation between the people and its God. And this relation, it is true, continued, for the Covenant is made with the nation. But now the Covenant is of such a character that the individual comes to full recognition. His relation to God is not secondary and indirect, but direct and primary; it is not mediated through the nation. Each man is for himself the object of God's renewing grace and spiritual illumination. Thus Jeremiah becomes the prophet of individualism in religion. How momentous an advance this implies is clear from the fact that our Lord regarded the blood he shed as instituting the New Covenant, that Paul identified the New Covenant with Christianity, and that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews based on this prophecy no small part of his argument for the superiority of Christianity to the religion of Israel.

It was in his own experience that this doctrine had its birth. For his writings reveal to us an intimacy with God for which we have no earlier parallel. He was driven to it by the failure of human fellowship, by the derision and persecution which his faithfulness brought upon him. Lonely and misunderstood, despised, forsaken and hated, he was driven to cast himself and all the weight of his cares and sorrows upon God. Bereft of human helpers, there is none to whom he can turn save God. And this intimacy of personal fellowship becomes for him the religious ideal. He looks forward to a time when what has come to be a necessity for himself will be an experience enjoyed by all the people of God.

ARTHUR S. PEAKE.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

MISCELLANY

ALBERT SCHWEITZER'S RECENT VISIT IN ENGLAND created an extraordinary furore. It is easy to understand why it was so. It was not Schweitzer's well-known books that did it, nor even his eminent skill as an organist and interpreter of Bach. These were, no doubt, contributing causes. But the chief cause was the profound impression made upon the Christian world by his devotion as a medical missionary on the Congo.

Schweitzer is an Alsatian, born in 1875. Although a gifted musician, he chose an academic career in the field of theology. After a few years in his station as privatdocent in Strassburg he made his first real impression upon the theological public by his *Von Reimarus zu Wrede* (1906), which was much better received in England than in Germany, and was issued in English under the captivating title: *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*. A new German edition of the work appeared in 1913. In the meantime Schweitzer had published a *History of Modern Pauline Research*, in which he followed the same lines as those he had marked out in the earlier work. He represented both Jesus and Paul as dominated by an extreme apocalyptic eschatology, in which both alike were in radical error. Nevertheless he professed to be sincerely devoted to what he held to be the eternal principles of the religion of Jesus. And indeed he proved that devotion by going as a medical missionary to the Congo

region in 1913. That he was able to go as a medical man was due to the fact that in connection with his instructorship at Strassburg he studied medicine there for several years just prior to 1913. The money necessary for this whole enterprise he earned through his organ playing. His musical reputation is very considerable, and it antedates that which he enjoys as a New Testament critic. In 1903 he published a work on Bach, written in French; a German and an English edition of it appeared later. He also collaborated with Charles Widor, the eminent French organist, in the production of what is generally agreed to be the best edition of Bach's organ music. Thus we gain an impression of how much Schweitzer left behind him when he went to minister to the savages in Central Africa. And he seems to have done an extraordinary work there. Thus also we can explain to ourselves the furore over his visit in England. He has lectured at several universities and colleges. He speaks either in French or German, and an interpreter renders it in English. And of course he has given several organ recitals, which have been much enjoyed.

THE QUEST FOR AN INTELLECTUAL LEADER FOR A NEW GERMANY has announced itself in recent discussions. In the nature of the case such a quest must prove rather inconclusive; the thinking people of Germany are too much divided in their ideals and aims to be able to unite in accepting the leadership of any one man. And yet the discussion should not prove utterly futile, for at least it must tend to clarify men's thoughts as to what aims are worthiest. One writer named three representative men, each of whom has a notable following. These three are Friedrich Förster, Johannes Müller, and Rudolf Steiner. The first is not only famous as a writer on pedagogy but even better known for his "struggle against the militaristic and nationalistic Germany" (he has given an account of it in a book). His intellectual powers, and above all his moral earnestness, are universally recognized; but he cannot be the accepted leader of educated Germany so long as his severe arraignment of modern German policy up to 1918 is still so bitterly resented by many. It is a highly interesting but surely quite impracticable thought of many good people that Förster is the ideal man for the first regular presidency of the Republic (Ebert is only provisional president).

The scope of Johannes Müller's influence remains essentially what it was before the war. His influence in the domain of the personal life is great, but in the field of politics it is rather indirect. He is too much of an individualist—too specially interested in the culture of the personal life of the individual—to be an ideal political leader. But then even his admirers do not think of him as destined for public office.

Rudolf Steiner is a leader of amazing powers and one who has attracted to himself a great following. Aside from such public figures as Wirth and Rathenau and the financial colossus Stinnes, Steiner is probably the most-talked-of man in Germany to-day. But it is incredible that he should become the accepted leader of a majority of Germany's thinking people. In large circles he is as vigorously opposed as in

others he is enthusiastically followed. He writes and lectures with great force on most of the great problems of the time, social, political, and religious, but his theosophical theories are an offense to many. He is the leader of a most remarkable movement, which is a modification of theosophy—he has named it anthroposophy. He has won so many enthusiastic followers, even among the highly educated, as to deserve a more extended treatment in these pages at another time.

Rudolf Steiner and his friends held an imposing "Anthroposophic University Course" in Berlin in March, 1922. The course was a carefully organized system of lectures on anthroposophy by Steiner and a few of his disciples. (One must not infer from its general title that it had any connection with the University of Berlin.) Different days were devoted to different main subjects. The chief speakers on the "Theological Day" were Steiner, Rittelmeyer, Geyer, and Bock. Many observers of the movement are in doubt whether anthroposophy is to be regarded as a new religion or as a practical-intellectual movement that is quite compatible with Christianity. Steiner himself denies that it is a new religion and insists that it is wholly congruous with Christian principles. And that such clerygmen as Geyer and Rittelmeyer have become enthusiastic disciples of Steiner without renouncing their Christian faith is very significant. For the present it may suffice to remark that the central feature of anthroposophy is the claim that it is possible to rise to an intellectual intuition of "higher worlds." Steiner himself claims clear and indubitable direct insight into the supersensible world. And it must interest the reader to know that Dr. Rittelmeyer, one of the popular preachers of Berlin, has resigned his church and removed to Stuttgart in order henceforth to devote himself to lecturing throughout the country on anthroposophy.

Karl Barth has created no little sensation by a work on the Epistle to the Romans. Nearly one half of the second edition (1922) was sold in advance of publication. Barth has not written a commentary of the usual sort. All the standard commentaries on the Biblical books he regards as fundamentally inadequate, inasmuch as their aim is to transport the modern reader to the time of the writing and place him in the position of the original readers. Barth rather seeks to let Paul speak to us of to-day; he seeks to make clear the meaning of Paul's message for to-day. In spite of some unfavorable criticisms, the book is commanding general attention, and has won for its author, who was a pastor in Switzerland, a call to the newly established professorship for Reformed theology in Göttingen. Barth is a very bold and vigorous thinker, and seems destined to exert a great influence in the next years. Some account of his theology may be expected in these pages in the near future.

Friedrich Gogarten, a young German pastor, stands as thinker in close relation to Barth. He has made an extraordinary impression by his addresses on special occasions and by his little book, *Die religiöse Entscheidung* (The Religious Decision). His standpoint may be fairly

indicated as follows. He repudiates the watchword, "The reconciliation of religion and culture" ("Kultur"—the German term—combines the idea of material civilization with that of personal culture). Civilization (Kultur) as such is altogether human; it is the enhancing of the natural life. Its aim and scope are earthly. Religion, on the other hand, is transcendent in its aims and unconditional in its demands. And yet religion, too, according to Gogarten, involves a culture, a civilization, of its own, and this has even larger potentialities than the culture that we know, which is essentially secular. This secular culture is irreconcilable with religion, if religion is genuinely Christian. This culture Christianity is ever tending to dissolve. But on the other hand the spirit of civilization, the Zeitgeist, is ever striving to subordinate religion to culture, to use religion merely to further its own end. This means, obviously, the emasculation of religion, but it also means the weakening of the forces of civilization itself. Religion unfolds its real and full meaning and value only when it is accepted as absolute and unconditional. Only then does it make men free; only then is it the principle of genuine and solid progress. But the prevailing religion of our time is a compromise that is not even clear as to its own meaning and aim. Vital religion has largely sunk out of sight behind the institutions and enterprises of religion. Therefore Gogarten's call to a radical religious decision.

It should be borne in mind that this religious positivism has appeared in this instance among the pronounced liberals—for Gogarten was of their number. A great change has come over Gogarten and the men about him. They have not become conservative, they have no thought of retreating to the positions of a traditional orthodoxy. Their thought is to press onward to a solid ground; and so they have in fact become positive in the sense of taking Jesus Christ seriously as their living Leader, without renewing traditional orthodoxy. Some one has characterized the movement by the phrase "Beyond Liberalism." These men confess to a profound dissatisfaction with the vagueness and uncertainty of the old liberalism. It had much to say of "the religion of experience"; but to look at the bewildering variety of the alleged experiences was enough to make one's head swim. Liberalism was very strict in matters of historical science, but unrestrained in its religious subjectivism. In a conference of the "Friends of Christian Liberty" (a very liberal group) Gogarten, in the midst of an address by Liebe, interjected the ringing words, "Jesus Christ," as the speaker was setting forth the spiritual distress of the time. Jesus Christ our Helper in distress. A liberal (K. Fischer) reporting on the conference wrote: "To me this 'Jesus Christ' was a trumpet blast of judgment, whose tone still remains with me. For here, if anywhere, lies the root of all our helplessness and of our pitiful efforts. Not that we had put Jesus into some obscure corner! Quite the contrary; we talked very much about him, and it would be absurd to deny that his personality was always the starting point of living and warm sentiments. But how? Was he for us the Christ? The One, under whose majesty we unreservedly bowed? Was it not involuntarily our own soul that stood in the center of our religion, our

modern soul, which recognizes that it is indebted to Jesus for extraordinary, yes, perhaps the most determining stimuli, but also could get on quite well without him? 'But (I hear some one reply) our theology *always* made Christ the starting point.' Yes, our theology! That is just it. Jesus as starting point and center was, with us, a systematic, historical or other sort of scientific insight, no religious necessity. We see him always as from men, not from God; that is, not as Christ, but as 'historical' phenomenon. And yet Jesus' religious significance lies in the eternal, in the non-historical. It is painful to me that such words are continually misunderstood in the direction of orthodoxy. But they must nevertheless be said; they are simply necessary. No complaint is intended by them, also no 'hitherto unanswered question for present-day theology' is put—theology in this case can do nothing at all—it is simply my design to make plain why it is that we (may I in the widest sense say 'we' about Karl Barth and Gogarten?) can no longer be liberal and why in the midst of the wealth of modern religion we feel ourselves pitifully poor, that our dissatisfaction with our state of life with merciless violence forces us to seek the 'other' world, really the *other* world."

Religious thought in French Protestantism seems at present remarkably vigorous. While the general situation in France and in all Europe is still unfavorable to long-protracted quiet research and to the production of great literary monuments of scholarship, it is provocative of much independent thinking and earnest discussion. The periodical literature of French Protestantism is particularly praiseworthy. Such publications as Revue Chrétienne, Revue d'Histoire et de Philosophie religieuses, Foi et Vie, and Le Christianisme Social are all excellent. The last-named periodical (monthly) is perhaps as worthy an exponent of the Christian-social movement as anything of its class in the world. The Revue d'Histoire et de Philosophie religieuses is a new enterprise, now in its second year. It was founded and is specially fostered by the newly organized French Protestant theological faculty at Strassburg. Its editorial board includes, however, numbers of the faculties of theology and letters in Paris and elsewhere. It has brought together a large number of exceptionally interesting discussions.

Eugene Ménégoz, for many years the incumbent of the chair of Lutheran Theology at Paris, died a few months ago at the age of 83. Next to Auguste Sabatier he was the faculty's brightest luminary. His chief work was that on *Sin and Redemption*. He and Sabatier were the chief exponents of the theological standpoint known as symbolo-fideism, and Ménégoz published many essays in exposition of it. The gist of fideism is that "we are saved by faith, not by beliefs." To most Americans this statement would seem almost axiomatic. But symbolo-fideism is more than fideism. It involves the theory that the statements and the very terms of the creeds are necessarily too much of the nature of symbols to be taken literally. Sabatier and Ménégoz, in short, out-Ritschled Ritschl in their insistence upon the thought that religion, on its intellectual side, expresses itself not in metaphysical but in value-judg-

ments. Since the retirement of Ménégoz some years ago French Protestantism has produced no systematic theologian of equal importance.

PAUL LOBSTEIN, the senior of the Protestant theological faculty of Strassburg, died suddenly on April 13; he was in his seventy-second year. An Alsatian of French sympathies, Lobstein, upon the reorganization of the university under French control at the close of the war, declared his allegiance to France and resumed the professorial labors which he had earlier relinquished. He was a Ritschlian, and for many years occupied the chair of systematic theology at Strassburg. His *Introduction to Dogmatics*, written in French, later issued in a German edition, and more recently translated into English, is his best-known work. And indeed it deserves its popularity because of its eminently pleasing form. Lobstein was not noted for any marked originality of thought.

THE GENERAL HISTORY OF RELIGION IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES. Until a short time ago German scholarship was notoriously backward in the field of the general history of religion ("comparative religion"). The Scandinavian countries, Holland, Great Britain, and America were all in advance of Germany in this matter. When the theological faculties of Berlin and Leipzig were ready, in 1910 and 1912, respectively, to establish the first chairs of the general science of religion in Germany, they found no German scholars fitted for the task proposed. The men they called were Swedes: Söberblom for Leipzig, and Lehmann for Berlin. Later both returned to their own country, Söderblom to become archbishop of Upsala and vice-chancellor of the university there, and Lehmann professor in Lund. The Berlin chair has never been filled; Troeltsch was, indeed, called to a Berlin professorship, but it was to a chair in the philosophical, not the theological, faculty, and the chair is primarily for the philosophy, not the history, of religion. Berlin did indeed seek a man for the history of religion (in the philosophical faculty), calling François Cumont, of Brussels, but failed to secure him. Leipzig, however, found an excellent successor to Söderblom in the person of Hans Haas, a German. Marburg, too, now has in its theological faculty a full professorship for the history of religion. The incumbent is Friedrich Heiler, an unusually brilliant and productive young scholar, a pupil of Söderblom's, and formerly a Catholic. Bonn has in the philosophical faculty a similar chair, occupied by Carl Clemen. These seem to be the only full professorships for the history of religion in German universities. However, in most of the theological and several of the philosophical faculties courses in the history of religion are offered from time to time, though for the most part by men who do not devote their chief energies to the subject. On the whole the growth of interest in this field has been rapid of late. In the last winter semester no fewer than fifteen men gave either major or minor courses in the history of religion in the theological faculties.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES. Again in this field Germany was no pioneer; of late, however, the interest in it has been growing rapidly. Professors and instructors both in systematic and in

practical theology are now giving it incomparably more attention than was given it a few years ago. Among the theological leaders in this field Wobbermin, Otto, and Girgensohn deserve special mention. The last has recently published a strong book entitled: *Der seelische Aufbau des religiösen Erlebens* (1921). It is based upon an interesting and novel system of direct observation. Otto's famous book on *Das Heilige*, though not a comprehensive treatise either on the psychology or on the philosophy of religion, is a highly significant contribution to both. Wobbermin's *Systematische Theologie nach religionspsychologischer Methode* approaches completion. The second of the proposed three volumes has been issued; it treats of "The Nature of Religion" (in general); the concluding volume will deal with "The Christian Religion."

The centenary of the birth of Albrecht Ritschl occurred on March 25, 1922. The theological faculty at Göttingen, where Ritschl was professor from 1864 until his death in 1889, and that at Bonn, where he began his academic career, fitly celebrated the event. Not, however, on the proper date, since that fell in the Easter vacation. The celebration at Göttingen took place on May 8; the chief features were the address by Professor Stange and a banquet. At Bonn on April 30 the address was delivered by Adolf Harnack, from Berlin. Stange spoke on "The Historical Significance of the Theology of Albrecht Ritschl." Inasmuch as he has been known as a rather severe critic of the Ritschlian theology, it may be surmised that the special admirers of Ritschl regret that the speaker on this occasion could not be one of their own line. Aside from these two official celebrations in honor of the great theologian, several timely articles have been called forth by the same occasion. That by Wendt in the "Zeitschrift für Theologie und Kirche" and that by Girgensohn in the "Neue kirchliche Zeitschrift" will be found very interesting and instructive.

Ex-Chancellor Michaelis and Karl Heim in the Orient. To the great convention of the World's Student Christian Federation in Peking the German branch of that movement sent as delegates Dr. Michaelis, who for a while was German Chancellor in the midst of the war, and Professor Karl Heim, of Tübingen. Dr. Michaelis has long been actively interested in that movement, and Heim was its first secretary for Germany. Dr. Michaelis was to speak not only at the Peking Convention in April but also at the National Christian Conference at Shanghai in May. And it was arranged that after the Peking Convention Dr. Heim should deliver courses of lectures for students in several of the leading cities of China. It is probable that no other German theologian of the present day is so well fitted for such a task as Karl Heim. He is noted both for his sympathetic understanding of the religious problems of students and for his rare skill in dealing with them.

The Methodist Theological Seminary in Frankfort-on-the-Main, of which Dr. Otto Melle is the wise and able director, was recently the scene of events of unusual interest and significance. A theological con-

ference was held April 19-21 with three distinguished guests as lecturers. That our learned Bishop Nuelsen, resident in Zurich, should be one of the lecturers was almost a matter of course. But that the others should be university professors of theology is something new. Professor Deissmann of Berlin lectured three periods on "Fellowship with Christ According to Paul," gave a stereopticon lecture on the Epistle to Philemon and addressed a public meeting in Saint Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church on "The Gospel and the Reconciliation of the Nations." Professor Otto Schmitz of Münster spoke three times on "The Idea of Freedom in Epictetus and the Freedom of Paul" and twice on "Jesus and the Old Testament"—a very timely topic in view of the recent utterances of Friedrich Delitzsch and Harnack. The theme of Bishop Nuelsen's lecture (three periods) was "Methodism as Religious Movement and as Church." Free discussions followed the lectures, in which, among others, Dr. Wilhelm Bornemann of Frankfort and two professors of theology at Giessen participated. The friendly attitude of these men is highly significant, for they are members of churches which, until the Revolution, were state churches. Particularly impressive and memorable was the ceremony by which Professor Deissmann, acting in the name of the theological faculty of the University of Berlin, conferred upon Bishop Nuelsen the honorary degree of Doctor of Theology. The Methodists of America cannot yet be fully aware of the extraordinary service that Bishop Nuelsen has been rendering in Europe. The eulogium of Professor Deissmann finely expresses the appreciation, not only of the theological faculty at Berlin, but also of all well-informed Christians of Central Europe. Mention was made of Bishop Nuelsen's wise leadership in the church, of his godly example, of his learned books, but especially of his service in behalf of the underfed children, of his fraternal spirit, and of his service in behalf of the unity of the universal church. As a document of something more than passing interest the eulogium is here reproduced in its entirety: "Johanni L. Nuelsen, divinitatis necnon legum doctori, ecclesiae methodisticae episcopalis episcopo Turicensi, qui ut in ecclesia materna moderator atque pietatis exemplum exstitit et studia theologica libris docte scriptis promovit, ita in severissimis huius saeculi tribulationibus etamgustiis caritate evangelica inflammatus ac fide non sibi suisque vixit, sed beati Johannis Wesley ingressus vestigiis Christianis Germanicis dextram dedit communionis et parvulorum imprimis fame enervatorum amicus dilectissimus mediatorque caritatis christianorum Americanorum benedictus de universae ecclesiae unitate insigniter promeritus est."

THE UNIVERSITY OF FRANKFORT, which began its activities shortly before the war and is now in a remarkably flourishing state, is without a theological faculty. At the beginning the impression was general that the founders (chiefly private citizens of Frankfort, among them several Jewish freethinkers) had made provision for the permanent exclusion of a theological faculty. Recent inquiries, however, have made it plain that the authorities will welcome a theological faculty, if interested parties will only provide the necessary funds. Already one or two unendowed

chairs in the department of religion had been recognized in the philosophical faculty, and very recently two more have been added. The friends of the enterprise are now hopeful of securing a regular faculty of theology in the near future.

But there is one aspect of the matter which one could wish the authorities seriously to consider. Heretofore the university faculties of theology represented the state churches. Now there is no state church. Why not establish at Frankfort a theological faculty which by its very constitution shall open the way to its professorial chairs to scholars of all evangelical communions? Whether the Methodists, Baptists, and other smaller denominations have at present competent scholars need not enter into the discussion; if the way is open, able men will eventually qualify. If one or two of our instructors in our Seminary (the Martin Institute) at Frankfort had also the privilege of lecturing at the university, the arrangement should prove of advantage to all concerned.

JOHN R. VAN PELT.

BOOK NOTICES

The Open Fire, and Other Essays. By WILLIAM VALENTINE KELLEY. Pp. 346. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, $2, net.

FOR nearly fourscore years Dr. Kelley has "warmed both hands by the open fire of life and now is sitting by the glowing embers." And in this volume of most charming essays he allows us all to sit beside him, share with him the warmth, and see with him the magic pictures formed by the quivering flames and the burning coals. There is a bookshelf near, and this master of letters and of literary interpretation allows us to read with him not only by the light of the fireplace but the brighter light of his soul.

Of course, nearest to his hand are the works of Robert Browning, supreme prophet and poet of the Victorian Age. Is Browning obscure? Not when his high values as interpreter of nature, history, and life are illumined by the radiance of this "Open Fire." And then he opens a philosophical essay of Immanuel Kant, and with the leader of modern critical thought we catch a glimpse of the two sublimest sights in the universe—conscience and the stars. We may go to the window to behold the physical heavens, but sitting at the fireside and looking within, we can see the greater glory of the moral heavens—that Upper Sky, out of which "shines the only and steady light by which we may steer safely." Then comes a minor strain into this melody as, instead of the optimistic Browning, we commune for a while with Matthew Arnold, that "modern Professor of the Gentle Art of Finding Fault." Dr. Kelley is able to reveal in Arnold, in spite of his pessimistic and supercilious snobbishness, a true apostolate. Yet was not the church right when it made "accidie," that old-fashioned word for a sort of melancholy, one of the seven sins. It is cheering to turn from that to get a glimpse of "The Soul of Gilder," and then take a winter trip to the Pine Tree Inn at Lakehurst, sit there

with our cheerful companion and friend beside the glowing grate, and with him wander under the Jersey pines, getting a new sense of the message of the trees. A bit of the newspaper verse of T. A. Daly then leads both to tears and laughter. Then comes a devotional hour. We share it with that mistress of mystic prose and verse, Christina Rossetti, as we listen to her deeply spiritual meditations on the Apocalypse, *The Face of the Deep*. After that hour of holy vision we can see with Dr. Kelley "The Unimportance of Positivism," so intellectually pretentious and of so little account. Let's spend some time by the fireside with the children. No library is complete without *Alice in Wonderland*. He who has grown too old to love its "vogue and versatility" has reached "arteriosclerosis of body and of mind." Then let's go along the roads of *Vagabondia* with Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey and come back to listen to the "Drum of Eternity"—beaten by Alfred Noyes. Even these literary lights pale before the prophetic splendor that shines from the face of James M. Thoburn, that "field marshal" of modern missionary campaigns. Have we become too proud and self-complacent in these high communings? Dr. Kelley will close this visit and the scene with a meditation on "Humility." And we leave his presence with a nobler austerity of soul, a stronger sense of duty, and a firmer will for real service.

The essay has come to its own again in literature. For some of us this volume will be a very climax in that class of books. It is, as its author states, truly written in the spirit of Browning's lines:

> This world's no blot or blank;
> It means intensely and means good.
> To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGION

The Psychic Health of Jesus. By Walter E. Bundy, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English Bible in DePauw University. Pp. xviii + 299. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Was our Lord a mental invalid? Ecstatic, neurotic, epileptic, paranoiac? Will a careful pathographic analysis of his words and conduct reveal an abnormal psychosis? Such has been the claim of such psychiatrists as Souris and Binet-Sanglé.

Professor Bundy has given a most erudite answer to these alleged experts in psychopathics. But it is really only an *argumentum ad hominem*, for it proceeds on critical grounds which can only interest New Testament hypercritics. Probably his purpose was best reached by ignoring all arguments based on religious sentiment, as such reasoning could not reach the moral and spiritual blindness of the smart Aleck pathographers with whom he is dealing. And he may help many of our modern youth from being drawn into the maelstrom in which whirl these assessors of the mental morbidity of holy souls they have no power to understand.

And yet, is it quite pardonable to win your case by critical concessions which would deprive us of the most intimate pictures of the personality of Jesus Christ? Even if we should look upon the Fourth Gospel as an early interpretation of the teachings of Jesus rather than an exact reproduction of his words, are we willing to admit that it is not historic in the sense that it reveals closely the self-consciousness of the Master? Is there no reality in the seven "I ams"? And are we ready to strike out all the so-called "egocentric" passages in the Synoptic Gospels, and center his teaching in the Kingdom rather than his personality? Some of us think, and surely we are right, that Jesus Christ is himself the very law and life of his Kingdom.

Most of these psychoanalysts are themselves afflicted with the most dangerous complexes. To them all genius, imagination, and mystic vision is a sign of morbidity. Of course, they themselves have no such symptoms; their souls are free of all high and holy vision. It is one of the characteristics of lunacy to regard all the rest of the world as insane. Modern psychology is rich in this yellow literature of science which is not gold but alloy.

No, we will not eliminate such phrases as "for my sake," "for my name's sake," etc. Though we may allow that "the Son of Man" is a typical phrase that should mean us all—yet only he has realized perfect Manhood and he alone has supremely secured conscious union with his Father. And none of us can realize it, save as by faith in him we come in our poor measure to share his life.

This is not intended as a condemnation of this very able and scholarly study. Professor Bundy has brought into a single volume material with which few of us are familiar and has so thoroughly analyzed it that most of us will not need to go farther in the investigation. All we need to do is to let sane and sound folks see Jesus as we see him and they will find in him not only perfect psychic health, but the only cure for diseases of soul and spirit.

Christian Science and the Catholic Faith, including a Brief Account of New Thought and Other Modern Mental Healing Movements. By A. M. Bellwald, S.M., S.T.L., Marist College, Washington, D. C. Pp. xvi + 269. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Professor Bellwald is supposed to primarily address the Roman Catholic clergy, but every one who holds those catholic faiths which are common to all Christians will find his book one of the most valuable in its sane and fair discussion of Eddyism and the related cults. In the whole volume there are not over a dozen pages which emphasize any phase of Roman theology. It gives a scholarly history of mental healing both in ancient and modern times, showing conclusively that she whom Professor Riley, of Vassar, called "the thrice-married female Trismegistus" has given no new discovery to the world.

The fact of mental cures, not denied by any competent medical expert, is fully admitted. Nor are such cures solely confined to functional dis-

cases, for the reason that healthy functioning may greatly assist in healing organic lesions. An inward mental revolution is frequently a new highway to health. Auto-suggestion and the will play a big part in the control of our bodily states.

He definitely reveals the negative religious and moral values of both Christian Science and New Thought, their relation to the ancient Gnostic and Docetic heresies, the disparagement of prayer, and their essential pantheism. These cults lower the sense of sin and their moral code is shown to be a refined Epicureanism. Such beliefs shrivel the conscience.

Those who are unable to get the real story of Mrs. Eddy's life because the one valuable biography, that by Georgine Milmine, is unfortunately out of print, probably because of a cowardly boycott by the Scientist church, will find the facts fairly stated on the basis of original sources in this book. Her own chief doctrinal invention, Malicious Animal Magnetism, and the effects of that abominable superstition upon her life and conduct, are clearly set forth.

It will not be necessary to absolutely agree with our author's scholastic philosophy as to idealism, nor his contention that Jesus performed miracles as credentials as to his mission and person. Those of us who know Jesus Christ did not begin to believe him because of a miraculous record, but accept the miracles because of what we know of him.

This excellent treatise, with its admirably detailed table of contents, its perfect index and very complete bibliography, must certainly be given a first place in the literature on metaphysical healing. Without doubt, it was written too soon for any reference to be made to Coueism, which is now attracting great attention both in France and England. M. Emile Coué is a well-known psychotherapist of Nancy, France, credited with many sensational cures, especially of wounded soldiers. He is the chief living apostle of auto-suggestion. A full account of his formula of cure, which is not a bit of pseudo-religion like Eddyism, can be found in Brooks' *Practice of Auto-Suggestion* (Dodd, Mead & Company).

Dean Inge, of Saint Paul's Cathedral, London, sharply punctures this bubble of make-believe. He calls it an "epidemic of irrationalism" and sarcastically says, "If I can help it, I will play no tricks with my soul." Perhaps Dr. Inge is too much of a rationalist, but he is right in denouncing the present orgy of psychism.

THE ECONOMIC ORDER

Social Philosophy of Carlyle and Ruskin. By Frederick William Roe. Pp. vi + 335. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. Price, $3.

Even among men and women of intellectual tastes there is to-day a marked tendency to ignore all material which cannot be stamped as "current." Yet it can be said with absolute assurance that no individual can have a broad perspective or a wide vision unless he enlarges his horizon by sympathetic contact with the masters of thought who spoke words of

truth and wisdom to other generations. In his essay on *Books* Emerson says, "In a like manner the scholar knows that famed books contain the best thoughts and facts." It is in the same discussion that he sententiously expresses his disapproval of reading any book that is not at least a year old. Of course, one could readily go to extremes in his devotion to the literary fruits of the past. But if a reader had to choose between *Main Street* and *Vanity Fair*, would anyone have the hardihood to say that he should select the former? "Less of Amy Lowell and more of Browning" would be advice which certain uneducated "intellectuals" could follow to the good of their souls. And perhaps the reading of a Gibbon or a Macaulay might have cultural values unattainable from the writings of the pungent-penned, versatile, sciolistic Mr. Wells. Dean Roë of the University of Wisconsin, in his study of the social teachings of Carlyle and his disciple Ruskin, performs a highly commendable service in presenting material which will cause the alert-minded reader to take from the shelves the writings of the Victorian prophets themselves.

When we remember that no man of the nineteenth century had more influence upon the course of thought than Carlyle, and that Ruskin, impractical and profoundly mistaken as he sometimes was, was a veritable John the Baptist among the battlers for social betterment, an apology for a book in this field seems to the highest degree unnecessary. Yet on the other hand, when we realize that to-day the writings of these men are gathering dust on the shelves of many a library, Professor Roe's "Foreword" has no difficulty in justifying its presence. Among other things he says: "For the social philosophy of Carlyle and Ruskin is not a matter of academic interest for a few leisured scholars and book-lovers alone. It is rather a trumpet call to workers, old and young, workers alike with hand and brain, to put forth their utmost efforts, in the midst of the present confusion, for the purpose of effecting an ordered revolution of our industrial system, so that civilization in reality may become what for generations at least it has not been, 'the humanization of man in society.'"

The work is not only an interpretation of two potent literary personalities, but it is a chapter in the social and industrial history of England. The first two chapters, entitled "The New Age" and "Sans-culottism and its Prophet," give an especially valuable summary of the social forces which were at work in England during the first half of the last century. Under the head of "The New Chivalry of Labor," the author gets to the heart of his discussion of the social philosophy of Carlyle, as enunciated especially in "Past and Present," "Chartism," and "Latter-Day Pamphlets." The titanic prophet of Ecclefechan and Chelsea shows an exceptional skill in diagnosing the industrial ills of his generation, but his solutions are all most palpably impossible. According to his viewpoint, the problems could only be solved by the appearance of a resourceful, dominant, and domineering leader to drive, not to lead, his fellow men out of economic chaos into a benevolent despotism. This is indeed "the rock of offense" in Carlyle's social message. It did not occur to him that his leader might prove "a Nietzschean superman, a Hohenzollern drill sergeant, a vul-

gar Hercules or brawny Titan, anything but a wise humane leader." But the author of *Sartor Resartus* hit the nail squarely on the head when he declared that "all reform except a moral one will prove unavailing." And he uttered words pregnant with deep significance when in a single golden sentence he said: "The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things but enjoy the right things: not merely industrious, but to love industry: not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice." Although Carlyle's interest in social problems is overshadowed by his concern with literature, history, and religion, it is a vital phase of his life. His writings in the field have even to-day the ring of modernity and in many instances read as though they came from a contemporary discussion of our social and economic problems.

The section of the volume dealing with Ruskin is possibly not so thoroughly satisfactory as the chapters devoted to Carlyle. But in facing this aspect of the work the author was confronted with a much larger task. Ruskin's social gospel loomed larger in his life. It was not, as in the case of Carlyle, a by-product. Neither was it so well unified. Ruskin, moreover, complicated matters by endeavoring to practice what he preached. In divers ways he labored for economic progress while Carlyle sat comfortably at Chelsea. For example, while Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, Ruskin with the help of some of his student disciples tried his hand at road building, bringing the gardener from Coniston to act as foreman. That the road was a failure is a fact that is more interesting than significant. Ruskin himself was afterward heard to admit that it was "about the worst road in three kingdoms." His other practical social efforts like the Saint George's Guild, his teashops and model tenements are luminously discussed. In fact, Professor Roe performs a real service in giving this clear exposition of Ruskin as a teacher and practitioner of social betterment.

On account of his many books and his much irrelevant material some of the best of Ruskin is for many readers almost hopelessly lost. It is interesting to leaf through this volume and notice the many wisdom-packed epigrams which can be gleaned from his books. For example: "All effectual advancement toward this true felicity of the human race must be by individual effort." "The whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification: I use the words with their weight in them; intaking of stores, establishment in vital habits, hopes, faiths." "There is only one cure of public distress, and that is a public education, directed to make men thoughtful, merciful, and just."

Ruskin dedicated his *Munera Pulveris* "to the friend and guide who urged me to all chief honor, Thomas Carlyle." The younger man was confessedly the disciple of the older. Froude speaks of Ruskin catching the fiery cross from the failing hand of Carlyle. Both were teachers of the teachers of mankind. Each uttered truths to which our generation needs to listen. Neither under any circumstance could be called a "dead author," two editions of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* appearing within the past year. Dean Roe has done his work well. His book is in a field entirely by itself and is a distinct contribution to the interpretation of

nineteenth century literature. From any standpoint it can be regarded as one of the most suggestive volumes of the year.

LEWIS H. CHRISMAN.
West Virginia Wesleyan College, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Chaos and Cosmos. By EDGAR L. HEERMANCE. Pp. xxi+358. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, $3.

CHRISTIANITY is the best working hypothesis for the solution of world problems. For Jesus has given us a view of the universe—it is God's world, not yet perfect but in process of growth, and in that evolution must take its character from God. This principle of an ordered universe, conforming more and more to the divine ideal, this book discusses with much detail, applying it to the making of manhood, to individual, social, industrial, and national relations. Surely he is right. Our Lord's interpretation of life is constantly confirmed by both scientific and social development. Our biggest and best job is to be a partner with God in his creative task. And to help in reaching this goal this is a worthwhile work.

Property, Its Duties and Rights. Historically, Philosophically, and Religiously Regarded. Essays by various writers, with an introduction by Bishop CHARLES GORE. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $2.00.

SOME years since the Laymen's Missionary Movement rendered some people a service by selling them copies of the English edition of this book. Now Macmillan has also served by bringing out an American edition in much more comfortable form.

While this is a pre-war study, it ran to a second edition in wartime, a tribute both to its worth and to the capacity of the English mind. With us it meets an urgent need. It is plain enough in Europe that the future of civilization turns upon the issue of property, both as to principle and form. The discussion between the Allies and Russia has made the fact clearer. Our contribution to that discussion, our attitude to Mexico, our relations with Haiti, San Domingo, various parts of Latin America, and Liberia, have also made it clear that in this matter of property forms, we are like to cast the die that decides the fate of civilization. It is an issue the preacher cannot avoid, and as we come to it, this volume has cleared some ground for us.

It is a typical sample of the English method of approach to such a problem. Seeing what property was doing to the life of England, some religious leaders proposed a popular propaganda on the religious aspects of property. But first, they said, we must satisfy ourselves as to theory and principle. Hence, they sought qualified men to write for them a group of essays. Out of a survey of the social development of property, of the history of the idea both in philosophy and religion, and of the English law concerning it, they hoped there might emerge some regulative principle.

That hope was justified, particularly by the contributions of Hobhouse on the "Evolution of Property" and Scott Holland on "Property and Personality." Out of the study there clearly emerges the fact of the relativity of private property; it has no absolute or fixed right. In view of the rigidity of the eighteenth century philosophy and legalism (or is it earlier?) that we are now flinging as stones in the face of a hungry and distracted Europe, the American pulpit will do well to weigh the findings of this study concerning the nature of private property.

There emerges also in the volume the principle that the relation of property to personality can only be determined when personality is considered in a social sense. Since this book was written, some American sociologists have developed significant studies concerning the relation of the individual to the group which make still more emphatic and meaningful the social nature of personality. Here is the root of the matter. Personality is a social thing—a fellowship. Hence, property must be a social thing—a part of the fellowship. Considering only the relation of property to an abstract individual personality, who in reality does not exist, we land in a situation which Holland beautifully describes as "that ironical paradox by which an exaggerated notion of the absolute value of private property has led a Society based on individualism to confine the range of this value within a limited circle." And again, "By forcing Individualism, we have somehow evicted individualities," have come to a place where "the majority of men are not their own masters, and have a minimum of what they can call their own."

The social nature of personality leads us in the matter of property toward the extension of collective ownership, toward an ideal continually recurrent in history, described by the Roman poet as a condition in which "Their private property was small; what was in common was large."

The most significant single contribution of this book is the distinction made by Hobhouse between property for use and property for power. Out of this, Gore thinks the corporate mind and conscience can form a regulative principle for property. This distinction, like any other, can be reduced to nothing by abstract analysis. For example, my property for use is also in some sense property for power, but there is a world of difference both in ethical values and concrete results between property sought only for use and property sought for power. The working value of this distinction is increased, if it be conceived and used socially. If society as a whole decides that there shall be no property for power, then my property for use will not give me, as now, indirect and unsought power over others. Moreover, the knotty question of what one may properly use will then be on the way to settlement.

Indeed, the course of the evolution of the principle, practice, and law of property is continually to restrict property for power and extend property for use. This is the way of democracy and the only way that the power of individuals, classes, nations, races over others can be taken away from them. Meantime, the world, as it eliminates property for power and extends property for use, will need to ask "Use for what?" To abolish poverty or to develop the spirit, or both? Have the preachers the

answer? Can they lead humanity into the realm of the spirit unless they know thoroughly the ground in this matter of property?

To know this ground, a man may well read in addition to this present book, Tawney, *The Acquisitive Society;* Lafargue, *The Evolution of Property;* Beard, *The Economic Basis of Politics,* and Ely, *Property and Contract.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES

In Darkest Christendom and a Way Out of the Darkness. By ARTHUR BERTRAM. 8vo, pp. 256. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Price, paper covers, 3s. 6 pence.

Christian Unity. Its Principles and Possibilities. By the Committee on the War and The Religious Outlook. 8vo, pp. xiv + 386. New York: Association Press. Price, $2.25.

The Fulfilment of the Church. By DAVID JENKS. 8vo, pp. xvi + 183. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Price, $3.

The Problem of Christian Unity. By Various Writers. 12mo, pp. vii + 127. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.75.

Apostles, Fathers, and Reformers. By JOHN BAYNE ASCHAM. 12mo, pp. 365. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, $1.50.

Shall We Stand by the Church? By DURANT DRAKE. 12mo, pp. 181. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $2.

The Future of the Churches. By ROGER W. BABSON. 12mo, pp. 112. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.

The Crisis of the Churches. By LEIGHTON PARKS, D.D. 8vo, pp. xxx + 256. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $2.50.

THE fundamental question before us is not whether this or that church is to have the final word, but whether Christianity or paganism will control the life and destinies of the nations. This question cannot be considered in an atmosphere of sentimentalism or traditionalism but in one that is purged of prejudice and passion. We have had much vacuous talk about our unhappy divisions, which disregards the sanctity of tradition and sets at naught the sacrificial testimony of the past. But it is absurd to build anew on freshly laid foundations as though wisdom began with us. The principle of development reckons with what has gone before, and advances are made which guarantee a speedier and more effective solution of our problems.

The forces of Protestantism surely realize the weakness of individualism and the dangers of separation. But we cannot idolize mechanical unity and make a fetish of organization. To do so would be to sacrifice the prophetic and apostolic mission of the church on the altars of canonical uniformities, only to find that we are conceding to the time spirit instead of to the living Christ. True Christian unity is the result of a democratic process inspired by the truth of the spiritual equality of all believers. The attempts at organic union have been repeatedly discredited

from the days when Hildebrand dreamed of a church empire. The better course is to develop a church consciousness in Protestantism, less interested in legal technicalities and more in spiritual vitalities. To this end, we should study afresh the history of the church, and understand how its program has been carried out, where and why it has failed, and what should be done for the better equipment and deeper enrichment of the church, that it may lead the nations toward the City of God.

"The rage for reunion as a remedy for existing evils indicates a very poor judgment as to what those evils are. The period in which the churches have declined so tragically has *not* been a period of division—the tendency has been slightly in the opposite direction—therefore we must look elsewhere for the prime cause of the decline." So writes Arthur Bertram in his searching and stirring book, *In Darkest Christendom*. The title is somewhat sensational. He turns the searchlight on the church and with the unction of a prophet he reviews recent events, and pleads for a more courageous acceptance of Christ, the one Reality, the hope and anchor of the race. No one who would understand the life of to-day can neglect this remarkable book, written with the very life blood of a man who has seen and felt and who knows the direction in which lies universal peace.

Like the previous three reports published by the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook, the fourth, on *Christian Unity*, is a comprehensive survey of difficulties to be overcome, with suggestions how to build on what has already been attained. The first part is a historical résumé of attempts at union. It is of special interest to students of American Christianity. The chapters on "The Present Situation in the Church as a Whole," by Dr. Speer, and "Present Problems," by Professor W. Adams Brown, frankly diagnose conditions. Other chapters contain firsthand reports by representatives of the denominations. The second part, on the historical background, throws valuable light on American church history; it prepares the way for the third part, which expounds the underlying principles that should regulate further progress toward union. As a handbook of suggestive directions, this is an important contribution to the subject. The fact that at points it is too academic should not detract from its earnest purpose to achieve the redemption of the world by means of a federated or united Protestantism.

A program of union drawn up by a committee is often apt to overlook some of the subversive influences that come from the rank and file of the church, both clergy and laity. The force of such opposition does not depend on the size of the denomination, for it is a fact that some of the smaller churches have stoutly resisted every approach to reunion. Disparagement has never led us anywhere. It is only in the lucid light of mutual understanding and respect that we can discuss our differences as a preliminary toward Christian cooperation. Wells has made this thought clear in his recent volume on *Washington and the Riddle of Peace*. What is true of nations is equally true of churches. *The Problem of Christian Unity* consists of addresses by leaders of the Congregational, Protestant

Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist Episcopal Churches. Bishop McDowell of our church pointed out a danger to be avoided. "We do not arrive at the goal when we discredit the Christianity, the churches that are, in order to arrive at something that we hope to see. The fate of Christianity is in the churches of to-day. The achievements of Christianity are largely through the churches of to-day, and these criticisms have the tendency to make people think meanly and unworthily of the only bodies that are now organized to represent Christianity." These addresses, irenic in tone, will help to educate the mind and heart of the churches to become ready for the next steps.

A knowledge of what the church has stood for in the past will help toward a better understanding of its present function. Dr. Ascham's volume covers the critical period from the days of the primitive church to the Protestant Reformation on the Continent and in Great Britain. Prepared for class study, it has the merit of lucidity, and takes note of all the movements of the church, which, in spite of corruptions and lapses, have kept alive the hope of the kingdom of God.

What is the real cause of the paralysis from which all churches are suffering? It is not differences of creed, but the defects of materialism, professionalism, and sectarianism, common to every one. They are doubtless inevitable in organized religion, but not excusable. This issue is thoughtfully discussed in *The Fulfilment of the Church* by Mr. Jenks. He acknowledges that we are not prepared for corporate fellowship, and he indicates how men of good will must think out anew the spiritual element of human life, to be cultivated by the Society of Christ, the church, which is the divine instrument for that purpose. This purpose should further be considered in terms of love and of holiness, and the individual believer should be related, not only to God but to the community, from which he is inseparable. The first part, on the significance of the Messianic Church, is a study of Eph. 1. 3-14. The second part, on the practical work of the church in Western lands, is an exposition of Eph. 2. 19-22. The whole discussion is conducted on a high plane. It will help to develop the much-needed church consciousness as a body in oneness of spirit. Without this experience the church will flounder and fail in the large task for unity.

An exalted ideal of the church will enable us to give an affirmative answer to Professor Drake's question in his volume, *Shall We Stand by the Church?* This author steers a middle course between critics and defenders of the church, convinced that the church has a function to discharge which is outside the province of every other organization. It must, however, revise its program and readjust its sails to the new winds that are astir. Religious education will deepen the vision and broaden the outlook of church members. He pleads for freedom from traditional dogmas and outworn practices, and urges a reconsideration and reinterpretation of the fundamental Christian doctrines. This is essential before there can be any adequate discussion of Christian union, as Professor Foakes Jackson recently declared in The Hibbert Journal for January, 1922. Dr. Drake's volume is an urgent appeal and a ringing challenge

to the church, which he is persuaded must be supported by all thoughtful and earnest people. If the church goes down, with it will also go all that is best in civilization.

Roger W. Babson is a pragmatist. He is a new voice advocating the claims of the church from the standpoint of a business man. His latest volume, *The Future of the Churches*, suggests an interesting method of centralization for the sake of efficiency. The arguments of this statistician deserve attention.

The volume by Dr. Parks is the plea of an advocate who is convinced that the crisis of the churches offers a big opportunity for church leaders who understand the signs of the times. If occasionally he paints a dark picture he also puts on the canvas the stars of hope, which shine with greater radiance on the black background. He shows the difference between organic and corporate unity, and does justice to self-determination and unity—the two passions of all nations—and warns against the specter of uniformity and the dangers of extreme individualism. He is right in stressing that the supreme work of the church is "to deal with individuals and to quicken the conscience and inspire the heart," as a means toward social salvation. The task of Protestantism is to spiritualize life, to appeal to the highest intelligence, and to satisfy the ethical aspirations of mankind. We do not agree that the Anglican Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church are peculiarly fitted to meet the present crisis, for reasons which he himself assigns in his criticisms of Anglicanism and in his commendations of the other denominations. The chapters on "The Mission of the Churches," "The Task of the Churches," "Sectarianism, Protestant and Catholic," "Organic Unity," "Church Unity," "Spiritual Unity," "The Evolution of the Ministry," "The Future Ministry," "Worship," "Doctrine," "Sacramentarianism," "Fellowship," reach the high water mark of creative thought. In some ways it is the most important volume of all mentioned in this notice.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

CHURCH HISTORY

Hellenism and Christianity. By EDWYN BEVAN, Honorary Fellow of New College, Oxford. Pp. 275. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $3, net.

THIS is not a book on the influence of later Greek ideas, customs, etc., on Christianity, as is Hatch's well-known though sometimes misleading Hibbert Lectures of 1888, but is a series of more or less independent essays. A better title would have been, *Essays on Hellenism and on Christianity*, though Christianity is considered in the dry light of a Greek scholar who, in spite of his environment and studies, remains a Christian, though a somewhat detached and very liberal one. The titles are: "The East and the West," "Bacchylides," "Greek Anthology," "First Contact with Christianity and Paganism," "The Gnostic Redeemer," "Between Two Worlds" (a résumé of Augustine's first book, *Adversus Academicos*, with translation of parts, a book which has never been translated), "The

Prophet of Personality" (a suggestive and brilliant study of Augustine, especially as revealed in his Confessions, though without a detailed examination of them), "Dirt" (especially religious aspects), "Paradox of Christianity" (a strong and fascinating discussion of Joy and Sorrow), "Human Progress," "Problem of Eschatology" (in early Christianity), "Reason and Dogma," "Christianity in the Modern World." The essays that touch church history are the most interesting and valuable, but the whole book is the fine product of a cultured mind.

One or two corrections or remarks might be permitted. The author intimates that when John's Gospel appeared aged saints may have asked dubiously whence it came and whether its words were spoken by the Lord (p. 65). Well, they may or they may not, but there is not the slightest evidence that they did. Except the little sect of the Alogi at the close of the second century, all Christians received the fourth Gospel. Over against the quotation from an "eminent scholar" on p. 109 it is to be said that Christianity was not considered a "system of authoritative revelation" till the fourth or fifth centuries, that neither before nor after that did the "world fling itself passionately under its spell," nor did the early church "claim censorship" nor "stamp free questioning as a sin." It would have been truer to say, on p. 226, that theology held that the "truths of religion are not amenable to human reason" in the sense that reason is not the *only* source or judge in that field. On the same page the "defiant outburst of Tertullian, 'The thing is certain just because it is impossible,' " is quoted, only it was not defiant, nor an outburst, nor did he say exactly that. In defending the resurrection of the body he says, in passing and rhetorically: "The Son of God died: it is to be believed because it is unsuitable (ineptum). He was buried and rose: it is certain because impossible" (*De Carne Christi*, 5). That is, what is inept to you with your premises is consistent to me; what is impossible to you is possible to me because I know it to be a fact. It is hardly an adequate statement of reasons for belief in the resurrection of Jesus on p. 235: one could add not only the unanimity of the witnesses as to the main facts, but the existence of the church itself, of Sunday, absence of reasons for invention, initial incredulity of the apostles, etc. The point on miracles (p. 237) misses the *historical* position of Christ and apostles as founders, for which miracles were necessary. After Christianity got fairly started—say in the fourth century—the same necessity did not exist. Then spiritual miracles would suffice, and the record. In closing chapter xii (p. 248) the author hardly states the case justly. For, as a matter of fact, the miraculous birth of Christ fits in so essentially with the Christian view of him that if the early believers had held that he came into the world as any other man that Christian view would never have arisen. In this case he would have been looked on as a man only, however endowed. Nor is the evidence for the Birth "doubtful," as it rests on two specific witnesses, and is the spiritual presupposition behind the others. On the same page our learned author fails to see the historical situation as to the resurrection of Christ. The apostles needed no demonstration that after his death he was personally alive. They all believed it. That fact did make and would have made

no difference. Nor would a ghostly manifestation of Christ, nor any number of them, have done the work. A real (bodily) resurrection was necessary, and if it had not been given the world would still be pagan. Besides, if there had been no actual resurrection, all the Gospels, the Acts, and even the Epistles would be involved in deception and lies. What result could have been from that? Finally, the author is slightly confused in a remark on p. 272: "The Christian belief as to the significance of Jesus Christ rests upon certain value-judgments which objective history can no more prove or disprove than it can prove or disprove the value of a picture or a sonata." History cannot prove to a deaf man the charm of a sonata, but it can prove to him that Beethoven existed and that he was regarded as almost a miracle in music; so history can prove and does amply prove that facts in the past not only are consistent with "Christian belief as to the significance of Jesus," but demand that belief, and that there are no facts that disprove it.

Drew Theological Seminary. J. A. FAULKNER.

The Remnant. By RUFUS M. JONES, M.A., D.Litt. 163 pages. London: The Swarthmore Press, Ltd.

THE famous Friend, author, and professor at Haverford College, Dr. Jones, comes out with a fine little study in Church History (somewhat high priced), which I have read with admiration and sympathy. His idea is to trace the history of little groups of earnest and high-minded men and women of lofty consecration who have kept the faith in the ethics of Jesus and in first-hand contact with the Spirit, beginning with the New Testament (with a chapter on the Remnant idea in Isaiah) down to and including the Quakers. I found the two chapters on the Spiritual Reformers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and on the Friends the best, but all are refreshing and sincere—a noble little book. As to Isa. 53—p. 24—a remnant cannot in the nature of the case redeem or vicariously bear the sins of a nation. On pp. 107-108 a horrible injustice is done to Luther, as is so common with writers who have not given a thorough and impartial study to *all* the facts, a statement of which can be found in either the Lutheran Quarterly, July, 1908, or in the London Quarterly Review, July, 1910.

J. A. F.

New Testament Theology. By HENRY C. SHELDON. 2d edition. Pp. vii + 374. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.75.

THIS book by our veteran scholar was first printed in 1906, a new and revised edition appeared through Macmillan in 1911, of which notice appeared in this REVIEW for that year, pp. 487-9, and now a second and enlarged edition of the revised edition appears with an appendix on the Mystery Religions. It is probably the best book of the size on the subject in any language, scholarly yet readable, independent yet Christian, fair and impartial yet sympathetic—a model book whether for the minister, educated layman, or as a textbook for students. Those who are influenced

by recent Anglican radicals should read his chapter on the Fourth Gospel and on the Mystery Religions, though his little book on the latter published by our Concern in 1918 should be read to amplify the admirable brief discussion with which he closes the work before us.

J. A. F.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The Mother-Teacher of Religion. By ANNA FREELOVE BETTS. Pp. 240. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, $2, net.

Parents and their Children. By MARY E. MOXCEY. Pp. 140. The Abingdon Press. Price, 75 cents, net.

Your Boy and Girl. Papers on the Rearing of Children. By A. T. JAMISON, D.D. Pp. 178. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.25, net.

Emancipation of Youth. By ARTHUR EDWIN ROBERTS. Pp. 120. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1, net.

BOOKS on child study and training are rapidly growing in number and we need them.

"The child's first school is the family." So said Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten. All parents should train themselves as educators, for faulty guidance in childhood is the main source, not only of physical feebleness, but of moral and mental weakness. Mrs. Betts' admirable treatise meets all the main problems of the child and the home with a practical program which will create a divine school, filled with a Kingdom climate, pulsing with prayer-life, play-life, story, and song.

For parent-classes in the church school, an admirable handbook can be found in Miss Moxcey's book, well-founded in scientific theory, but also having a background of experience and suggesting methods that have been tried out successfully in life.

Dr. Jamison, who for a quarter of a century has had remarkable success as head of an English orphanage, discards many old-time methods of training and gives a new method based on the new psychology. Environment, suggestion, auto discipline and such words open a fresh path for guiding the steps of youth.

Much the same method is followed by Mr. Roberts, a prominent Director of Boy Scouts, who vigorously shows better ways for church, home, and school in boy-building.

An Introduction to Ecclesiastical Latin. By Rev. H. P. V. NUNN, M.A. Pp. xiii + 162. Cambridge University Press.

AFTER a brief introduction on the origin and character of ecclesiastical Latin, this little book presents (1) a grammar (pp. 8-113); (2) extracts from ecclesiastical writers, with brief notes (pp. 114-156), and (3) index of Scripture texts quoted (pp. 157-162), but no vocabulary. Illustrative examples in the grammar are taken from the Vulgate; it would have been

well to have included many from the church writers also, as the latter are those mainly read by students interested in the Latin, of which this book is an admirable and indispensable guide. J. A. F.

Modernism in Religion. J. MACBRIDE STERRETT, D.D., Litt.D., Emeritus Professor of Philosophy in the George Washington University. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.50.

Christianity and Christ. WILLIAM SCOTT PALMER. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co. Price, $2.00.

Two books of diverse treatment but of a common purpose and both as interesting as illuminating. The common purpose is a justification and exposition of what is called "Modernism"—which is but a label for the reviewing of Christianity in the light of all the knowledge of the age in which we live.

Dr. Sterrett defines a "Modernist" as "one who is a thankful heir of all the Christian ages—but feels that he should not be the slave of any of them," and specially addresses himself to the "man who is as incurably intellectual as incurably religious"; but any earnest, honest thinker, whether he have scholarship or none, will be able under his sympathetic guidance to understand both the evolutionary process as applied to religion and the historical method in the study of literature and institutions. The sound judgment of the writer is specially indicated in the way in which he discriminates in his agreements and disagreements with such authorities as Harnack, Sabatier, and Francis A. Henry—agreeing with them when they say, "Go back to Jesus" as the Fountain of Life—but going forward and not at all backward in all things that pertain to polity and organization. "Identity is the category of deadness. No living thing ever remains identical with itself. It ever grows by adapting itself to a changing environment."

Christ and Christianity takes up in a more minute and yet more impressionistic way the content of Modernism and does so, uniquely, by the revelations of a personal diary. Here again Modernism's great distinction of interpreting God in the terms of Jesus rather than of Jesus in the terms of God is everywhere in evidence. The literary charm of this writer is one of his irresistible allurements and the wealth of his literary references and allusions but adds to the value of the book. One of the most important of these references is to the *Il Rinnovamento*, an Italian Review which was published during the "brief spring time" of Roman Catholic Modernism, but died an early death, crushed by ecclesiastic autocracy. The scholarly papers of this Review inevitably dealt with such subjects as "The Virgin Birth." From one of these there is an excerpt with the following conclusion: "Our Lord might have been conceived and born miraculously and yet be still merely a man; our Lord might be all that the doctrine of His divinity strives to express and yet be conceived and born, with regard to the merely physical details of the fact, in the same manner as any other entirely human man." It would be a mistake, however, to infer from the foregoing quotation that the

effect of this book is to impair the supremacy of Jesus, for the writer has in mind throughout Christ regnant and triumphant.

HENRY A. REED.

Elma, N. Y.

This Mind. By Bishop WILLIAM FRASER MCDOWELL. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, $1, net.

WE have complimented Jesus Christ long enough. Let us now follow him and give proof that he is not only the world's highest ideal but also its best inspiration. In spite of what certain writers insist we could hardly conceive of a sublimer theory and practice of life than that offered by the Man of Nazareth. His principles are valid for guidance in every calling. They are moreover compellingly binding and adequately compensating, as Bishop McDowell so searchingly points out in these lectures delivered to the student body at DePauw University. Young people who stand on the threshold of decision cannot fail to be convinced by this persuasive exposition of the ethical and spiritual standards of Jesus.

The bishop's concern rightly goes beyond the work of the Christian ministry. His Yale lectures on "Good Ministers of Jesus Christ" present a stimulating conception of this holy vocation. But in the present volume he argues that every calling is sacred, and that the call of Christ is given not only to those who decide to become preachers, teachers, and doctors, but also to those who enter business, journalism, the law and all of the many professions which attract aspiring youth.

A real distinction is made between the decision for a particular occupation and the determination of life's large objects to be worked out in every true occupation. The important question is not whether one is called, but what one purposes to do, and what are to be the controlling influences. Most urgent is this eager summons to take Jesus Christ seriously as our authority and our example—and to understand his mind on life's profoundest issues. Those who thus follow him will not walk in darkness but in the light of the new day of Christ, whose promise of peace and blessedness and usefulness is assured to all who make the venture of faith in his name.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Romance of Eternal Life. By CHARLES GARDNER. Pp. 196 (E. P. Dutton & Co.). An interesting book, not about survival, but about an eternal life that begins here. It is very churchly, but not narrow. The life in Christ is a romance—a high adventure beyond the realm of material things.

A Guide to Preachers. By A. E. GARVIE. Pp. xv + 352 (Doran). A necessary supplement to Principal Garvie's *Christian Preacher*, in which he luminously shows the best methods of a preacher's task—how to study the Bible, how to state the gospel, how to preach, and how to meet the age in which we live.

Making the World Christian. By JOHN MONROE MOORE. Pp. vi+323 (Doran).

The Shantung Question. By GE-ZAY WOOD. Pp. 372 (Revell). A member of the Chinese Delegation to the Washington Conference here gives an exhaustive study of one of the central problems in international policy. It is based on official documents given in full. Certainly the Shantung Agreement, made at Washington, must and will be carried out. China will regain her own and Japan will not lose but gain in moral strength.

The Return of Christ. By CHARLES R. ERDMAN. Pp. xiv+108 (Doran). There are Pre-Millennialists who are both scholarly and Christian in their attitude. Such are Dr. Stuart Holden, of London, and Professor Erdman, of Princeton. In this book, the latter, avoiding the extremest method, tries to bring into some sort of harmony the hostile schools of prophetic interpretation. Not all of us will think he has succeeded, but all pious hearts will agree with him that the Church of Christ should be both watchful and expectant. Some souls will study both sides of this question and will need this volume.

Sermons for the Great Days of the Year. By RUSSELL H. CONWELL, D.D. Pp. 226 (Doran). The preacher's best course is to follow the festivals and fasts of the Christian year. Occasionally, however, he may pay attention to other great birthdays than that of our Lord, to Mother's Day, Flag Day, Harvest Home, etc. Dr. Conwell furnishes some excellent material, but he has given none for one of the most important, Labor Day.

Sermons for Special Days. By FREDERICK D. KERSCHNER. Pp. 223 (Doran). Rather stronger intellectually than Conwell's book and better in this—it includes Labor Day and Armistice Day.

The Untried Door. An Attempt to Discover the Mind of Jesus for To-Day. By RICHARD ROBERTS, D.D. Pp. 175 (New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50, net). Dr. Roberts is one of the foremost living preachers of the social gospel. And he makes us wonder if many of us have really passed through that Door which is Jesus Christ. Has his teaching really been seriously tried in our modern life? Here is a single passage which reveals the heart of the book:

"The one thing that is clearly no longer possible (even if it ever was) is for a man to try to 'cut out' of this welter and save his own soul. He cannot so lightly escape the vast common collective guilt. . . . Personal salvation and social salvation belong indissolubly to one another. It will be characteristic of a Christian Society that it will not leave the great tasks of forgiveness and restitution to its individual members. It will express its own soul in great collective acts of atonement."

To face the fact that a selfish economic order involves us all in social sins is a new day of judgment. The social order must be Christianized before our personal character can be cleared from guilt. This book is admirably adapted for study groups in churches and schools.

The Wit and Wisdom of Warren Akin Candler. Edited by ELAM FRANKLIN DEMPSEY. Pp. 285 (Nashville, Tenn.: Smith and Lamar, $1.50). Bishop Candler, of the Southern Methodist Church, is a brilliant maker of epigrams—sayings which are genuine *jeux d'esprit*, sports of the spirit. Of course it is a perilous gift. Fine phrases may sidetrack the truth. Sweeping generalizations, couched in witty words, may sometimes forget facts. But this preacher of sparkling paradox has an insight which rescues him from wreck. One wishes that a good stenographer had reported the whole of the sermons and speeches from which these verbal values have been preserved that we might have the whole contextual sky from which come these lightning flashes of wit and wisdom. We want to quote, but dare not, for what rouses this reviewer may not be the one that touches the reader. Rather let us tell this story:

A somewhat self-important layman asked Bishop Candler this question: "Bishop, why is it that we have so many poor, good-for-nothing preachers?" With steady voice and immobile face the bishop answered: "Well, I don't know, unless it's because of the sort of laymen we have to make them of!"

Recent Theistic Discussion. By WILLIAM L. DAVIDSON, LL.D. (Scribners, $2.25). This critical review of theistic thought, as expounded especially in the series of Gifford Lectures, reminds one of the verger who declared that he had heard all the Bampton Lectures and was still a believer. The fact that God is a necessity of human nature is ably sustained by Professor Davidson. We have traveled far from the days of Paley, but nature is still teleologically interpreted by the philosopher, although the teleology is not external and mechanical. It is conceived as immanent in the universe, which is an evolving process, and it regards man as in the course of development. The progress made in philosophical thought is an earnest of yet richer discoveries, in view of the findings of science, art, psychology, comparative religion, and social thinking.

On the Edge of the Primeval Forest. By Professor ALBERT SCHWEITZER (A. & C. Black, imported by Macmillan, $2). From the world of learning and art to the wilds of French Equatorial Africa is an extraordinary transition. The man who made it heard the call of Jesus and went forth to alleviate pain. What he and his wife accomplished during four and a half years is related in this volume. It also throws light on the evils of fetishism, slavery, cannibalism, alcoholism, the complicated social and labor problems, and the perplexities of government administration. With the detachment of the typical scientist and the enthusiasm of the ardent missionary, Dr. Schweitzer deals with the issues of the greatest importance to missionary work. It is a striking testimony to the power of the gospel that the famous author of *The Quest of the Historical Jesus* and *Paul and His Interpreters*, who is also an authority on Bach and an eminent organist, should have given up his scholarly studies to engage in medical missionary work in a most destitute field, and continue therein without discouragement but with Christlike consecration. This is one of

the most remarkable of missionary books and worthy of a place beside *A Labrador Doctor*, the autobiography of W. T. Grenfell.

Religion as Experience. By JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM (Abingdon Press, $1). The fact of religion is finally demonstrated in experience. In the case of Christianity there are many forms of experience, as the shades of light in the sunset sky, but all are manifestations of the one Spirit. This truth is strikingly developed by Professor Buckham. He also discriminates between experience and doctrine, and makes room for differences of interpretation, provided there is an underlying allegiance to the one and only Christ of our redemption.

A Little Book of Sermons. By LYNN HAROLD HOUGH. Pp. 174 (Abingdon Press, $1.25). The book is little but the sermons are big. A chief characteristic is the emphasis on the historical note. All history is revelation, and no one can interpret it better than Dr. Hough in terms of Christian faith.

Old Black Bass. By ALBERT BENJAMIN CUNNINGHAM. Pp. 112 (Abingdon Press, $1.00). A biography of a big bass told by a fisherman who knows well the psychology of fish. It is a life both comic and tragic, with a fine touch of romance. There is sound science and philosophy back of this imaginative tale.

A First Book in Hymns and Worship. By EDITH LOVELL THOMAS. Pp. 150 (Abingdon Press, $1.25). If our church schools, both in Sunday and week-day instruction, could use such a book as this, they would become real schools, rather than vaudeville shows of jazz and syncopation. The hymns are excellent—a real preparation for the great hymns of the church—and the music has real beauty. We are on the way to a true union of Cultism and Christianity.

Pulling Together. By JOHN T. BRODERICK. Pp. 142 (Robson & Ader, Schenectady, N. Y., $1). This looks toward industrial democracy, but does not quite arrive. Yet it has value as a criticism of the existing industrial system as a plea for larger cooperation.

The Next Step. A Study in Methodist Polity. By PAUL HUTCHINSON. Pp. 119 (The Methodist Book Concern, 75 cents). A powerful plea for the transformation of Methodism into a world church, organized on a decentralized plan. That new internationalism which recognizes the rights of racial groups has a true Christian basis and the church of Christ should follow its program. The Methodist Episcopal Church possesses a polity which can easily adapt itself to the present world situation. This is a primer of religious statesmanship which all our church leaders should study.

A READING COURSE

The Reconstruction of Religion. By CHARLES A. ELLWOOD, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $2.25.

RELIGION has been well described as the noblest blossoming of human experience. Sir Henry Jones points out in *A Faith That Enquires*, that its two characteristics are the pursuit of the best and the total immersion of the self in this pursuit. It is not merely a way of life, but life itself. The question arises whether such a life could be reconstructed. Would it not be more correct to speak of the revitalization of life? This implies a change at the center followed by a redirection of its activities, so as to make religion a more radical and comprehensive influence in the manifold operations of the individual and society. The social engineer might suggest helpful methods, but we first need the spiritual guide to tell us of motives and energies. A program without power to execute it is only a scrap of paper.

Many social thinkers are interested in symptoms rather than causes. They seek for novelty rather than reality and set aside the challenge of Christianity which is confused with sectarian interpretations and creedal tests. It is therefore gratifying to welcome this volume of Professor Ellwood, who looks at all the facts without prejudice, discriminates between the essence and its varied expressions, and reaches the conclusion, which is a conviction, that Christianity does offer a substantially satisfactory answer to all the querulous questionings and troublous distempers of our times. This is a thoroughgoing discussion of the place of religion and the Christian Church, from the sociological point of view. We recall the pioneer work of Rauschenbusch, who compelled us to face the social implications of religion; in spite of his socialistic tendencies, his books are of value, notably, *Christianizing the Social Order*. Another writer, to whom we are greatly indebted, is Professor Peabody of Harvard, whose two books, *The Christian Life in the Modern World* and *The Religious Education of an American Citizen*, are searching studies, while *Sundays in College Chapels Since the War* illustrates a type of preaching urgently needed. For lack of space, I refer to my own book, *Freedom and Advance*, the chapter on "Social Christianity," for a discussion of principles and the recent literature.

Let us now turn to Ellwood's volume and take a general view of its contents. After an opening chapter on "The Religious Revolution," the following items are considered necessary, each receiving a separate chapter. First, a knowledge of the real nature of religion before we understand its social significance. Second, an appreciation of the social significance of Christianity, in the sense of the religion of Jesus. Third, a perception of the essential paganism and barbarity of our present civilization. Fourth, a recognition that religion adapted to modern requirements should be brought into harmony with positive science. Then follows a chapter on "The Essentials of a Social Religion." Such a religion should be worldwide in vision and missionary in spirit. What

this means is further shown in its bearing on specific fields of modern life. It must have a positive and unequivocal doctrine concerning the family; a scientifically sound doctrine concerning economic conditions; a definite teaching concerning political relations, nationally and internationally; a no less uncompromising doctrine concerning social pleasures and amusements. A chapter is devoted to each of these questions with a concluding chapter on "The Opportunity of the Church."

When so many criticisms of the church weary us with their cant captiousness and superficial bluntness, it is refreshing to read a book by one who knows the weaknesses of organized Christianity, but who is persuaded that a Christian world is practicable and that this could be realized through a reunited, revitalized church. "As the torchbearer of social idealism," the church should lead the way for the social redemption of mankind. The excessive optimism of Dr. Ellwood should, however, be modified as to his hopes of a union of Protestantism and Catholicism, Roman and Greek. His ardent spirit overestimates ecclesiastical generosity and underestimates the actual difficulties. Before church unity could be attained, much remains to be done in cultivating an enlightened church conscience, illuminated by the spirit of Christ. This furthermore is the necessary preliminary toward the church influencing public opinion. Note what is said of the principles that should guide the church in this direction (p. 296ff). Read also the sections on public opinion in Bryce's *Modern Democracies*, vol. I, 151; II, 112, and you will understand how important is the teaching work of the church, to be imparted through the forum, the pulpit, the press, the Sunday school.

Going back to the first chapter, the question faces us whether the outcome of the present disorder is to be revolution, reaction, or the Christion regeneration of the individual and of society. Let us acknowledge the failure of traditional Christianity, that is, the theological and ecclesiastical Christianity of dogma and institution. This type has failed in the sense that it has succumbed, not without struggle, to a higher and more comprehensive type that increasingly adapts itself to the two outstanding facts in our civilization—science and democracy—which thus gives proof that it is dynamic and not static, experimental and not theoretical, spiritual and not ecclesiastical, social and not individualistic, racial and not national. It must not, however, be understood that the earlier type was without its values, nor should we be in a hurry to conclude that the later type is without its defects. We should also guard against the tendency common among social writers to disparage philosophical and theological conceptions, for such we must have unless Christianity becomes a species of emotionalism. What we deprecate is the "either-or" attitude, which fails to recognize the synthesis of Christian truth.

Religion has entered the warp and woof of every civilization and has been the source of both good and evil. Our business, then, is to find such a type of religion, which is a positive more than a negative force, and is thereby able fully to release our best energies. Such a religion will follow reason and not thwart it. Note what is meant by the scientific

understanding of religion (40ff.). As illustrating the manysidedness of religion, note the seven stages of religious evolution, viewed in psychological and not in chronological terms (48ff.). Dr. Ellwood well says that a religionless world would be one without absolute values (60). Concerning the social significance of religion, note also what is written of the influence of religious beliefs on social experience and their relation to the "mores" of each age, for better or worse. In *The Group Mind*, Dr. McDougall writes of this idea: "Religion is essentially a system of supernatural sanctions for social conduct, for conduct conforming to the moral code of the society, and especially for customs regulating the family and the relation of the sexes, on which, more than on anything else, social stability depends" (375).

The two chapters on "The Social Significance of Christianity" and "Positive Christianity the Religion of Humanity," make it clear that by Christianity Dr. Ellwood means "the religion of Jesus, rather than the clutter of historical beliefs that have at one time or another assumed that name." Essential Christianity has always been misunderstood. Under the influence of apocalypticism, to many of the early Christians, "not transformation of this world but escape from it became the Christian message; not social leadership but protest the function of the church." Why is "the extreme individualism of Protestant Christianity" such a serious obstacle? What are the other five obstacles to social progress? (85). What are the distinguishing features of positive Christianity? (127ff.). How does it compare with the Positivism of Comte? Should not a stalwart Christianity include the collective and individualistic aspects of character, as well as the active and contemplative virtues, and also both affirmative and negative attitudes? We must surely go beyond the Synoptic Gospels into the Fourth Gospel and reckon with the mysticism of the life that is hid with Christ in God. The peculiar merit of Christianity is that it establishes no dualism in the religious consciousness but synthesizes objective and subjective religion and reconciles the human and the cosmic by finding the divine in both (137). To be sure, Jesus is Saviour and Leader; but we must pay attention to all his teachings and to his central work of Atonement, which, in spite of variant theories, was his signal contribution to human redemption. This phase of his work will doubtless precipitate us into metaphysical and theological discussions, and Ellwood is careful to avoid them in his desire to stress the sociological view of Christianity. It cannot, however, be overlooked, for it is in the light of Calvary that sin and salvation are profoundly understood. We rejoice in Jesus as the Prophet, but we magnify him as the Redeemer, which is a title inclusive of all his activities. Compare *Social Aspects of the Cross*, by H. S. Coffin, for a forceful presentation of this subject.

The character of modern society reveals the humiliating fact that Western civilization is essentially anti-Christian. Its spokesman was Nietzsche, as Machiavelli was, three centuries ago. But before we condemn this neo-paganism we must first understand it. As we think of the material standards that dominate politics, business and the Western

world generally, it is evident that we must boldly renounce the program of self-interest and material satisfaction, and espouse the Christianity of the New Testament, so different from the conventional Christianity of the half-hearted followers of Jesus Christ. Otherwise, civilization will revert to barbarism from which there can be no deliverance. After reading the chapter by Ellwood, turn to the searching exposure of existing conditions in *Preaching and Paganism* by Fitch, especially chapters three and four.

Ardent sociologist as Dr. Ellwood is, he realizes that social science as such is helpless without religion. This matter is discussed in the chapter on "The Essentials of Social Religion." We need the Christian principle of love and goodwill rather than the pagan principle of self-interest. The world has been disturbed long enough by group egoism which has made more of commodities than of character, and of racial suspicions and antagonisms than of faith and cooperation. And yet the "hard" school of social thinkers, represented by Madison Grant in his book, *The Passing of the Great Race*, insist on segregation, in opposition to the Christian ideal of a wholeness, wherein lies the only hope of the world. There is indeed much truth in the sciences of eugenics and euthenics concerning heredity and environment, but life cannot be considered merely from the physical standpoint.

We must also take into account the spiritual renewal and reinvigoration of the Christian gospel, which goes further and deeper than ethnological and humanitarian proposals.

Much sound thinking is contained in the subsequent chapters on the ways in which the Christian ideal should be realized in the family, in industry, in political life and in social pleasures. What is the Christian ideal of the family? (207). What limitations do social and economic science impose upon the religious ideal? (219ff.). The economic problem is not one merely of distribution but even more of production; note how this point is developed (222). Another question has to do with the equalizing of opportunity, which does not necessarily imply the establishment of dead-level equality in society (233). What is sketched in these pages is not a utopian scheme but one that is eminently practicable provided the spirit of Jesus controls the life of society. As supplementing Ellwood's chapter on "Religion and Economic Life" read *A More Christian Industrial Order*, by H. S. Coffin. The unsocial spirit, exaggerated individualism, and group selfishness, explain the pagan principles in political life, making it clear that an international mind and conscience, enlightened by Jesus and making for Democracy in political life and in all life's relationships, above all will usher in the blessed era of peace. Just as there is a waste in luxury and self-indulgence, so is there waste in the forms of pleasure which are not recreative but oftener demoralizing, to the extent of lowering social morale and brutalizing life. How should we be guided in deciding which pleasures are to be tolerated and encouraged by a Christian civilized society? (272). Clearly, the church has a big task and a large opportunity. As it realizes that its sufficiency is of God and intelligently faces all the issues, will the church be able

to lead in establishing an order wherein dwelleth righteousness and peace and blessedness, for the benefit of all minkind?

SIDE READING

The books referred to above furnish ample material for a fuller consideration of the theme so engagingly and lucidly handled by Ellwood.

For further information about books on subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

WHO'S WHO IN THE REVIEW

DWIGHT M. LOWREY, an able Philadelphia lawyer, and EDWIN GRANT CONKLIN, Ph.D., Professor of Biology in Princeton University, graduated together in 1885 from the Ohio Wesleyan University. Professor Conklin is author of such well-known works as *Heredity and Environment*, *The Direction of Human Evolution*, etc.

Professor JAMES MAIN DIXON of the University of Southern California, Bishop RICHARD J. COOKE, D.D., LL.D., and the Rev. RALPH W. SOCKMAN, Ph.D., a New York pastor, and the Rev. ARTHUR W. HEWITT, rural pastor at Plainfield, Vt., have previously been introduced to the readers of the METHODIST REVIEW.

Two memorials of distinguished leaders in Methodist Education appear in this issue of the REVIEW. One is by Bishop WILLIAM A. QUAYLE, D.D., LL.D., who needs no introduction either to our readers or to the world of letters. The other is by the Rev. ROLLO FRANKLIN HURLBURT, D.D., pastor of the First Methodist Church, Waterloo, Iowa.

FREDERICK F. SHANNON, D.D., is the eloquent successor of Dr. Gunsaulus in the Central Church, Chicago. JOHN W. LAIRD, D.D., formerly pastor of Mount Vernon Place Church, Baltimore, was recently inaugurated President of Albion College, Albion, Mich.

The Rev. J. VICTOR MARTIN and his wife, ESTHER L. MARTIN, are missionaries in Aoyama Gakuin, Tokyo, Japan, and lived next door to Bishop Harris.

ARTHUR S. PEAKE, M.A., D.D., Professor of Biblical Exegesis in the University of Manchester, England, is a leading theologian and Biblical scholar in world-wide Methodism. He is author of many well-known standard works, such as *The Bible, Its Origin, Significance and Abiding Worth; Christianity, Its Nature and Truth; The Revelation of John*, and commentaries on *Job*, *Jeremiah* and *Hebrews*.

The Rev. OSCAR L. JOSEPH, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Tottenville, S. I., New York, was granted the degree of Doctor of Literature at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., at its recent commencement. Dr. Joseph's very useful work in our Reading Course and his service in our Book Reviews are sufficient evidence of his qualifications for that honor, and, we hope, aided him in its achievement.

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METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1922

OUR AMERICAN "IDEALS"

FRANKLYN B. SNYDER
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ALL readers of the REVIEW will remember the dramatic dialogue in which Saint Paul once proudly asserted his Roman citizenship: "And when they had tied him up with the thongs, Paul said unto the centurion that stood by, 'Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?' And when the centurion heard it, he went to the chief captain and told him, saying, 'What art thou about to do? for this man is a Roman.' And the chief captain came and said unto him, 'Tell me, art thou a Roman?' And he said, 'Yea.' And the chief captain answered, 'With a great sum obtained I this citizenship.' And Paul said, 'But I am a Roman born.'"

Thus the chronicle, brilliantly illustrative of one side of Paul's humanity, and at the same time full of significance for to-day. It needs only the simplest of mental emendations to modernize this record of olden times, and to shift the scene from Jerusalem to New York:

"At a great price," says the eager-eyed immigrant from Poland or Italy, "at a great price purchased I this citizenship. Friends, family, Fatherland: on all these I turned my back, in the hope that at some time in the future I might call myself an American citizen." And we reply—while the blood runs a little faster in our veins—"But we are Americans born."

It is a good thing, this thrill of patriotic fervor of which most men are at times so keenly aware. It is a good thing to rejoice in

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OUR AMERICAN "IDEALS"

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one's citizenship. The land is the richer because millions of men and women are like Saint Paul, proud to write themselves down as "Americans born." Yet even while we make these assertions, the insistent queries present themselves: What does it mean to be an American—not in a legal, but in a spiritual sense? What does it mean to be "one hundred per cent American," not in the sense in which some blatant patrioteers have used the phrase during the last few years, but in the sense of expressing in one's life the best of America's ideals? What are these American ideals? Are there any such things at all?

Five years ago these questions could have been answered more easily than to-day. When the German military power was still unbroken, when America, a tardy entrant into the lists, was bending all her efforts to reach the field before the cause should be lost, an undefined but none the less potent idealism played an important part in shaping our national program. We knew little of the ultimate causes of the war; we knew still less, perhaps, of the maze of European politics into which the war inevitably drew us. We were childlike in our simplicity, and after the victory our more sophisticated associates showed their superiority in the rôles of diplomats and negotiators. But, like children, we saw the large values in the picture, the simple colors: we realized that the European nations most akin to us in spirit were in a desperately bad way; we accepted the challenge flung by Germany—took the "dare," as a boy takes it—and we went to work, unselfishly, and ultimately successfully, to see to it that American ideals of right and decency prevailed over German. Yes, during the twenty months following April, 1917, American idealism was a real, an understandable thing, despite the foolish negations of George Harvey.

Then, as every one knows, came a period in which perhaps too extravagant hopes gave place to doubts, and the doubts gradually deepened into a somewhat Byronic disillusionment. The world, it turned out, had not been remade after all; selfishness and greed had not been obliterated, nor did they seem likely to be. Superficially, Europe was far less happy in 1919 than it had been in 1913, and the United States was badly shaken. We were hard up

financially, and, worse than that, we were mentally disquieted: it began to look as though we had been gulled.

Here was the opportunity for the "I told you so's" and the critics of things in general. Like frogs in a swamp they croaked their chorus, pointing out the blunders of statesmen or generals, insisting that the war had been a failure because, forsooth, all the resulting problems had not been solved during the first year of peace; denouncing all national enthusiasms as so much dangerous nonsense; doing their best to make us feel that the world was in a hopeless mess, and the United States a miscellaneous aggregation of unintelligent hypocrites; and above all ridiculing the "idealism" which had been productive of such petty results.

Perhaps it is salutary for us who as a nation have been none too reticent about proclaiming our virtues to be forced to listen to such Devil's advocates. Their remarks make good antidotes for any vestiges of spread-eagle "patriotism" which the war may have brought out. Certainly it is beneficial for a care-free, self-confident American to be told that he is a humbug and a failure. The criticism may be partly unjustified, but at least it makes him think—not a bad thing for any man.

Quite certainly there is justification for much of the criticism to which we have been treated during the last few years. The clever persons who inquired into *Civilization in the United States* are correct in many of their statements. We are not very successful as artists or musicians; our literature is less significant than that of England; vulgarity and sentimentalism and materialism are to be seen on the streets of New York or Chicago. Without asking these gentlemen whether such shortcomings as they delight to discover in America are not after all world-wide, we may thank them for their criticism, learn what we can from it, and suggest that if they have the interests of America really at heart they will do more than carp at her blunders.

But there is one type of critic to-day whom one finds it hard to thank for anything. He is the man who delights in ridiculing not our art or our literature, but our very loyalty to America itself. He is the intellectual who sneers at things his less clever neighbors respect. He is the critic who, without Mr. Wells' information or

saving British common sense, has seized upon the destructive side of Mr. Wells' gospel of internationalism. He is the man who ridicules our love of the flag without having the glorious temerity to suggest a pattern for a better one. He is the man, born with no sense of loyalty to a place or a country, who despises us old-fashioned lovers of our native soil, and laughs when we say that loyalty, even unintelligent loyalty, is still a virtue.

I say it is hard to thank this critic for anything, and yet it is just this destructive individual who forces us to think most insistently about a fundamental problem of our national life. We believe that this America of ours has accomplished something worth while during its three centuries of existence; we have faith in it to-day, and hope confidently for its future. The internationalist would have us haul down the flag, and reorganize things on an entirely different basis. We recognize the fact that we have made mistakes—some of them tragic in their consequences; but we cling to our faith that somehow or other the American experiment has been a good one, and that American ideals of life are worthy of being perpetuated. All this the internationalist denies.

Thus it is that the least worthy of our critics leads us in the end back to a consideration of the central problem: the origin, the nature, of those ideals which we believe to be a part of our national heritage. It is he who asks most insistently, What are your American ideals?

Now obviously the person who attempts a definition of American ideals from a survey of the life of to-day will have a baffling task on his hands. He will find himself bewildered in a maze of contradictory theories and practices. Political considerations divide the country into sharply antagonistic groups, each decrying the platforms of the others. Social usages of thirty years ago, the conventions of what so genially called itself "polite society," seem most of them to have found their way to the waste basket, and nothing has been discovered to take their places. Labor and capital are opposing instead of cooperating forces. Even the churches are unable to agree upon any single creed, but continue to stress their denominational differences, and even threaten to subdivide the denominations because of divergences of opinion.

It would be a wise critic who out of this mass of apparently unreconcilable contradictions could separate the few fundamentals in which all Americans would concur.

Yet that there is such a thing as an American attitude toward life few of us would deny. That vital American ideals have existed in the past, that they are still part of our national heritage, as well as formative influences in the deeper life of to-day, we believe to be a fact. And if one will turn away from the chaos of contemporary life, and look inquiringly at some of the earlier epochs of American history, one will find, I believe, that it will be possible to get at some not utterly inadequate idea of the faith to which the soul of America has adhered. To turn the leaves of literature or history is always a pleasant task, and though there will be nothing novel or startling in either the material I propose to use or the conclusions I hope to reach, I am confident that from such a study may come some scraps of not utterly useless ideas.

To begin with, then, let us set the clock back three centuries, to an age when life had not yet become complicated by coal strikes and congressional ineptitude and worries about next May's increase in rent. In the days of John Endicott all one had to do was to press the forest back from the little clearing, to shun fires and pestilence, to pray for good crops, to foil the Indians who were forever lurking about the edges of the settlement, to banish the Quaker, hang the witch, and exorcise the devil, and in general to carve a decent civilization out of an inhospitable wilderness. That life in this wilderness involved certain perils, no one would deny; but of the more complex perils of the modern world our forefathers were happily ignorant. Life was not exactly easy in their day, but it was relatively simple, and the philosophy of a seventeenth century American in Boston or Salem was in certain ways as simple as his existence. He knew what his ideals were, and he left the record clear for us to read.

Turn the pages of William Bradford, John Winthrop, Cotton Mather, or Samuel Sewall, if you would find these earliest American ideals. Brave old pioneers, fighting the battle for civilization and for God! There is no shadow of a doubt as to what you believed! There was bigotry in that creed, to be sure, but no more

appalling than that of many a man of 1922. There was intolerance, a fine, whole-souled intolerance which all opponents of the eighteenth amendment say much about, but which we emulated very generally when the war brought the nation's life into jeopardy. Before condemning the Puritans on this score one should remember that they too were at war—at war with the wilderness, the Indian, the Papist, the Quaker, and, most significant of all, at war with the devil, in whose existence it was still proper to believe. Small wonder that they "enlarged from the boundaries" stubborn freethinkers who insisted on wagging their tongues in opposition to the will of the founders. We took a leaf from their notebook during the war, as many a prisoner in Leavenworth could have testified.

There was, too, a narrowness in the spiritual horizon of old New England which all critics of that age have been swift to point out. "Shakespeare would have been ill at ease in the Mayflower," said Arnold, and the statement is true. There was superstition, too, if that be not the wrong word to apply to such a "delusion" as the Salem witchcraft mania. The scientist of to-day would probably speak of that tragic affair as a sort of epidemic of self-hypnosis; the Special Court of Oyer and Terminer called it witchcraft—and I am inclined to believe that one term clears up the mystery as little as the other. The point we sometimes forget is that the Puritan did stamp out witchcraft, whatever it was, and that since 1693 there has been no recurrence, in this country, of that epidemic mental affliction.

But of course no apologist for the Puritan would deny that life in old New England was in many ways unlovely. It is an obvious fact, however, that the defects of the Puritan character were defects which it was inevitable the people should outgrow, while the virtues of the Puritan were of the sort that endure. What were they, these virtues, the American ideals of 1650? They took visible form in four buildings characteristic of seventeenth century America: the schoolhouse, the jail, the town hall, and the church: symbols of the Puritan faith in education, in law and order, in self-government, and in Almighty God.

The public school: we of to-day accept it as a matter of course.

But in 1636, when Harvard College was founded, or in 1647, when the system of public schools was established in Massachusetts, there was no such tradition as ours. The old ordinance is quaint enough to warrant quotation:

> Yt being one Chiefe Project of ye ould deluder Sathan to keepe men from ye Knowledge of ye Scriptures, as in formr Times keeping ym in an unknown Tongue and yt Learning might not bee buried in ye Grayves of or Forefathrs in Church and Colonies; ye Lord assisting or Endeavors:—
>
> Yt is therefore Ordered by this Courte and ye Authoritie thereof:—That every Township within ye jurisdiction of this Colonie, after ye Lord hath increased ym to the number of fifty Householders, shall then forthwith appoint one within their towne to teach all such Children as shall resort to him, to Write and Reade;—
>
> And yt is further Ordered: That in every Countie Towne there shall be set up and kept a Gramer Schoole for ye use of ye Countie, ye Master thereof beeing able to instruct Youths soe farr as they may be fitted for ye Universitie.

Thus the Puritan early gave expression to his faith in education, realizing that if the state were to endure it must be founded upon an intelligent citizenship.

But even before the schoolhouse had come the jail—symbol of the Puritan's devotion to law and order. High on the hill behind Boston stood the sinister shape of the gallows, an eloquent warning to evil doers, throwing its shadow over all the colony. It is to the eternal credit of those Englishmen who founded what was to become our American nation that this seventeenth century ideal of respect for the law became the very bone and sinew of their civilization. Respect for the law: this it was that had wrecked Charles the First's fortunes; it became one of the corner stones of old New England; it was the essence of Lincoln's political philosophy; it is still part of our American ideal, albeit somewhat forgotten in these latter days.

Third, the Puritan believed in self-government; he had an instinct for self-government; and he built the town hall—the real cradle of American liberty. Once more, it was English faith that dared this great adventure; they were Englishmen who signed the Mayflower Compact. And the glorious experiment begun in that crowded cabin was destined in time to become the government of Washington and Hamilton, of Webster and Lincoln.

Finally, or perhaps one should have said first of all, the American of 1650 believed in a divine Creator of the universe, in whose hands were the destinies of nations as of individuals. The old Puritan meeting house—bare, unheated, unadorned—was at once the physical and spiritual center of the community. To-day, wherever on the New England hills the white spires of the churches lift themselves through the maple leaves, or wherever on the prairies the towers and belfries point the eye of the beholder toward heaven, there this element of the old Puritan faith still lives.

These, then, if I read the record aright, were the American ideals of 1650: a belief in education, in law and order, in self-government, and in God. It has still to be proved that any one of them has become obsolete.

Turn the leaves of the calendar a hundred years. The Puritan is still the dominant personage in American life, though somewhat mellowed and broadened by the passing of time and the necessity of solving new problems. The fact that by 1750 life in America had become distinctly more complex than it had been a hundred years before, makes it difficult to select any person, or any group, who can represent the new spirit as adequately as the old "Puritan priests" embodied the earlier ideals. But if one should say that Benjamin Franklin typified the new ideal somewhat as Cotton Mather did the old, one would not be far wrong. Certain it is that his work as scientist—or "philosopher," as his contemporaries called him—and man of letters makes it relatively easy for us to interpret him, and to estimate in some sense his contribution to the nation.

The average person to-day thinks of Franklin as an amiable old gentleman who flew kites when he might have been doing something more useful, got his picture printed on one-cent postal cards, and wrote uncomfortable maxims about getting up early in the morning and wearing one's old clothes.

As a matter of fact Franklin was a busy, practical, successful, honest man of affairs, a shrewd judge of men and events, a keen observer, and a lifelong experimenter in the realm of natural philosophy. His business sagacity was of the broad gauge sort that made it possible for him to develop into an administrator of

great power. "The posts in America are under the management of a person of recognized ability," said the British postmaster general when Franklin had been in office only a short time. Later, as colonial emissary in London, and finally as minister to France, he showed himself to be a statesman of the first rank.

Of Franklin's services in this latter capacity, as of his work as a scientist, there is no need to write here. It is of more present significance to remember that Franklin widened America's intellectual horizon by popularizing two new ideals, or at least two ideals which had not found adequate expression in the older colonial philosophy: the ideals of progress and toleration.

The Puritan was given to looking over his shoulder; Mather and Jonathan Edwards were spokesmen for the old order, fighting to hold things as they had been, and to prevent the encroachment of all destructive modernizing tendencies. Franklin, the "Father of all the Yankees," was a personification of the progressive spirit; he was an intellectual pioneer. As apprentice in the printing office, as postmaster general, and as philosophical statesman, he was always certain that the future was the land of promise, and that it was man's duty as well as privilege to press on eagerly

> . . . Beyond the sunset,
> And the paths of all the western stars.

So potent was his influence that by the time of his death he had given widespread currency to his gospel, and had added a significant element to the American philosophy.

And as we have seen, the Puritan was intolerant. Whether fighting Indians, persecuting Quakers, or hanging witches, he went about his task with a high conviction that he was God's special ambassador on earth, and that whoever disputed him was challenging the Almighty. As I once heard a Vermont minister put it, "We New Englanders think that because we wear cowhide boots God does too, and if ours are number tens, we don't want his to vary more than half a size." Franklin suggested that toleration was a virtue; by precept and example he popularized the new theory, and thus a second time he widened and enriched the American ideal of life.

Once more advance the calendar, say to 1845. There were

voices speaking to America then whose equals it would be hard to find to-day. The figure of Chief Justice Marshall had been missed for ten years from the Supreme Court, but the echoes of his words still haunted the chamber, where his friend and colleague Joseph Story was continuing Marshall's great work. Not far from the Supreme Bench, in the hall of the Senate, sat Henry Clay of Kentucky and Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, men whose togas hang somewhat loosely upon the shoulders of their successors to-day. Hawthorne was gradually becoming known outside his own immediate circle. Poe was at the height of his power, and "The Raven," the most notable publication of 1845, though it put but ten dollars in his empty pocketbook, marked him at once as the first of America's artists. Margaret Fuller was at the height of her unique career; Longfellow was lecturing to undergraduates at Harvard, and had just caught the ear of his larger public with the *Voices of the Night* and *Ballads and Other Poems*. Fenimore Cooper was still alive, sending his sturdy tales of American life to all places where English could be read or translated, and out at Concord was Emerson, definitely recognized as the leader of a constantly increasing group of thoughtful Americans.

To us, separated from that day by three quarters of a century, the figures of Webster and Emerson seem perhaps to have been least dimmed by the lapse of years; both speak as surely to 1922 as they did to 1845. Webster asserts once more that ours is one nation, depending on a united loyalty, and bids all castes and classes sacrifice their own special interests that the people as a whole may prosper. And Emerson? Surely there was never a time when Emerson's message of good cheer was more needed than in this day of disillusionment. It is worth much to catch sight again of his serene face, ever youthful, ever friendly, and to hear once more his gospel of self-reliance, of aspiration, and of unconquerable optimism and faith in America.

But even while Emerson was happily preaching his stimulating gospel, the institution of slavery was casting its shadow over all the land, and threatening the disruption of the republic. The question of the future of the black race had given some concern to thoughtful patriots at the time the Constitution was adopted.

John Adams, for instance, wished it could have been settled once and for all at that time; "it might prevent much future mischief." But other matters were of more immediate concern; by the first of the compromises that were to mark the struggle, the words "slave" and "slavery" were carefully omitted from the Constitution, and the innocuous circumlocution, "persons held to service," was used in their stead. "Persons held to service": Virginia knew what it meant, and how the courts would interpret it; it was not, however, needlessly offensive to Connecticut.

For thirty years after the adoption of the Constitution there was little occasion to worry about slavery and its effect on the nation. But by 1820, when Maine and Missouri applied for admission to the Union, the future of the rapidly growing cotton industry seemed to demand the perpetuation of slave labor, and the long debate began in earnest. Once more the answer was a compromise, a compromise that postponed the day of reckoning, but at the same time sowed the wind from which was to spring the inevitable harvest of storm.

By 1850 the issue was no longer that of slavery: the nation itself was threatened. Again the answer was a compromise, sponsored by Clay and Webster. It was here that the drastic fugitive slave law—a concession to the South—was born, the law of which Lincoln said in 1853, "I concede that the South has a right to a fugitive slave law," but which Emerson denounced as a violation of a law higher than the Constitution. "No man can obey that law," said he, "without forfeiting all right to the name of gentleman." In this denunciation of the statute Emerson had the support of one of the ablest women who ever wrote a book.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's claim to first place among the writers who warred on slavery will hardly be disputed. She was an intense, high-strung Connecticut girl, who went to Cincinnati with her father, the president of a newly established theological seminary. There in the West she married, and there too she saw much of certain phases of slavery: the escapes and recaptures, the sales of slaves on the river boats, the breaking up of slaves' families. When in 1850 a call to Bowdoin College took her husband out of the Cincinnati storm center into the quiet of a New England

village, she was worn with the care of many children, and with the double duties of housekeeper and minister's wife. She might well have been pardoned for settling down happily into the peaceful life of Brunswick. But the Beecher blood in her veins was fighting blood, and almost before the family "settling" was accomplished she had begun *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* her fearless answer to the Fugitive Slave Law.

Of the fundamental veracity of the book, as of its literary merits or defects, this is not the place to write. The curious may find Mrs. Stowe's own account in "The Story of Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." Suffice it now to point out that there is brilliant narrative art between the covers of the book, as there is an understanding of the popular taste so accurate that it would do credit to the most subtle journalist of to-day. There is a penetrative sympathy which probed to the bottom of the whole matter, and a daring assertion of the truth which challenged all compromise with slavery as iniquitous. There is, too, a profound and moving tragedy in the book. But more important than these is the fact that Mrs. Stowe made *Uncle Tom's Cabin* more than an attack on Negro slavery—she made it a compelling plea for the humble and downtrodden of all the world. "Life Among the Lowly": this, the subtitle of the book, gives the clue to its deeper significance. No sooner was the book published than Mrs. Stowe found herself the champion of lowly millions of persons all over the world. Fundamentally, the book was a plea for a new and nation-wide democracy. To Mrs. Stowe, as to Whittier and Lincoln, the philosophy of life which we call democracy was more than a pleasant theory, it was a passion, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* announced this gospel of brotherhood to all the world. Whatever may have been America's practice since that day, the American ideal has been broader and richer by virtue of Mrs. Stowe's contribution; yes, far nobler than it had been in the days of Franklin or Governor Winthrop.

When one comes still nearer to the present, and seeks some clue to the American ideal of to-day, one finds a confusion of tongues which makes even an approximation to fair judgment more than difficult. During the war, when a definite objective

appeared clearly above the horizon, our aim and purpose were as definite. Once the need for intense physical activity had passed, we began to flounder rather helplessly, eager still to do something, but uncertain what to do.

It was then that the nation was asked to choose between two leaders, as different in temperament and method as they were in physical appearance. On one side was Mr. Wilson—for Wilson was the real leader—summoning America to the great adventure of the League of Nations, and announcing a new categorical imperative: America's obligation of international service. With the clear vision of the prophet, and with something of the prophet's intolerance of opposition or compromise, Mr. Wilson preached his new gospel, only to find that his countrymen were not yet ready for the step he urged them to take. On the other side was Mr. Harding, less certain about the course he should pursue, but better equipped, temperamentally, for enlisting the support of the average voter.

For some time after the choice had been made it appeared as though the nation had committed itself to a program of ignoble selfishness. Certain it is that we lost the position of world leadership we had occupied during part of Mr. Wilson's administration. Then came the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, with the resulting first step toward a genuine decrease of naval establishments, and the Four Power Treaty: a smaller "League of Nations" than Mr. Wilson's, but one founded on the same principle of international cooperation in the cause of peace. Thus from the Washington Conference, despite some obvious disappointments, there did develop again the vision of an ideal—the ideal of America as the friend and servant of all the nations of the world, as the champion of international decency and good order. Once more the horizon had been widened, and our philosophy of life correspondingly ennobled.

. . . . . .

I wonder whether I have made my simple idea at all clear. What we call the "American Ideal" of to-day is in a sense the accumulated result of three centuries of English-speaking life on this continent—three centuries of struggle, of confusion and uncertainty, of glorious accomplishment and tragic mistake, but three

centuries, take them by and large, of honest attempt to bring order and decency out of the wilderness, and to build here a civilization which we need not be ashamed to pass on to our children. The men in whose lives the history of this American civilization is best to be read have all been patriots, and love of country is the first element in the resulting Americanism.

"O beautiful, my Country!" sang Lowell, and the voices of well-nigh ten generations swell the chorus of his ode. But until we have added to this love of country the other elements I have tried to suggest, our patriotism, fervid as it may be, will remain at best unintelligent. For there must be more in the Americanism of 1922 than love for the native land. There is as foundation the old Puritan creed, as enduring as granite: a faith in education, in law, in self-government, and in God. There is the broader conception of progress and toleration in which the eighteenth century found its spiritual enlargement; there is the still nobler ideal of Lincoln and Mrs. Stowe, the ideal of a nation-wide democracy, embracing all classes and all colors. Finally, as crown and glory of the whole, there is the vision of to-day: the vision of America as the friend and servant of all the world.

Of such an heritage are we Americans the heirs. To such a high calling of idealism are we committed. Whatever the scoffers and critics may say, these are our American ideals. Only the man who accepts the obligations as well as the privileges of this inheritance, and is willing to order his conduct in the spirit of this accumulated American tradition, only this man is entitled, with Saint Paul, to write himself "a Roman born."

MOHAMMEDANISM AS RELATED TO THE PROSPECT OF WORLD PEACE

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I

AMONG the adherents of Christianity the conviction widely obtains to-day that war is a cruel and irrational expedient for the settlement of disputes between nations. Within the pale of Christian peoples it has come to be accounted by a great multitude a foremost task of statesmanship to build up barriers against a possible outbreak of war.

In weighing the prospects of the success of this enlightened movement there is a serious occasion to take account of the standpoint of Mohammedanism. The inquiry arises, Are the acknowledged authorities, the antecedents, and the dominant sentiments of the vast Mohammedan constituency—about two hundred and thirty millions—such as to promise support to the interests of world peace? Or, on the contrary, do they involve a certain peril to those interests? The object of our study is to gain grounds for a judgment on this important point.

Since the Koran is credited with infallibility by Mohammedan orthodoxy, we naturally take account in the first instance of the tenor of its teaching. That this gives an emphatic sanction to the instrumentality of war, and even yokes that instrumentality with religion, cannot fairly be denied. Witness in what stalwart terms the Arabian prophet put forth his military mandates. He enjoins:

"Let those fight in God's way who sell this life of the world for the next; and whoso fights in God's way, then be he killed or be he victorious we will give him a mighty hire."[1] "O thou prophet, urge on the believers to fight. If there be of you twenty patient men, they shall conquer two hundred; if there be of you a hundred, they shall conquer a thousand of those who misbelieve, because they are a people who did not discern."[2] "When the sacred months are passed away, kill the idolaters wherever ye may

[1] *Koran*, iv, 75 (Palmer's translation). [2] viii, 65.

find them, and besiege them, and lie in wait for them in every place of observation; but if they repent, and are steadfast in prayer, and give alms, then let them go their way."[2] "Fight those who believe not in God and in the last day, and who forbid not what God and His Apostle have forbidden."[4] "To believe in God and His Apostle, and to fight strenuously in God's cause with your property and your persons, that is better for you if ye did but know."[5]

Sentences like these amount to a perfectly unequivocal commendation of the sword as an ally of religion. Idolaters are simply put under the ban and ordered, on pain of extermination, to abandon their idolatry. As for Jews and Christians, Mohammed did not formally require them to give up their religion, but it was not long before he began to deal with them intolerantly.

He became hard and cruel to the Jews in North Arabia, and from Jews and Christians alike in Arabia he demanded submission to his authority, since it had proved impossible to make them recognize his divine mission.[6]

The death of Mohammed came too soon to give him an opportunity to illustrate to any considerable extent what would have been his policy outside of Arabia. He is said to have accommodated himself to the appetite of the Arabian tribes for plunder, and so to have encouraged raids into Syria. According to a widely accepted tradition, he showed that he considered himself entitled to world mastery by the letters which he wrote to prominent rulers, "peremptorily bidding them to embrace the faith and to submit to his rule."[7]

The undeniable facts are, Mohammed used war as a means of religious propagandism within the limits of Arabia, and there are substantial grounds for believing that he would have been ready, in case opportunity had been afforded, to sanction the employment of the same means on a world-wide theater.

Those who succeeded Mohammed in leadership as they combined a high pitch of worldly ambition with religious zeal, nat-

[2] *Koran*, ix, 5 (Palmer's translation). [4] ix, 29. [5] lxi, 11.

[6] Hurgronje, *Mohammedanism*, pp. 44, 45.

[7] E. H. Palmer, *The Qur'an, Introduction*, p. xl. While some doubt obtains in scholarly circles as to the authenticity of these letters (Caetani, *Annali dell Islam*, vol. i, pp. 725-738), they are not incongruous with the sense of vocational importance repeatedly recalled in the Koran (iii, 29, 125; iv, 71, 82; v, 37; vi, 125; viii, 20, 48; ix, 33, 64; xvii, 90; xxxiii, 57; xlvii, 35; lvii, 18).

urally did not fall below him in the value which they set upon war. Practically they went on the maxim that it was their vocation to conquer the world for their religion, and to do it by force of arms if necessary. If at any time they hesitated to claim formally the right to attack unbelieving nations simply as such, they could easily find a pretext to go ahead with a military assault which really had in their minds no other justification than advantage to their religion. Aside from the occasion to put down sedition, they rated the extension of the domain of Islam as the one appropriate motive for the armed attack. Any war directed by this motive was in their view a holy war. For Muslims, as Professor D. B. Macdonald puts the matter:

> The world is divided into two parts, the one is Dar al-Islam, abode of Islam, and the other is Dar al-harb, abode of war. In the end Dar al-harb must disappear into Dar al-Islam and the whole world become Muslim. These names indicate with sufficient clearness what the Muslim attitude is toward non-Muslims. It is still a moot point among canon-lawyers, however, whether jihad, or holy war, may be made, unprovoked, upon any Dar al-harb. One thing is certain, there must be a reasonable prospect of success to justify any such movement; the lives of Muslims must not be thrown away. Further, the necessity of the case—in India especially—has brought up the doctrine that any country in which the peculiar usages of Islam are protected and its injunctions—even some of them—are followed, must be regarded as Dar al-Islam, and that jihad within its borders is forbidden. We may doubt, however, if this doctrine would hold back the Indian Muslims to any extent if a good opportunity for a jihad really presented itself. The Shiites, it may be remarked, cannot enter upon a jihad at all until the hidden Imam returns and leads their armies.[8]

The cited statement gives the position of the canonists and the great mass of Mohammedans. Among the freethinkers—amounting to a small percentage of the followers of the Arabian Prophet—and also to some extent among the more cultured merchants, the judgment has currency that the notion of universal conquest for their religion is fanciful and must be renounced.[9] This fact, however, it should be noted, does not imply that this very party would not be forward to urge on, in behalf of any war promising large worldly advantages, those capable of being turned into religious zealots by skillful appeals. Even if the great mass

[8] *Development of Muslim Theology, Jurisprudence, and Constitutional Theory*, pp. 55, 56.
[9] Hurgronje, *Mohammedanism*, pp. 118, 119.

of Mohammedans are not, in their habitual mood, animated by a fanatical hatred of Christians, they are quite accessible to inflammatory expedients. One who served as a missionary of the American Board in Turkey for fifty years testifies:

> Underneath all Oriental courtesy and all outward profession of friendship lies deep-seated, bred in the bone and marrow, a tremendous recoil from the Christian religion even when this recoil is coupled with the desire to possess the material and intellectual results and products of our Western civilization.[10]

Referring to recent massacres of Christians, the same veteran observer remarks:

> So long as Islam is an armed power in the world such events may be expected to recur in the world.[11]

Since about ninety per cent of the territory occupied by Islam at the present time is under Christian over-lordship, there has naturally been in our age but limited opportunity for attempts at religious propagandism by force of arms. But a writer as apologetic for Mohammedanism as Professor T. W. Arnold makes this statement—which we suppose to apply in some part to comparatively recent times—relative to methods employed in Africa:

> It is true that the success of Islam has been very largely facilitated in many parts of Africa by the worldly successes of Mohammedan adventurers, and the erection of Mohammedan states on the ruins of pagan kingdoms, and fire and bloodshed have often marked the course of a jihad, projected for the extermination of the infidel.[12]

The review, we seem authorized to say, gives the impression that war is sanctified in Mohammedan consciousness as an ally of religion, and that the strenuous advocacy of measures for conserving universal peace which obtains in Christian Churches at the present time is essentially foreign to the constituency of Mohammedanism.

Of course there is not the slightest intention to hint that with Mohammedans economic and political considerations have not acted as potent incentives to warfare. The significant point is the extent to which the religious interest has wrought as a cooperating cause,

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[10] George Herrick, *Christian and Mohammedan*, p. 57. [11] Page 119.
[12] *The Preaching of Islam*, p. 353.

and the relative measure of support rendered to the working of that cause by the oracles and the traditions of Mohammedanism.

II

All that has been said thus far might be admitted, and still it might be contended that Mohammedanism is so lacking in solidarity, so wanting in respect of the means and conditions of united action, that its inclinations to the methods of war would involve no serious peril to world peace. We need, then, to look somewhat closely into this theme of Mohammedan solidarity. Relative to this subject some diversity of opinion is apparent. We have writers who rate Mohammedan solidarity, or capability of united and effective action, at a rather low figure. Thus S. W. Koelle remarks:

> The entire Islamic community, distributed and dismembered for generations, has now sunk into such a state of spiritual torpor and political impotence that apart from fitful outbursts of fanaticism and spasmodic paroxysms of savagery, any serious aggressions against Christian nations are out of the question, and the signs of its approaching complete dissolution are rapidly multiplying.[13]

S. M. Zwemer writes: "Are we not sometimes in danger of overestimating the inward strength of Islam? The fact is that it is seamed through with lines of cleavage and of disintegration, which have grown wider and deeper through the centuries."[14] "Unless all signs fail," says Professor D. B. Macdonald, "there lies before the Muslim peoples a terrible religious collapse. Islam as a religion is not holding its own against the unbelief that is flooding it from European civilization. Young men are growing up into crass and material forms of atheism."[15]

On the other hand, there are writers who lay considerable stress on Mohammedan solidarity. "Almost ninety-five per cent of all Mohammedans," writes Hurgronje, "are bound together by a spiritual unity that may be compared with that of the Roman Catholic Church."[16] Lothrop Stoddard contends that Mohamme-

[13] Cited by Zwemer, *Disintegration of Islam*, p. 16.
[14] *The Moslem Christ*, 1912, pp. 185, 186.
[15] *Aspects of Islam*, 1911, pp. 12, 13.
[16] *Mohammedanism*, 1916, p. 153.

danism has a strong sense of solidarity in spite of all differences.[17] Referring to the spread of indifference and agnosticism within Moslem ranks he adds: "Although the liberal reformers are growing powerful in Islam, it must not be forgotten that they are as yet only a minority, an elite below whom lie the ignorant masses still suffering from the blight of age-long obscurantism, wrapt in admiration of their own world which they regard as the highest ideal of human existence, and fanatically hating everything outside as wicked, despicable, and deceptive."[18] In the opinion of Sir Theodore Morison, the prolonged specific development of Mohammedanism gives to it no mean faculty of inward coherence. "The truth is," he says, "that Islam is more than a creed, it is a complete social system; it is a civilization with a philosophy, a culture, and an art of its own; in its long struggle against the rival civilization of Europe it has become an organic unit conscious of itself."[19]

In recent years a strong support to Mohammedan solidarity has been won through a great extension of the press. Arminius Vambéry, writing in 1898, was able to remark:

> It may not be superfluous to draw the attention of our nineteenth century crusaders to the importance of the Moslem press, whose ramifications extend all over Asia and Africa, and whose exhortations sink more profoundly than they do with us into the souls of their readers. In Turkey, India, Persia, Central Asia, Java, Egypt, and Algeria, native organs, daily and periodical, begin to exert a profound influence. Everything that Europe thinks, decides, and executes against Islam spreads through these countries with the rapidity of lightning.[20]

Mention has been made of the spread in recent years of radical forms of skepticism within the ranks of educated Mohammedans. That would tend, of course, to weaken the religious basis of Mohammedan solidarity. But it is to be observed that other grounds than religious faith may serve as a foundation of united action. Skeptics can be very free to resort to appeals to religious interests or prejudices in order to urge on religious devotees. Of this a clear demonstration was given but a few years ago at Constantinople. "It is stated on good authority that the

[17] *The New World of Islam*, 1921, p. 77.
[18] *Ibid.*, pp. 42, 43.
[19] Cited by Stoddard, p. 77.
[20] *Ibid.*, p. 80.

Young Turk party that led Turkey into the war was controlled by a group of men numbering less than fifty, and that not one of that group was a strong believer in the traditional Mohammedanism, while most of them were practically without religion."[21] When from such a group could issue the summons to a "holy war" which was published November 12, 1914, it is evident that unbelief is not by itself a sufficient barrier against a warlike policy within the Mohammedan domain.

Practically to combine the Mohammedan peoples in a war for religion would be a matter of extreme difficulty. The interposition between East and West of the Shiite dissenters in Persia, who would find it very distasteful to cooperate with the orthodox or Sunni majority, would serve as a mighty obstacle to the all-comprehending military undertaking. Still, it is our conclusion that Mohammedan solidarity is not a mere fancy, and involves some liability of an attempt to improve extraordinary conditions, should such arise, by resort to an instrumentality so honored in Mohammedan history as war.

III

A theme which might be rated as subsidiary to the question of Mohammedan solidarity is suggested by the term Pan-Islamism. A leading patron of the movement so styled was the Sultan Abdul Hamid, who wished by strengthening the bonds between Mohammedan nations to prepare defenses against Western domination. For nearly thirty years he was quite actively engaged in this project.

As on the general topic of Mohammedan solidarity, so on this specific subject, somewhat divergent judgments have been passed. Hurgronje, in a contribution to a periodical in 1901, seems to have attached to it considerable significance. Lathrop Stoddard has counted it worthy of attention, and has spoken in particular of the Pan-Islamic Conference held at Sivas in 1921 as a distinctly significant event.[22]

On the other hand, there are writers who consider Pan-

[21] J. L. Barton, *The Christian Approach to Islam*, p. 65.
[22] *The New World of Islam*, pp. 236, 237.

Islamism as a name for an enterprise quite certain to be abortive. Thus Stewart Crawford testifies:

> Religious zeal cannot for any length of time weld different religions and races into a powerful external movement that acts in defiance of conflicting economic interests. Those who dream of an outward kingdom of Pan-Islam, and those who dread such a consummation, alike ignore the chief lesson of modern historical science, which is that the grouping of outward social forces is ultimately determined by economic necessities.[23]

Professor E. G. Browne affirms of Pan-Islamism:

> It is less possible than Pan-Americanism and Pan-Germanism and only a shade more possible than what I may perhaps be allowed to call Pan-Christianism; a thing of which, for all our progress, we are not yet within measurable distance.[24]

From a German writer, Traugott Mann, we have an emphatically expressed verdict that Mohammedanism is too much characterized by party divisions and conflicting ideas to admit of the possible success of a Pan-Islamic undertaking.[25]

For ourselves, we only care to express the judgment that Pan-Islamism, as a distinct recent movement, is not of large significance. Some account, however, may properly be made of it as reenforcing, to a certain extent, the preexisting sense of solidarity.

IV

From the topic of Pan-Islamism we pass by a natural transition to that of the Caliphate, since it is a recognized maxim among Mohammedans that more than any other the Caliph is heir to the authority of Mohammed, the one outranking all others in spiritual as well as temporal lordship, the unrivaled head of the whole body of believers. As is stated by a representative of Islam, Syed Anien Ali, in the Contemporary Review for June, 1915, "According to the Sunni (or orthodox) doctrine the Caliph is not merely a secular sovereign; he is the spiritual head of a church and a commonwealth, the actual representative of Divine government." It follows that if among existing Mohammedan magnates there is one who, by general consent, holds a valid title to the great office of

[23] *The Vital Forces of Christianity and Islam*, edited by S. M. Zwemer, p. 135.
[24] Pan-Islamism, in *Lectures on the History of the Nineteenth Century*, p. 330.
[25] *Der Islam Einst und Jetzt*, p. 129.

Caliph, Mohammedanism possesses a relatively potent means of securing united action.

What, then, are the facts respecting the conservation of the Caliphate? The claimant is on the field, but his title is equivocal. The real succession ended with the fall of Bagdad and the overthrow of the Abbaside line, before the Mongols in 1258. There survived indeed a shadow of the Caliphate in the person of a descendant of one of the Abbaside princes, and his successors in the line of the Mamelukes in Egypt kept up the pretense for a period. But in 1517 the Sultan at Constantinople interposed. "When he had overthrown the Mamelukes and occupied Cairo, he, by threats and promises, induced the titular Caliph to transfer to himself the title and visible insignia of the Caliphate—the sacred standard, sword, and mantle of the Prophet—which are now preserved at Constantinople."[26] This was a high-handed performance. The Sultan, the most prominent claimant, has no legal title. A part of the Mohammedan constituency repudiates his claim. So do the Wahabi communities in Arabia and the inhabitants of the Soudan and of Morocco. Most others, as we gather, do not formally repudiate the title of the Turkish Sultan to the Caliphate. It is noticeable, however, that his call to a "holy war" near the end of 1914 was practically unheeded, and that in 1916 the Shereef of Mecca openly disregarded his rule.

It seems evident, therefore, that Mohammedanism, as at present conditioned, cannot claim such an effective instrumentality for marshaling and compacting its forces as would reside in a Caliph possessed of an unassailable title. In order to gain effective direction of its strength, it would need to lay hold upon a form of leadership not now in evidence.

V

The statement just made serves to call attention to the idea of the Mahdi or Imam—a notion that works as a leaven in a very considerable proportion of the mass of Mohammedanism. It bears some analogy to the Jewish belief in a Messiah. Among the Shiites the coming of the Mahdi of Imam is tremendously em-

[26] Professor E. G. Browne, in *Lectures on the History of the Nineteenth Century*, p. 321.

phasized. It stands indeed in the front rank of approved dogmas, so as to bear comparison with faith in Allah and in Mohammed as His Prophet. It has been their contention that the true succession from the Prophet belonged to Ali, the Prophet's son-in-law, and to his natural descendants, and that the monstrous usurpation by which they were shut out is to be avenged, the day being appointed when the hidden representative of that line shall be brought to view and installed over the faithful. In their enthusiasm for this longed-for and expected Mahdi they have lifted him in their estimate quite above the common level and have endowed him with superhuman attributes.[27] By the Sunnites, who constitute the great body of Mohammedans, the Mahdi is less mystically conceived, but is still pictured as a very potent and extraordinary personage. The military ardor which belief in his manifest coming is capable of inspiring was illustrated not long ago (1881-1899) by the uprising in the Soudan, which cost the death of General Gordon and put the skill of General Kitchener to the test.

The topic offers no firm basis for a definite induction. The most that can be said is in the line of possibilities. The suggestion is given that if a specially competent leader should arise, and should succeed in commending himself to large sections of the Mohammedan world as the veritable Mahdi destined to lead their forces to victory, such an impassioned enterprise might be started that to arrest it would require something more than diplomacy.

VI

One who is disposed to take any serious account of warlike incentives, as hinging on the expectation of the appearance of a masterful leader, might make bold to claim that a substantial reenforcement of disquieting apprehensions is furnished by a consideration of the results of the recent world war. On the one hand, those jealous—as are scores of millions of men confessing the faith of Islam—of the overlordship asserted in relation to themselves by the Christian powers cannot fail to have their hopes and aspirations for a better status enlivened by their knowledge of the fearful drain which the world conflict has made on the

[27] Goldziher, *Vorlesungen über den Islam.*

resources of these powers. On the other hand they are embittered by some of the consequences of the war, especially by the limitation of Mohammedan rule through curtailment of territory under the Turkish Sultan. Lord Northcliffe in a report which was published in January of the present year (1922) declared that he found Mohammedans in both the British and Dutch possessions in the East in a sullen mood. They emphasized, he said, as a prominent grievance, the treatment awarded to the Sultan of Turkey, the bearer of the title of Caliph, the highest dignity in the whole Mohammedan domain. It is easy to suspect that the complainants diplomatically overstressed their regard for the Sultan; there is ground to conclude that the outcome of the war was to sharpen somewhat the hostility entertained toward the Christian powers. This result, combined with the increase of confidence, lessens appreciably the safeguards against an appeal to force.

The conclusion can be briefly expressed. Both in the authoritative oracles of Mohammedanism and in the trend of its history war is unequivocally commended as an appropriate means for advancing religion. It represents a civilization of its own, and even those who have lost faith in its religious tenets can, for the most part, be counted on to ally themselves with projects which promise to forward the sway of the religion. While the Caliphate is not much of a reality, a means of sustaining hope and expectation is still furnished through a widespread belief in the prospective coming of a mighty leader, the Mahdi, who shall bear on the standards of Islam to a glorious victory. So long as this expectation retains any considerable vitality, it can hardly be hoped that Mohammedans as a body will renounce all trust in warlike agencies for the advancement of their religion. But one so well acquainted with Mohammedanism as S. D. Margoliouth does not anticipate that the Mahdi idea is destined to play any great rôle.[28]

Our hope is that the Christian powers will manage so justly and prudently that no real pretext for an outbreak will be furnished, and that with the passage of the years Mohammedans generally will be leavened with the same rational aversion to war which is coming to manifestation among thoughtful Christians.

[28] *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, article "Mahdi."

THE NEW MYSTICISM

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Types of mind, considered in relation to religion and morals, are usually classified into three general groups—the mystical, the rationalistic, and the pragmatic; but with a yet finer discrimination may be differentiated into four general groups—the mystical, the philosophical, the æsthetic, and the activital.

It is not hereby implied that there are no admixtures of types; for, as a matter of fact, instances of pure type are the actual rarities. There are, for instance, practical mystics, and Abraham Lincoln was one of them; there are æsthetic mystics, and the Russian painter, Roerich, is a quite modern illustration; and there are mystical minds that are at the same time æsthetic and philosophical and practical, and of which John Wesley was an ever illustrious example. The pure mystic is a distinctive type; yet there are many amalgams of psychic types that are predominantly mystical.

The American type of mind is preeminently activital or practical. American mysticism is therefore as much activistic as it is mystical. It is as true of American Methodism as of American anything else. The call to prayer is being sounded in many an assembly, and with a crescendo of appeal—and for what reason? Because prayer is a supreme working force and gets things done. That, however, is not the pure mystic's dominant idea in the practice of prayer, for his great ojective is not "doing" but "being."

Inquiring for particulars, "What is mysticism?" to whom shall we turn for our answer? To some distinguished mystic, known in the story of the ages as one of mysticism's great examples? "Yes," if for illustration. "No," if for explanation. The mystics proper are the originators of religions, the activists are the workers of religions; the æsthetics are the ritualists of religions; the philosophers are the explainers.

We will, therefore, turn to a philosopher for our answer, and, finding an American and a modern who will serve us well,

range no further for our information. Our own illustrious William James shall be our authority. We agree unqualifiedly with his contention that mysticism, as such, is not a pathological phenomenon. That it is frequently associated with pathological conditions it is useless to deny. But mysticism has been of too great service to society to permit it to be classified as a form of disease. It would be quite absurd to discuss a certain phenomenal young Austrian chess-player as a case in pathology, and much more so indeed to call a human soul diseased because his contemporaries can best describe him as a "God-intoxicated man." Some of the great leaders of the world have been epileptics, but it takes something more than a hypothesis of epilepsy to account for the superdominance of Saint Paul in the realm of intellectual religion for a period of nearly two thousand years.

Remembering that "the great achievement of the true mystic is the overcoming of all barriers between the individual and the absolute," Professor James helps us to the recognition of the distinctive "marks of mysticism," of which he says there are four:

"1. Ineffability. It is an experience that defies expression. The more nearly adequate the description the less typical the experience.

"2. Marked Poetic Quality. They are states of insight into depths of truth unplumbed by the discursive intellect. They are illuminations, revelations, inarticulate but authoritative.

"3. Transiency. They cannot be sustained for any great length of time.

"4. Passivity. Although the incoming of mystical states may be facilitated by preliminary voluntary operations, or in other ways which manuals of mysticism prescribe, yet when the characteristic sort of consciousness once has set in, the mystic feels as if his own will were in abeyance, and indeed sometimes as if he were grasped and held by a superior power." Our quoted authority then proceeds to give typical instances of mystical experience from a wide range of exemplifiers, including at the one end the testimonies of the Methodist class meeting, and, at the other, of the Hindu Vedantists and the Sufis of Persia.

He further adds: "In the Christian Church there have always

been mystics. The basis of the system is 'Orison' or Meditation—the methodical elevation of the soul toward God. . . . It is odd that Protestantism, especially evangelical Protestantism, should seemingly have abandoned the methodical in this line. Apart from what prayer may lead to, the Protestant mystical experience appears to have been almost exclusively sporadic. It has been left to our mind-curers to reintroduce methodical meditation into our religious life." We will recur to the facts of the foregoing statement later as we analyze mysticism in its new expressions. The alleged oddity will be found to be not so very odd after all.

What, then, of the New Mysticism? In what, for instance, does it differ from any older form? and what are its "outstanding characteristics," if there be any? Maybe the "New Mysticism" ought not to be called the "New Mysticism." Maybe it is but the reemergence of the old mysticism with new aspects and new interests and new relations! Without, however, discarding the use of the term the "New Mysticism," then we will ask, "What were the causes of this new emergence?" Answer: The greatest contributing cause to the widespread revival of mysticism—or at least to the new interest in mysticism—was undoubtedly the great World War. The reaction to the more truly spiritual phases of mysticism is chiefly due to the frightful witness borne to the failure of the philosophy of materialism for the purposes of humanity, and the reaction to interest in the lower phases of psychic realities, to war's holocaust of the nation's noblest, bravest young manhood and their best. When a woman has suddenly been bereaved of a husband and several sons, it is not to be wondered at that the held-out possibilities of yet holding converse with such a company of her beloved should become a vital part of her religious faith.

The new revival of mysticism, at least in England, is in the main an outcome of the war, and it has a most significant variety of extensions. It has revived cults in the Roman and Anglican Church communions, and it has enlisted a whole group of philosophical scientists. It is further heralded by a very cultured group of Neoplatonists and is also accompanied by a great variety of metaphysical phenomena. As a summarizing comment upon this

side of our subject, including all the claims of modern spiritualism, we think that the words of Bishop Welldon, Dean of Durham, are worthy of repetition. As reported by the London press, in a sermon preached on November 16, 1919, he said:

> Spiritualism is itself not irreligious or un-Christian. If life after death is a dream, then indeed is religion folly; but if the spirit of a man survives death, it is possible that it may under certain circumstances manifest itself to human eyes, and the spirit may communicate by some means or other with living spirits on earth. . . . It might be the will of God to reveal new lessons by means of spiritualism, and if so, the church must not refuse nor resist, but must welcome those lessons.

But the New Mysticism was really emerging before the war. The Rev. H. E. Orchard was one of its apostles, as were also the late Canon Wilberforce and Reginald Campbell, now a priest in the Anglican communion. Men were already aweary of the spiritual barrenness which had resulted from a too long and too exclusive attention to the materialistic progress and a one-sided consideration of the principle of evolution.

In June, 1913, Darrell Figgis in Everyman had a paper on "The Renascence of Mysticism," in the course of which he reviewed Evelyn Underhill's illuminating book *The Mystic Way*. In this book, by the way, the author claims that what are called "psychic gifts are often a great hindrance instead of a help to spiritual progress, inasmuch as they cause the possessors to be preoccupied with themselves."

Then there was Francis Thompson, whose immortal poem, "The Hound of Heaven," warrants the assertion that he was the greatest mystical poet of modern times, who was also the successor in the spirit to Father Faber, who was the successor in the spirit to the Wesleys and the other early Wesleyans who were the great bards of mystical and experiential religion.

At this hour the New Mysticism is occupying a considerable field. We notice a few of its outstanding features. It is rendering an excellent service in reviving an interest in the older mystics and mysticisms. Some of such recent book publications are: *The Mystical Poets of the English Church*, by Percy H. Osmond; *The Eleusinian Mysteries and Rites*, by Dudley Wright, with an introduction by the Rev. J. Fort Newton; *St. Catherine of*

Sienna, by A. W. Pollard; *John of Rysbroeck,* translated from the Flemish by C. A. Wynschenk Dorn; *Rysbroeck,* by Evelyn Underhill; *Rysbroeck and the Mystics,* by Maurice Maeterlinck; *The Kingdom of the Lovers of God,* translated from the Latin of Lawrence Surius; and *The Philosophy of Plotinus,* by Dean Inge of Saint Paul's. The works of Plotinus have also been published in four volumes by the Platonist Press of New York City. The New Mysticism has also a new periodical literature of ability and value. Such periodicals are perhaps more numerous in England than in America, but both countries are producing.

It would be easy to give prose quotations to sustain the judgment that they are of merit and value, did space permit; but feeling the necessity of choosing between prose and poetry for the purpose of illustration we submit the following piece of versification, regarding it as a remarkably fine example of the true mystic's contemplation of the world's greatest tragedy, and feeling sure that readers of the Methodist Review will be grateful for the choice. It is by Theodore Maynard, and called

MEEKNESS

Upon the cross, as on a bed,
He lay; not a word He said—
A lamb as to the slaughter led.

What pride can stand against such meekness?
What strength can overthrow such weakness?

"Thy will, not mine, accomplished be"—
But more than pain accepted he
Between the thieves on Calvary.

His loneliness and dereliction
Is agony's complete perfection.

Then rang across the fearful sky
The agonized and awful cry,
"Lama, lama, sabachthani!"

Darkened the sun; the moon was shaken
To see their God by God forsaken.

For never since the world began
Had God forsaken any man—
Till Christ was laid beneath the ban—

When by the Father unbefriended
The stricken Son to hell descended.

No consolation could he have
Who bore our sins our souls to save,
Who passed, unanswered, to the grave.

What pride can stand against such meekness?
What strength can overthrow such weakness?
(From *Vision*, May, 1919.)

The New Mysticism is frankly eclectic. It has its naturalistic mystics who find mystical inspirations in nature; its ecclesiastical mystics who find their inspirations in the church; its intellectual mystics whose "visions" and "ascents" are in the study, and it has most happily a vision of felicity that finds its realization in the direct service of society.

Among contemporary ecclesiastics who can be regarded as exponents as well as teachers of mysticism Father Figgis of the Anglican Catholic is notably a leader. Taking a "scantling" from one of his sermons (as an old-time writer was wont to say), one seems to be in touch with another Thomas à Kempis.

Pure Contemplation of the Vision of the Altogether Lovely is like the satisfaction of a perfect work of art without further reference. Until we have reached to the delight of God's society for its own sake we have not made the ascent in Heart and Mind. We cannot think of the intercourse between Him and the Father except as pure delight. If we dwell with him continually we must have our own share in that joy. We must not be surprised if that is long in coming. In any friendship in which there is not equality, for a long time there must be embarrassment. Intercourse will bring freedom. How many people have been deprived of friendship which might have been the joy of their lives, because they could not overcome their initial shyness! We ought to get to the point when we are glad to be alone with God. We are too much in a hurry to lie down in the green paths of his love and bathe in the still waters, getting rid of all thoughts of the practical life.

He thus arrives at an antithesis, whereas we seek a synthesis.

In the New Mysticism the writings of the Neoplatonists, and particularly those of Plotinus—whose teachings have been called "the most perfect development of ancient philosophy"—are very much in evidence, and yet it is most significant that to be of any particular service to-day, it seems, in the nature of things, that

they have to find their sanctions and indorsements in the teachings of Jesus Christ.

The New Mysticism has its exponents, like Father Figgis of England and Edith A. Talbot of America; but at present it seems to be more of an effort and an aspiration rather than an achievement, but may after all be only seemingly so because the whole setting of the times in which we live compels that the self-surrendering service of the mystic be expressed in terms of social service rather than in the beatification of the reclusive life.

The Roman Catholic Church has always prided itself upon its long category of cloistral saints. The stigmata of the neurotic Romanist—no less sincerely pious because neurotic—is entirely psychological. Intense meditation upon the Crucifix—representation of the crucified and dead Jesus—so influences the body as to produce the simulacra of the wounds of Christ. One of the most impressive instances of this type of piety, quite modern, is that of Gemma Galgani of Camigliana, Italy. The records of her church say that "Her desire to become a living image of Jesus crucified was so pleasing to God that she was favored with the stigmata of the Passion. . . . Often she was seen to sweat blood like Jesus in the garden, and often she too wept tears of blood at the thought of the outrages inflicted on the Divine Majesty by the sins of the world. . . . Consumed by her zeal for souls rather than by any bodily disease, she breathed forth her stainless soul on April 11, 1903, being only twenty-five years of age."

Granted that this and all other such instances are without any exaggeration true, is it, as Professor James suggests, "odd" that evangelical Protestantism fails to produce its succession of corresponding saints? We think not. The Protestant remembers a dying Saviour, but worships a living, triumphant, reigning Christ, and unsurrounded by sacrificial images is a stranger to the stigmata phenomena of devotion. Then, again, the Roman Catholic Church in its Catholicism has been noted for its contrasts and extremes. It has fostered the worldly ecclesiastic with just as much care and pride as it has the unworldly and ascetic saint, and the one has fed and fattened upon the self-denying exploits of the other.

The Protestant ideal has been not an antithesis, but a synthesis—"the New Man"; and its living embodiment—not a Richelieu or a Wolsey, nor a Savonarola or a Loyola—but rather, a Martin Luther or a John Wesley, a Roosevelt or a Phillips Brooks.

The New Mysticism has not in its requirements the old-time insistence upon a demonstrative sorrow for sin—and yet it is not without its requirement of a continuous repudiation of sin. The one thing required of the early Methodist converts was "a desire to flee from the wrath to come," but despite the great debates of the last General Conference on the Constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will anyone dare to say that that is an adequate motive for seeking Jesus Christ to-day?

It might be well if we had something more of that desire, and it is surely inevitable that somehow, somewhere, and some time we must, in becoming Christlike, experience an adequate sorrow for sin; but it may be that the sorrow of old-time sinners will be matched by the "shame" of the new-time saints.

A mother had two sons, and both were naughty; and one wept and said, "I am sorry"—and went away and was naughty again. The other boy was dry-eyed and said not a word, but went and fetched in for his mother twice as much wood as she wanted, and hoped she would forgive and forget when she saw what he had done.

The New Mysticism, as it finds development in America, will be American and will express itself in the terms of social mysticism and social service. The activital is the American type and temperament.

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson wrote *Out to Win, the Story of the Americans in France.* He differentiates the spirit of the several great nationalities in the war. He says, "With us (the British) war is a sport, with the French it is a martyrdom, but with the Americans it is a job." Exactly! and to American Christians generally, and to American Methodists particularly, religion is a job! Witness the peroration of Bishop Thomas Nicholson's great address at the Detroit Convention, beginning, "The task is everybody's job."

Imagination may be close to prophecy. We imagine a stage in the history of the Universal Church, maybe near to and again

maybe long distant from its ultimate unity. There remains Rome, the metropolis of the Latin world, and the seat and center of Christian æstheticism. Purified of her corruptions, recanting her false doctrines, freed from papal autocracies, she yet remains to foster color and symbolism, imagination and dramatic expression in all the world's worship, and specially ministrant to the Latin Celtic type of mind. Said an Italian gentleman of culture, "The trouble with the English language is that it addresses itself almost wholly to the intellect—it is the language of reason and of judgment; the Italian is the language of the heart."

But England abides also, with its world metropolis, London, symbolizing, representing and focalizing the intellectual element of religion—the conserver and exponent of the intellectual type; for the English type is the truly philosophical and not the kindred German. The latter is a model of industry but not of thought. The German mind adopts a theory and ransacks heaven and earth for its support. The English mind will entertain any theory, but before adopting, will subject it to every test of sound reason and "common sense." And so the English by constitutional affinity is like the American, yet the American is different. The American has "arrived" for the religious as well as the material well-being of the world. It may be a too daring discrimination, but to the writer the typical American city to-day is Chicago, and its great Methodist citadel—"New Old First"—likely to be as much an American symbol of religion as the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor is an American political symbol. From Chicago already radiate activital religious influences that are coextensive with the limits of the human race. And then one can anticipate yet another center, almost inevitably in the Orient—somewhere—from which will go forth another wave of Christian mysticism, influencing and interpenetrating all the other forms of religious expression, and saving them from aridity, formalism, waning energy, and death. But for the present, however, the American Churches, and preeminently the Methodist Episcopal Church, show no signs of death or waning energy. It is tremendously alive. One is constrained to believe that Essential Mysticism, the sense of God at its heart, is its radiumistic force, and that it is fulfilling its divinely appointed task.

Wide as is the distance between the extreme of mysticism and the extreme of pragmatism, yet on the side of the practical idealism of each they meet and touch. Nicolas Roerich, the theosophist among the painters, has a strange, weird painting called "Ecstasy." The animism of the rocks gives them human aspects, and the human figure, by long meditation upon God, has turned to stone! The mystic approaches humanity by being lost in God, and the pragmatist is drawn to God by absorption in humanity.

Consider the idealistic marvel—millions upon millions of dollars spent in scientific research, for the purpose of saving millions of human beings as yet unborn and unbegotten from sickness and suffering and misery such as our fathers supposed must always be endured upon earth, and from which we ourselves have not yet been relieved! What Godlike service! What holy idealistic faith!

The one really adverse criticism that we might pass upon the New Mysticism—as we have apprehended it—is that in its eclecticism it makes too much room for quackery and is too intellectually and ethnically diffuse. In its inclusion of so many ingredients it makes one think of some of those old-time medical remedies that make such amusing reading for even the laity of to-day.

In its acknowledgment of so many authorities so diverse and in some instances so ethically inharmonious it seems, at first, to us, to minimize the one authority that we common Christian folk accept as the all-commanding authority, the one Supreme Divine: and yet here is the strange and wonderful thing—again and again after echoing all the other voices, some of wonderful power and some of magical beauty, the modern mystic turns to the Master Mind, pictures the Master personage, and seeks the sanctions of the Master judgment; for authority and for satisfaction turning to Him whose name is Jesus, who was and is *the* Saviour of mankind.

How conclusive was that fine distinction for which, if we remember rightly, Charles Lamb was responsible, "If Shakespeare were to enter this room, we should all rise and bow to him; if Jesus were to enter, we should kneel!" And symbolist and philosopher and activist and mystic all kneel before him, for he is the Archtype of all—yet first and last a Mystic—the Mystical Supreme.

SOME PRODUCTS OF THE PREVAILING THOUGHT OF GOD

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BEHIND all religious forms and life is its *sine qua non*, the conception of God or gods. As that concept is responsible for the prayer wheel, the burning of the written prayer and of the widow on the funeral pyre, for human sacrifices whether on some ancient altar or in the Ganges (has it anything to do with those in modern industry and war?), for the social vice of the Hindu temples as well as for the vestal virgins of Rome, so it largely determines Christian thought and practice. Nothing decides so definitely whether we see the pillars of religion in signs, miracles, and fulfilled prophecy or in a more enlightened conscience, an increasingly unselfish outlook on life, and a gradually growing devotion to the welfare of all human beings. The Hebrew prophets knew that to stop the kissing of calves as a means of religious worship they must win the people to a more adequate view of the nature of Jehovah. That would and did stop it, as it has stopped some religious practices among us in more recent days.

The more transcendent belief has passed away, though in some quarters the funeral is yet to be held. Religious practice, however, persists long after the belief supporting it has ceased to exist. That fact can be illustrated again and again not only in the history of Christianity, but of religions in general. Thus it happens that, though the immanent view of God has long been with us, some of the changes it has wrought in our religious life have only recently become evident in our churches. To some these changes are ominous for the future. Many have welcomed them, often reluctantly, as signs of progress, but have found no *modus vivendi* in relation to them. To be sure, there was never more idealism, more unselfishness, more of the spirit of Jesus Christ in the world than now. Human misery and need have evoked responses until recently never dreamed possible. The determina-

tion to carry Christian principles into the life of trade, industry, and statecraft was never before so evident. But along with this, it is bewailed, there is a growing indifference to the forms of religion we once thought important. The old-time fear of God has but a precarious existence, if it survives at all, and the revivalism of former days, where it has not disappeared, even where it is kept up most successfully, is without exception disappointing. The writer is not so naïve as to believe that these religious changes and others to which allusion could be made are all to be explained by our view of the immanence of God. It is not so simple as that. Nor is it to be wholly explained by the scientific spirit or by the revolution wrought in our life by the invention of machinery and its effect upon our social and economic relations. There are other causes. However, it can be shown that this thought of God, itself an effect to no small degree, has profoundly affected the entire range of Christian thought and activity and so has much to contribute to the understanding of these changes.

The idea that God is immanent in the world of nature and of man as an animating spirit, that all facts and laws, physical, moral, and spiritual, are his, though a personality in a sense apart from and superior to them all, and that he works through these laws to achieve his purposes, has been a timely ally of the critical study of the Bible. Only because of the former have the general results of the latter come to such wide acceptance. Where acquaintance with these results is lacking, the view that God so uses physical agencies and human intelligence is often producing skepticism, concealed or unconcealed, concerning the Bible. They have providentially supplemented each other. Our old view of the inspiration of the Bible rested upon the transcendent thought of God and as this left us, that old view had to go. Once we pictured God upon a throne above the world, communicating with us through individuals, as it was thought he talked with the prophets of two thousand five hundred years ago. However, both our study of the work of the prophets and our knowledge of God's dealing with men compel us to reject the old picture of an angel dictating as Isaiah or Jeremiah wrote, and to believe that they received their messages much as we do ours. In their work we discover the stamp

of their own individualities, their own bias and limitations. Consequently we see, as did Jesus, that their writing contains the partial and the transient. The finality and homogeneity of every part of the Book, once widely held, rested upon *a priori* theories of what a divinely inspired book ought to be and so has given way to more adequate views. There are differences between the synoptic writers, between them and John, between Jesus and Paul, and while they may be explained they cannot be reconciled. The view that God uses the rare insight, the quickened thought and imagination as the means of imparting his truth prepares us for such differences and for the conclusion that the difference between Isaiah, Luke, and Paul, on the one hand, and Bunyan, Shakespeare, and Browning on the other, is not so much in kind as in degree of inspiration. This has altered our interpretation of the Bible and deprived us of the authority of the letter, for which we have ample reason to be grateful. In its place we have an authority less definite, but much more vital—that of the Spirit.

This conception of God is very naturally and logically affecting our thought of him in some respects. For example, it has its bearing upon our thought of him as a changeless being. Our thought about him has always changed and advanced. Tremendous growth occurs within the Bible, and it will doubtless always continue, but we have felt sure that God has never changed. However, some of our leading thinkers have been busy with the problem whether a God who not only manifests himself in his creatures and his universe, but realizes himself in the product of his activity, his children and his handiwork altogether, can be entirely unaffected by this change or growth in his universe. The human personality is affected, enlarged by the growth or expansion of what it does. Some feel that we cannot with so great confidence as formerly assert that the divine personality is beyond all this. The idea of a changing, developing God has been championed, among others, by Höffding and Bergson.[1] One opponent has objected that a developing God must have had a beginning in time, but nothing could develop that was not always potentially present.

[1] An excellent presentation of the view and the case against it is given by Professor H. C. Sheldon in the Methodist Review, July, 1915.

Whatever there is in this, there appears to be nothing to weaken our hold upon the fundamental in this attribute, God's unchanging ethical nature and his changeless purpose in his activity.

However, there are several more practical products of this conception easily discerned in our churches to-day. Some bewail that there is not the fear of God among us, once so strong. Jonathan Edwards' preaching, which dangled men over the burning pit and shook them there until the sulphurous fumes had fully reached them and until his hearers held to their seats to keep from slipping in, to-day arouses no one to more than a smile that men were ever so affected by them. That day has gone and no preaching can ever restore it. If it attempted to do so, the thought world of the hearers would prevent such effects. Then great calamities were thought the rod of God's anger. Children were taught that God used lightning to get bad boys and girls. The world and men were so evil that God did not live in their midst save as a policeman or a spy. Voltaire contended that to accept such a God was to repudiate Christianity. That view of God has little place in the New Testament, which the *Twentieth Century New Testament* recognizes by consistently translating "one that feared God" of other versions by the words, "one that reverenced God." God is not an autocrat on a far-away throne. He is in his world, he lives with us, he works and fights with us, he loves us. And as we get better acquainted with him, we do not fear him—we love him. "Perfect love casts out fear." To be sure, it is not a weak or sentimental love he has for us. Love's highest duty is sometimes to demand and to administer unyielding justice. Men who would enter into the love of the Father dare not ignore or trifle with great moral and spiritual issues. There is still a place for fear, not that prompted by God's anger and might, but by his love. It will be fear lest we fail to do his will, fear lest we cripple his plan for us and his kingdom, and so disappoint the Father, our friend and helper beyond compare.

This view of God as in the world rather than above it, as working not through intervention and catastrophe but through its physical, moral, and spiritual laws, is bearing its fruit in our current religious life in many directions. It is erasing the old

line between the natural and the supernatural, the sacred and the secular. It is leading us to believe that the supernatural is in accord with law and so is intelligible, even though we may not understand it, and to see that the natural, as Dr. Bowne once said, is but a form of supernatural activity. Convinced that God is in the natural process, we are less impressed with wonders and fulfilled prophecies than was once the case. Not long ago they were among the accepted foundations of the Christian faith, but no recent standard work on Apologetics makes much of them. This attitude is beginning to work its way consistently through our life, and it is making of the Christian religion something more normal than we once conceived it to be. Many regard it as life at its best physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually, and are impatient with whatever seems unnatural or abnormal. This conception is preaching with new power the profound message of the prophet of Anathoth that what instinct is to birds, religion is to man (Jer. 8. 7). That teaches that our inner relation to God is the deepest impulse of our being and so that religion is not something that we so much get or catch as we have had from the first, though we may have snuffed or crowded it out. Such a religion will see God, as Dr. Bowne has put it, not so much in floods, earthquakes, and epidemics as in all mental and moral progress. The greatest sign of his presence in the world will be the spread of reason and righteousness. To it God's use of growth, law, development, conscience, and reason will be just as divine as those ways that are "past finding out."

Quite logically and naturally this view of religion is flattening out all fences and walls that would restrict it to any specific areas. There is no "Keep off the grass" sign that it will heed. A notable instance of an attempt to put up such signs we have had in Germany. Contrary to popular opinion in this country, she has suffered less from the radicalism of her scholars than from the worship of Luther and of tradition.[2] For example, it is not generally known that there was in Prussia an insistence upon a theology so antiquated that it led her some years ago to forbid by

[2]The strength of this conservative group was reflected in the "Foreign Outlook" by Dr. J. R. Van Pelt, Methodist Review, January, 1922.

law the cremation of human bodies because it would be prejudicial to the resurrection of the body. This spirit was clearly evident in the state churches. A "modern" worshiper in them would have, as one has put it, something of the feeling of the archeologist when he comes upon a relic of a past age. Old hymns were sung in an old-fashioned way. The service was simple and reverent, but, like the building in which it was held, it was not suited to modern needs. It was not accidental that this church had ceased to be the real moral leader of the land and that often socialism was the first to oppose alcoholism, prostitution, and bad housing, the first to champion the cause of the weak and exploited. God was not so much concerned with these problems, which were outside the church, as he was with individuals who could attend. This view that God's moral and spiritual laws are for individuals rather than for larger groups and their activities is, of course, no more German than it is American. Here is an attitude that was highly useful to the materialistic Junker group, as indeed it is always useful to social and political opportunists anywhere. This dualism in individual and national ethics many of Germany's leaders openly asserted. As evidence that God's moral laws do not apply to the state as they do to the individual, it has been declared that a state could not observe them and survive. Their treatment of weaker peoples might be morally wrong, but if the larger welfare called for it, "the end would justify the means." Many Christian people, who would not tolerate that principle in individual conduct, have defended it in national policy. God's moral laws are satisfactory for individual and perhaps domestic life, but they need revision in international diplomacy.

One hundred per cent Americanism frequently slips into the same dualism. Not long since a lecturer, known from coast to coast in our country, an outstanding preacher of one of our leading denominations, sought to demonstrate, from a desire to show that we are urged to love not national but individual enemies, that the Sermon on the Mount is addressed to individuals and not to social groups, that it is in the singular, not the plural number. That conclusion is *singular,* for while it contains a few forms of σύ, it has quite as many and more of ὑμεῖς, which he found it

convenient to ignore. That type of mistaken, if not dishonest, exegesis is disappearing. It becomes impossible as we consistently work out our conception of the immanence of God. If this world is his and he manifests himself in it, then its moral and spiritual laws are no less real and inescapable than its physical laws. Not only that, but if God is immanent in the world in the form of justice, purity, and brotherhood, he belongs quite as much in social and national relationships as in individual. Accordingly we must believe that nations are subject to the same laws as the individuals composing them, and it appears that national compliance with them increases as the immanent view of God displaces the more transcendent thought. All this is old, but only quite recently has this view begun to work itself out in the thought and life of any considerable number in our Protestant churches.

A logical product of this great truth will be the Christianizing of all life. It has already threaded the problems of housing, good water, pure food, sanitation, the education of the child, and the assimilation and Americanization of the immigrant with the religious impulse. Child labor, recreation, the ballot, the movie, diplomacy, and the laborer's wage are within its domain, and the end is not yet. Now and then some who sit in darkness will rise to say that religion has no business meddling with the movie, opposing a military policy for the nation, or investigating a steel industry, but their efforts will be futile. No "dead line" can be drawn for it. We pray "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done," and what warrant have we for limiting what that shall include? It will invade every normal, legitimate, beneficial craving and activity of human life and claim it for its own. We have long been sure that the spirit of Jesus can redeem the individual life. Many in our churches are becoming as sure that he can redeem the amusements and affairs, the play and the work of our busy world and that this latter redemption is as necessary to the former as is the former to the latter.

This conception of God has naturally affected our view of sin. From quite ancient days sin against men has been seen to be sin against God. But if God is in the world of men, manifests and realizes himself in them, some other questions follow. Is

there such a thing as sin against God which is not against men? The two tables of the Decalogue have often been classified as one concerned with sins against God and the other with sins against men, four against God and six against men. Jesus removed the word on the Sabbath from the former to the latter and the ratio is three and seven. The henotheism of the first commandment long since became obsolete (literal idolatry, at least in Christian lands, has disappeared), and with the passing of magic and its misuse of the name of God even the third has lost not a little of its original force. The first table neither troubles nor helps us much to-day, while the second table was never more powerful and never more needed than at the present hour. Are we not generally reconstructing our thought of sin along the lines indicated by Rauschenbusch in his *Theology for the Social Gospel*—more in terms of selfishness toward our fellows than of rebellion toward God?

That attitude is undoubtedly more in harmony with Jesus' teaching about sin. He said little about sin against God, but how he blazed over that that injures man! The cause of Jesus' wrath when he cleansed the temple is to be found not merely in the fact that the house of God was being defiled, but even more that in it was a system that was shutting the poor out of the church of the time. To the Pharisee religion consisted of alms, prayer, tithes, fasting, ceremonial purity and keeping the Sabbath. Add church attendance and this is the concept of religion held by some even to the present. It was a sin not to do these things. That is, sin was conceived to be against God, not men primarily. Prayer was more important than the unselfish and sympathetic heart, worship than the way folks were treated. That order Jesus with a different idea of God reversed, so the world's growing impatience with that view of religion is well grounded. The Pharisee felt it was a sin not to wash frequently, but that was not because of any felt sanitary need. It was to wash off not physical but metaphysical dirt. In other words, it was done for its effect not upon men but upon God. What was the welfare of a man to the Pharisee compared with a letter-kept Sabbath! To him that day was dedicated to the service of God, certainly not of man. It was his deistic view of God that allowed him to feel that it was no

sin to despise the common people, if he only loved God. It was a different view of the Father that led Jesus to proclaim the mockery, the impossibility of such a thing. Without any defense of the slighter, whom would Jesus condemn the more severely—the one who swears or the one who is indifferent to the evils of commercialized vice, because he thinks them necessary; the one who questions the authority of Scripture or the one who believes in force as the solvent of our problems, unlimited competition in business, deportation of radicals, a military policy for national safety and their ilk; the one who rejects the story of the virgin birth or the one who will not be civil to some of God's children, because they are servants or immigrants, perhaps they are socialists or have a black skin? The number in our churches who here are beginning to follow Jesus is on the increase and steadily diminishes the ranks of those who complain, when the pulpit attacks the great social sins of our day, that we have deserted the gospel of sin and salvation.

Finally this conception contributes something to an understanding of the lack of interest in and response to what have been in the past effective methods of evangelism. This is inevitable, if among its products are a changed view of sin, a loss of the fear of God, as once interpreted, and a conviction that religion is something more than a fleeing from the wrath to come and the doing of some specific things regarded as religious. In proportion as this general view becomes the working basis of our life, universal acceptance will be given the product of our study of the biblical evidence and of human nature to the effect that the greatest, most natural, and most fruitful method of evangelism is not and never can be that of revivalism, but instead that of religious education. Large numbers of our people are consciously or unconsciously reaching that conclusion. It means a return from the abnormal and what we have regarded as the more supernatural to what was apparently the more natural way of Jesus. He insisted upon the inner change, but he never at any time suggested that it was necessary to "pray through," as that has often been regarded.

What do we mean by the second birth, the change of heart? We use these terms loosely and with little conception often of their

real meaning. In the Gospels "heart" is used in four senses.[3] 1. It is the seat of the emotions, affections, love of God, purity, perverse desire, earthly or heavenly treasure. 2. It is the organ of intelligence. People ponder or reason in their hearts, understand or fail to understand with their hearts. 3. It may mean the will. Judas designed the betrayal in his heart and there, that is, the will, the adulterous act was purposed. 4. It is the seat of conscience and faith. The hard heart prevented the acceptance of the truth, and some were slow of heart to believe. What does all this mean when we use the term, "change of heart"? Simply this, that our affections, our point of view, our will must be changed, made new, born again. Nicodemus was religious, but he had not been born again, changed in these respects. His affections, point of view, and his will were not yet in harmony with the spirit of Jesus. When Zaccheus, quite irreligious by orthodox standards, said, "I restore fourfold," an act of the will that indicated a changed point of view, Jesus, without a word, apparently, about prayer or the second birth, responded, "This day has salvation come to thy house." His changed will, point of view, affections were evidence that he had already been born again. Quite as much as for evil the child has an appetite for good which needs awakening, direction, and spiritual support. That makes training, religious education, important as a means of evangelism. It has recently been pointed out that the fact that education failed so wretchedly in Germany is not evidence against but for this point of view. If a wrong idea and ideal could so thoroughly poison the entire life of a nation, what cannot be accomplished by a Christlike spirit and ideal in such training? It does and will change the affections, the point of view, the will, and in no other way can the mind of Christ be effectively acquired.

Many other phases of our religious life are feeling the change of climate inaugurated by this conception of God, as it slowly works its way, but further reference to them cannot be made here. Among others is our view of the coming of the Kingdom. This idea that God is gradually working his will in accord with law in human experience and world history is particularly trouble-

[3] Hastings, *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*, vol. i, p. 709.

some to premillennialism, which believes the world to be too evil to be made better. It tells us that our only hope lies in its being destroyed—in God's intervention from without. Necessary to it is the more transcendent thought and its corollary, the infallible Bible. In ever larger numbers the laity of our churches—some of them still inconsistently cling to premillennial ideas—are reaching the conviction that the gospel works as leaven, as seed that grows until it shelters the earth, as the blade of corn develops, and that God seems to do more by education and the quiet gift of his ever-working spirit than by spectacular crises or blustering cataclysms. God needs not destroy his world to redeem it, and spiritual ends are reached not by physical but by spiritual means.

The religious forms and expression which survive from the day of the more transcendent thought and are at all dependent upon it are finding much that chills and smothers in the atmosphere of the present. The immanent thought of God and its products may not inspire as much devotion to the technically or formally religious, as we would like, but it will net us a gain. It is helping to send "west" much negative, unnatural, and useless religion. It will make more impossible the type of Christian who has defended not only slavery, prostitution, and the murder of heretics in the past, but those who now defend, among other things, a system of unlimited competition, the unjust profits of industry, the hatred of national enemies, and the use of violence in industry and diplomacy. It will prevent our directly seeking our own salvation, and Jesus taught that those who do that are lost. It will reenforce the message that only he who loses his life "for my sake," uses it, spends it, gives it for the sake of others, shall save it. Than this there is no higher love.

[Since writing the above I have come upon a very suggestive discussion of the same theme in McGiffert's *The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas*, chapter x on "Divine Immanence," particularly pp. 201-211. Among the products he singles out are these: 1. It has bridged the chasm between nature and the supernatural. 2. It maintains that revelation comes from within, not without. 3. It teaches that the world is not an evil to be escaped. 4. It has destroyed the idea of man's total depravity. 5. It has dissolved the divine-human controversy concerning the person of Christ, so that the old unitarian controversy has largely lost its meaning.—I. R. B.]

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS AN ETHICAL TEACHER

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Matthew Arnold is a challenging writer. His works are so rich in ideas that they afford ample opportunity for contradiction. It is hard to discuss them without becoming involved in an intellectual fencing match with the author. Arnold was fundamentally a critic. He believed it his duty to march in the "main movement of the mind." But he kept in the procession in his own way. There was no lock step for him. He was too individualistic to be dominated by any coterie or school. It was easy for him to preserve the critical aloofness. His opinions were not those of a group but his own. Men who do their own thinking will disagree with others who think for themselves. They will also now and then provoke dissent among those whose thought processes can invariably be given certain group labels. In reading Arnold, to take issue with this or that uncompromisingly expressed idea is anything but difficult.

He, moreover, possessed certain personal and literary idiosyncrasies which were in themselves naturally productive of prejudices. Prof. Lewis E. Gates in his essay on Arnold says: "Emerson has somewhere spoken of the unkind trick fate plays a man when it gives him a strut in his gait. Here and there in Arnold's prose, there is just a trace—sometimes more than a trace—of such a strut." There is an element of condescension and affected tolerance which savors of insincerity. His stress upon the Hellenic ideals of civilization was not especially soothing to the Anglo-Saxon, with a society built upon Hebraism. Neither was he particularly conciliatory in his attitude toward certain of the dominant tendencies of his generation. He preached aristocracy to a century which had made almost a fetish of democracy. His excursions in the field of religious thought were unsympathetic with both Anglicanism and Dissent. Few writers so generally antagonistic have exercised so potent an influence upon the intellectual life of their age.

Yet when all is said upon the negative side it cannot but be apparent to the careful and open-minded student that Matthew Arnold is by no means the least among the literary giants of the not-distant Victorian days. In the year of his centenary he is still an intellectual force with whom we cannot neglect to reckon. Some of his poetry has gone the journey to oblivion, but most of it yet makes an appeal to thinking men and women. As a critic of literature his place is sure. Because he had a firm grasp of fundamental principles he made lasting contributions to this realm of thought. In the field of theology his position is more debatable. Of this writing Churton Collins remarks: "Perhaps the best criticism of it would be what Doctor Cuffe said of Bacon's Novum Organum, that a 'foolish man could not, and a wise man would not, have written it.'" Yet *St. Paul and Protestantism, Literature and Dogma,* and *God and the Bible* can hardly be dismissed by an epigram. Their faults are apparent and have been more than once pointed out. But we can learn from our heretics. Some of the author's most dynamic thought is found within these volumes. In *St. Paul and Protestantism,* his freeing of the apostle to the Gentiles from the odium of being the apostle of predestination is a superlative example of dialectic skill. Perhaps he rendered his highest service to his own and other generations by his lucid, wise, and spiritually illuminated ethical teaching, not a little of which is found in his theological works, but the Arnold volume of social criticism which is most vital to-day is *Culture and Anarchy.* In this book in the chapter entitled "Sweetness and Light" we perhaps come the nearest to the center of the ethical teachings of Matthew Arnold. Here he discusses his idea of the real meaning of culture. Dr. Henry van Dyke says: "Thomas Carlyle's great word was Work—do the duty that lies nearest to you! John Ruskin's great word was Life—there is no wealth but in a richer, fuller, warmer heart! Matthew Arnold's great word was Culture—know the best that has been thought and said in the world! Emerson's great word was self-reliance—trust yourself, be yourself, and fear not!" To understand the connotation of the word "culture" in the writings of Arnold is the key to his essential teachings. It is his grand fundamental conception.

He tells us that culture is a "study of perfection," and that it has its origin in a love of perfection. He approvingly quotes Montesquieu as saying, "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." Here his stress is upon being rather than upon having or doing, an idea which cannot receive too much emphasis, in any land or age. A man can never get away from what he is. No individual can do any work that outmeasures his own proportions. Education must to a large degree be gauged in terms of personality. In his singularly suggestive essay, "The New Definition of the Cultivated Man," Dr. C. W. Eliot thus describes the type which personifies genuine culture: "In this paper, he is not to be a weak, critical, fastidious creature, vain of a little exclusive information or of an uncommon knack in Latin verse or mathematical logic; he is to be a man of quick perceptions, broad sympathies, and wide affinities; responsive, but independent; self-reliant, but deferential; loving truth and candor, but also moderation and proportion; courageous, but gentle; not finished, but perfecting." This is good, solid Matthew Arnold doctrine as well as broad-visioned educational philosophy.

In a day when there is such a marked tendency to confuse vocational training with real education, the old Greek ideal of self-realization cannot be too frequently discussed. An intellectual peasant, devoid of both manners and morals, ignorant of all fields of knowledge save a single little corner of one, is anything but an educated man. Culture, according to Arnold, is not something that can be hung upon the outside. It depends upon "an internal condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper as distinguished from our animality. It places it in the ever-increasing efficacy and in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling which make the peculiar dignity, happiness and wealth of human nature."

It might, nevertheless, be contended that the individual of this type would be nothing more than a charming ineffectuality. But Arnold saw more than one side of the truth. In his emphasis of personal culture he did not ignore ethical obligations. Man must not only augment the excellence of his own nature but he must en-

deavor "to make reason and the will of God prevail." He does not divorce knowing from doing. He amplifies this thought in the following words: "Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated. The individual is required, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march toward perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward."

As long as Arnold lived he was dominated by the memory of the personality and life of his father, Dr. Thomas Arnold, Master of Rugby. In his plaintive, beautiful, vigorous and sincere elegiac poem, "Rugby Chapel," we read these noble words:

> But thou would'st not alone
> Be saved, my father! alone
> Conquer and come to thy goal,
> Leaving the rest in the wild.
> We were weary, and we
> Fearful, and we in our march
> Fain to drop down and die.
> Still thou turnedst, and still
> Beckonedst the trembler, and still
> Gavest the weary thy hand.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Therefore to thee it was given
> Many to save with thyself;
> And, at the end of thy day,
> O faithful shepherd! to come,
> Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

The man who wrote these lines was no "high priest of kid glove persuasion" advocating an effete culture for its own sake.

In Arnold's *Philosophy* the characteristics of "sweetness and light" are the hall marks of the cultivated personality. His frequent use of this combination is responsible for the somewhat prevailing idea that it originated with him. Its maker, however, was Dean Swift, whose worst enemy never accused him of possessing the first-mentioned quality. The word "light" in this phrase is for practical purposes self-explanatory. It means freedom from the darkness of intellectual and spiritual provincialism.

That type of religiosity which consigns all who disagree with it to perdition illustrates the Arnoldian significance of "light" by the lack of it. On the other hand it does not furnish an ideal example of "sweetness." A kindly tolerance, an inclusive sympathy and a considerate reasonableness are all included in the broader meaning of this word. The infinitesimal-souled individual who takes any disagreement with his opinions as a personal insult is not conspicuous as a specimen of this quality. Sad to say, there are cases on record where church members in "good standing," pillars of official boards and even "elect" sisters, have displayed some of the characteristics of the unregenerate and sulked like spoiled children when some of their misguided associates have had the temerity to have ideas of their own. At all events, it is sometimes hard for human beings to preserve a spirit of magnanimity in the face of differing convictions. But the personal culture includes sweetness as well as light.

These two words, however, have a much broader implication. Another idea which inheres within them is that of the preeminence of the spiritual. Materialism, either personal or national, annihilates culture. It is destructive of all the higher values. In preaching this gospel Arnold was simply, in a quieter and less spectacular way, continuing the work of Carlyle. He complains that certain political spokesmen were teaching the man of his generation "to value himself not on what he is, not on his progress in sweetness and light, but on the number of the railroads he has constructed or the bigness of the tabernacle he has built." And again he gives expression to the same thought in words which sound singularly modern: "Never did people believe anything more firmly than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being so very rich. Now the use of culture is that it helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection, to regard wealth as but machinery, and not only to say that we regard wealth as machinery, but really to perceive and feel that it is so. If it were not for this purging effect wrought upon our minds by culture, the whole world, the future as well as the present, would inevitably belong to the Philistines."

The materialized middle classes he called Philistines, enemies

of the children of light. In his discussion along these lines his superciliousness is especially apparent, but those whose minds are so obsessed by financial standards that they really believe that both culture and religion can be bought like a sack of flour or a new automobile must for the benefit of the rest of humanity be occasionally handled without gloves. Arnold showed no more mercy to the idle, irresponsible aristocracy, whom he labels barbarians. He speaks of English society being permeated with a type of inequality which materializes the upper class, vulgarizes the middle class, and brutalizes the lower class. Certainly no reader of the gripping chapter entitled "Our Semi-Pagan Civilization," in Ellwood's *The Reconstruction of Religion*, would need to be convinced that there is a grave possibility of some of the segments of American society being materialized, vulgarized, and brutalized.

He begins a paragraph in "Sweetness and Light" with this exceedingly suggestive sentence: "Faith in machinery is, I said, our besetting danger; often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the end which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all, is to serve; but always in machinery, as if it had value in and for itself." Americans of to-day should read and "inwardly digest" not only this sentence but also the paragraphs which follow it. Never was there more of an almost apotheosizing of machinery. In the arena of education, especially in certain exceptionally large universities and in the much-vaunted ultra-organized public school systems of some States, it is machinery upon the right hand and upon the left, machinery in front and machinery behind. The teacher becomes nothing more than a cog in one of the multitudinous wheels. Too much educational machinery is dehumanizing and despiritualizing. In the church there is a manifestation of the same highly unfortunate tendency. Reports, figures, and "drives" have been very much the order of the day. In some instances piling up figures has been confused with advancing the kingdom of God. Now and then some misguided brother has fallen into temptation and has secured promotion by devoting his energies to securing new names for his church roll, and leaving his successor the record of sheep never really gathered into the fold. Not all of the great spiritual forces of the universe can be chronicled in

a few columns of figures. Religious machinery is but a means. To confuse it with the ultimate goal means spiritual retrogression.

In the fourth chapter of *Culture and Anarchy* Arnold somewhat systematically discusses Hebraism and Hellenism, as two of the great forces of modern life. Theoretically he recognizes that each viewpoint has within it far-reaching truths which humanity must learn. "The final aim of both Hellenism and Hebraism, as of all great spiritual disciplines, is no doubt the same; man's perfection or salvation. The very language which they both of them use in schooling us to reach the aim is often identical." Yet in spite of his effort to take a detached position, Arnold, either on account of temperamental or pedagogic reasons, is a partisan of Hellenism. But with all his emphasis upon Hellenism, he was as much a prophet of righteousness as the Hebrew prophets of long ago. "Conduct," he said, "is three fourths of life." He rightly selected Puritanism as the modern manifestation of ultra-Hebraism, and his attitude toward it was not especially tolerant. He does not, for example, look upon the spirit of "the Dissidence of Dissent, the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion," as evidencing very much of "sweetness and light." His attitude toward the bourgeois crudities, both social and intellectual, of certain Dissenting groups was narrowly unsympathetic. Although most of his strictures were, nevertheless, true, this attitude has naturally been productive of antagonism on the part of those who, with the best of reasons, regard that for which Puritanism stood as the saving leaven of English and American society.

But the Puritan and the Puritan ideal have not lacked eloquent protagonists. In his essay on Milton, Macaulay, in sentences that roll like distant thunder, eulogized those who prostrated themselves in the dust before their Maker but set their feet upon the neck of their earthly king. Carlyle, in words "winged with red lightning and impetuous rage," pictured the men and women of the Mayflower subduing the black, untamed forest and "preparing for Eternity by living well in this world of Time." But perhaps the Puritan, like all others, did have the defects of his qualities. Joseph H. Choate once proposed a toast to the pilgrim mothers on the grounds that they not only endured all of the hardships of the

pilgrim fathers, but also the added one of living with these stern unbending men, cast in an Old Testament mold. Then too it was, and is, possibly easier for the intellectual descendants of Cromwell's Ironsides to imitate the weaknesses of their ancestors than it was to reproduce their virtues. A modern Puritan, undiluted with some Hellenism, is good company only at a distance—a considerable distance. We are the heirs not only of many ages, but also of many peoples. It behooves us to claim our entire heritage. We are sons of Greece as well as of Zion. Self-development as well as self-control belongs in the creed of him who would live the life abundant.

Matthew Arnold in many respects was a typical Oxford don. As an educator he was by no means uncritical of the old university by the willow-bordered, quietly flowing Thames, but the "beauty and sweetness of that beautiful place" never ceased to awaken a response in his soul. Dr. Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University, in a baccalaureate sermon preached in 1910, says: "The universities of the Far East give a training to their students for efficiency; the universities of Germany train scholars; the Scotch universities train men as thinkers; the English universities educate the gentlemen." As a schoolmaster at large he tried to indoctrinate his readers with this university ideal. Some of his critics intimate that personally he did not always exemplify "sweetness and light." But it is not absolutely certain that he was not the first man who found it easier to teach than to illustrate in person. He believed that the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection should be paramount. He hated "hideousness and rawness." In amplifying his understanding of the meaning of culture he gives expression to the following sentiment: "It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to teach this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely—nourished and not bound by them." Whatever may be lacking in Arnold's philosophy, such an aim is not devoid of real nobility.

In his recent book *Character and Opinion in the United States* Dr. George Santayana says, "Civilization is perhaps approaching one of the long winters that overtake it from time to time." We must be somewhat cautious in accepting a statement so frankly and so bitterly pessimistic. Neither must we pay too much attention to the intellectual Pollyannas who, either from force of habit or because they believe it is the perfectly proper thing to do, disseminate a diluted saccharine optimism. But whether morals have improved or deteriorated there has been within the past decade an undoubted retrogression of manners. Vulgarity has ceased to be a vice. Modesty has become "Victorian prudishness." There are literary critics in whose eyes the possession of a few standards of decency wholly condemns a novelist. The story of the degeneration of London society as narrated in *The Glass of Fashion* could be duplicated in many American cities. It might, of course, be very easy to minimize the number of quiet homes and communities in which there has been no lowering of ideals. One does not have to be a hardened pessimist to realize that "hideousness and rawness" have in many places been given the right of way in American life. For a generation facing such problems Matthew Arnold has that to say to which we need to listen. "Close thy vapid, putrescent, sex-obsessed novelist, and open thy Arnold" would not be an inappropriate slogan.

In criticizing the "smart set" among American Jews Walter Lippman sounds a warning, not inapplicable to all sections of society, that it is impossible to "build up a decent civilization among people who have lost their ancient piety and acquired no new convictions." In the ethical writings of Matthew Arnold there is that which will help man to attain wise and high-minded convictions in regard to some of the essentials of right living. His teaching, it must be admitted, does meet some of humanity's deepest needs. But when all is said, his exhortation can be summed up in the Pauline words: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

THE RÔLE OF THE EDUCATED MAN[1]

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JOHN BURROUGHS was probably more epigrammatic than correct when he said, "What is true in Christianity is not new; and what is new is not true." The great naturalist would have come nearer the truth if he had said, "What is true in the inaugural address of the average college president is not new; and what is new should be carefully weighed before accepted as true." I am too well aware of my own limitations to attempt anything new; and too new in my present field of labor to hope to add anything in this inaugural address to the sum total of truth. At best I can only register a few observations, indulge in a few comments, and pass on some personal convictions.

A rather interesting paradox presents itself to the casual observer, in the fact that there never was such a demand for higher education as there is now; and never were higher institutions of learning so severely criticized by all manner of men as they are to-day. One is surely justified in raising the question: If the colleges and universities are such monumental failures; if the present system of higher education is such a farce; if it is worse than a waste of time for youth to spend four years in college, then why is it that so many colleges and universities are obliged to limit the number of incoming students to those who are academically best able to enter? Would students persist in crowding to colleges and universities, if the colleges and universities were not meeting their demand for the right kind of education with fair success?

The following criticisms are frequently heard: "The bulk of the information that most of the colleges and universities are imparting to their students is unrelated, miscellaneous, superannuated, useless, and even destructive. The teachers of the colleges and universities, with some rare exceptions, are academic, color-

[1]Inaugural address of President Laird, Albion College.

less, professional, out of touch with the practical life of the world, and for the most part lacking in virile personality. The administration of the average college or university is autocratic, inefficient, mercenary, visionless, and in relation to the social, economic, and religious leadership of the world, inconsequential. The atmosphere of the college and university is, forsooth, undemocratic, superficial, materialistic, and consequently uncreative of the ideals that are necessary to rebuild the world. The student graduate is, therefore, the spoiled, pampered, superficially and inadequately equipped product of a policy of pharisaical and supercilious pedantry. And as such he goes into the work-a-day world wholly unfitted to pay a reasonable rate of interest on the investment society has made in him."

To all of us who are interested in higher education, there is something quite familiar about this criticism which we find in current magazines, club room conversations, academic circles, and wherever men meet to settle the affairs of the world by free and easy discussion. This much is true: Among certain people whose power to feel deeply is sometimes greater than their ability to express themselves clearly, there is a growing conviction that something is wrong with our system of education. The very absence of anything like universal apologetic support of the present system of higher education by educational leaders is indicative of one of three things: Either the criticism is too true to be refuted successfully, or too absurd to be given serious consideration, or else the leaders of education in America are too busy working out a solution of the problem to rush into print with a more or less useless counter attack. I am sure that it is not to the discredit of the educator that he prefers to double his energies in righting a wrong, rather than publicly combat a more or less irritating criticism of our present system of higher education. Perhaps the majority of educators agree with Dr. Johnson, who said, "Because you believe in a good cause is no reason why you should defend it, for by your manner of defense you may do your cause harm."

Whatever may be our adverse or favorable criticism of the present system of college and university education, the fact remains, that in society as it is, there is such a person known as the

educated man, who at his best plays a rôle in the game of life that successfully helps to keep the world from sinking into barbarism and plunging into catastrophe. The summary of H. G. Wells' *Outlines of History* is packed into the statement that it has always been a race between education and catastrophe. Education—that fundamental, intrinsic enrichment of personality that so develops the individual that he finds the Kingdom of Life with all its challenge and satisfaction and beauty and glory within his own soul; and so ennobles his life that he accepts his advantages as a manly moral obligation to serve his fellows. This possession that we call education is the enemy of catastrophe and the friend of human progress.

It seems to me timely that a voice should be raised in testimony of the rôle of the educated man in this complex, potential day when the civilizations of the world are on trial before the tribunal of God and Man.

The Educated Man in the Rôle of Student

Not often is a monument of granite raised to the honor of the educated man who plays the quiet, unassuming, unheralded, and unremunerative rôle of student. And yet he is the man whose unconquerable love of learning forms a living link between past and present. He moderates our age with its characteristic disregard for the noble accomplishments of yesterday. His may not be the rôle of the maker of history, but it is invariably the appreciator and preserver of history. For the edification and education of mankind, he brings up to date the fine things of the past; he casts his net of investigation into the sea of universal human experience, and raises to the surface of human vision a store of precious realities that otherwise would have been lost forever. To the educated student there is something venerable and worth while about all discovered truth, whether it be philosophic, scientific, or religious; and with penetrating mind he reaches into the realm of the undiscovered and brings forth something new that has inestimable value. The world is enriched by his patient and studious labors. The educated man as student is not often a good advertiser. His eurekas are seldom heralded around the earth, and the plaudits

of men are seldom heard until after his heavenly coronation has become an accomplished fact. And yet, the student projecting the light of reason, imagination, and creative understanding into the secrets of life, is one of God's noblemen, whose ministry of light and truth enriches the whole world, and whose labors, often unappreciated by men, have tremendous redemptive value. In the past the student's tallow candle lighted the torch that has swept the world with the light of knowledge and truth.

The Educated Man in the Rôle of Teacher

Sometimes, quite often in fact, the educated student is also the teacher. He is the vocal interpreter and articulator of what his heart and mind have learned. When I speak of the educated man as teacher, I mean every man whose vocation or avocation calls him to interpret and articulate such knowledge as is necessary to the mental and moral enlightenment of mankind. Some time the world will realize, as it does not now, that the teacher is the very bulwark of civilization and the lifeguard of humanity. If education is the enemy of catastrophe, it necessarily follows that the teacher must multiply in number and quality in such progressive ratio as shall be necessary to cope successfully with the growing needs of the world. And what king of man will the right kind of teacher be? At least he will meet the Greek standard of manhood, possessing the fine qualities of courage, resourcefulness, and adaptability. He will care more for people than for philosophy. His love of personal gain will be secondary to his passion for social redemption. He will have what Matthew Arnold called "a genuine scientific passion and desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery." He may aspire for academic rank, but more for personal enlargement of life. His academic degrees will become a point of departure leading to greater intellectual accomplishments rather than a terminal marking the graveyard of his intellectual achievements. He will lose his life, not in subjective concentration upon any pet intellectual scheme or hobby, but in the life, the whole life of the students who come under his care. Only thus can he find his own soul and the soul of the college that employs him. The

teacher most needed is not primarily a teacher of subjects; he is a teacher of men, and the ultimate test of his value to society is not how well he can teach science, Latin, and philosophy, but how well he can help young men and women to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God." In other words, the acid test of a teacher's fitness for a place of great usefulness in the modern college is his ability to give life, abundant life, to the students who honor him with their readiness to expose their hungry hearts to his instruction. I would rather select a teacher because of his enlightened sense of human values, provided, of course, he had a working knowledge of the subject he essayed to teach, than because of his dazzling erudition. I would rather employ a teacher with a fair academic training, with or without a superabundance of academic titles, provided he possessed a tantalizing intellectual curiosity and a passion for men, than the most learned scholar in the world lacking in these essential qualities.

About a year ago a keen observer of life called the world's attention to what he called the five great plagues of our day. They were these: Disregard for authority; hatred between man and man; an abnormal aversion to work; an excessive thirst for pleasure; and a gross materialism that denies the reality of the spiritual in human life.

Let us see how the educated man as teacher should be related to the problems suggested by these modern plagues. Society has a right to expect that college teachers shall so relate their subjects definitely to life that graduates shall go from college with a respect for authority that will make them an invincible foe to the social forces that propagate their inflammable doctrines with apparent indifference to the legitimate claims of existing institutions and laws. An unprecedented challenge to authority is too prevalent a characteristic of our age; and the teacher of youth will fail miserably in his work, if he does not help to overcome this tendency. Moreover, there is too much hatred between man and man. Race, national, class, and personal hatred stands in the way of human happiness and progress. A college professor whose message to eager students does not help to substitute brotherhood for hatred

might succeed as a teacher of mathematics, but he will fail miserably as a teacher of men. Again, there is an abnormal aversion to work in the hearts of too many men. "Something for nothing" is the demand of vast numbers of lazy and criminal members of society. The ideal college teacher will cast such a halo of dignity and glory around all honest work that students will seek to become workers who need never to be ashamed. This is a paramount need in meeting our industrial problem, and the teacher fails who does not nobly help to meet it. "Nothing," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is to be attained without it." "Excellence in any department," says Dr. Johnson, "can now be obtained only by the labor of a lifetime; it is not to be purchased at a lesser price." Great things are not done where great efforts are not made. Furthermore, there is an abnormal thirst for pleasure in the hearts of men to-day. There is something radically wrong when one finds that at a time when the bread lines of the slums are the longest, the pleasure houses of the city are the most crowded. An insatiable thirst for cheap excitement; the wholesale organizing and commercializing of pleasure for the most part by a non-Christian group of profit seekers, whose disregard for Christian principles is equalled only by their own racial religion; the substituting of plot-displaying movies for the fireside reading of good literature—this has helped to make a large section of the American people worshipers at the shrine of cheap and demoralizing pleasure. And what is the value of a fine classical or engineering training if the college student has no highsouled command of his hours of leisure, and no sacramental sense of the value of time and association? Surely this is a challenge to the teachers of youth in college and university. More, there is a gross materialism that is deadly to a growing personality and makes for the undermining of everything that is best in the world. The moral and spiritual reach of the average American student exceeds his economic grasp, but the moral and spiritual grasp of too many of our students does not equal their economic grasp. What does it profit a student, though he gain all knowledge necessary to remove mountains, and yet has no spiritual preparation to face and overcome the obstacles to a normal moral life!

It should be said that in every college and university there are teachers whom money cannot buy, authority cannot intimidate, nor circumstance demoralize. They multiply their lives a thousandfold by preparing their students to learn the fine art of living on the high levels of manhood and womanhood. Like Agassiz they cry, "We have no time to make money." Of such is the kingdom of God. Only an omniscient Being can truly measure and appraise the value of such consecrated men and women.

The Educated Man as Pioneer

Wherever you find social, intellectual, political, and moral boundaries expanding and horizons that have for ages indicated the limits of human thought and endeavor advancing, there you may expect to find the educated man. He is the pioneer, the trail blazer, the dayspring from on high, announcing a new discovery or the dawn of a better day. He may be the personal exponent of a new democracy, or the ardent propagandist of a new social order, or the keen explorer of an undiscovered realm of thought, or the intrepid discoverer of a new geographical boundary, or the indefatigable forerunner in the realm of science, or the lone advocate of a new system of education, or the self-sacrificing herald of a new religion. In the rôle of pioneer, the educated man has left the world forever his debtor. There seems to be something about a liberal education that not only enables a man to fall back upon his own resources, but also causes him to find within himself the necessary force to drive him forward into the possession of hitherto unrealized fields of knowledge. Kepler would never have thought God's thoughts after him, had he not been trained to think men's thoughts after them. Newton would never have *stumbled* upon his great discovery had he not carefully *walked* in the fields of learning. Darwin would never have become chief among the moderns in his interpretation and articulation of the law of evolution if the educational process had not been in operation in his own mind. And Agassiz, who opposed the Darwinian hypothesis, would never have been able to contend successfully that it is inconceivable that any force of mere physical heredity, supposable as innate in matter, could transmit the life and the traits of one

individual of a species to another, if his own liberal education had been neglected. Stupidity and ignorance discover no continents, advance no professional frontiers, and create no new boundaries of scientific achievement. To the educated man must we look for the power that shall change for the better the map of human thought and action. An educated man might accidentally fall upon a discovery of world-wide significance; but seldom does a discovery of world-wide significance come to an uneducated man. It was Professor Richardson, an eminent London physicist, who recently expressed the belief that atomic energy, fundamental power, will imminently be harnessed with revolutionary effect upon the industrial life of the world. Here is another illustration of how the educated man as pioneer is experimenting with the unrealized forces of life. If Russia is ever to be led out of her present humiliating and world-endangering dilemma into a place of national stability and world confidence, it will be when from among the Russian people there comes a man whose trained heart and mind will qualify him to point the way of liberty and peace to his fellow countrymen.

Perhaps there is no field of human effort where the pioneer is more needed to-day than in the field of higher education. Here and there a tall soul dares to step away from the beaten path of custom, tradition, and accepted standards, and with manly stride leads the way to new freedom and power. Too many of us are afraid of the lonesomeness that comes from such splendid audacity. I cannot help, however, but see encouraging evidences of a new freedom springing up here and there among an increasing number of educators. The hoary motto, "Let good enough alone," is too antiquated to have any place in the program of the educator. The coming slogan is more likely to be, "Let us try something better." This new freedom finds expression in new curricula, new departments of study, and in more timely adaptations of truth to life. Too long has the school man been the prey of the victimizing politician, whose ignorance of learning and befogged sense of public need have been surpassed only by his shallow pretensions. Thanks to an intrepid leadership and an awakened sense of humor, there is an encouraging indication that the shackles imposed by

the politicians are falling from the wrists of the educators of the land. The modern educator of pioneer instinct and practice has bearded this lion in his den, and the result is bound to be a safer and wiser society. The time, however, is not far distant when our educational leaders with eagle eyes and trained minds and courageous hearts will pioneer their way in a noble fight for even greater liberty, adaptability, and efficiency. "The best is yet to be."

The Educated Man as Conserver

The true progressive will be the wise conservative. The wise conservative makes the safest progressive. Our educated man in the rôle of conserver, not only reaches forward, with a passionate lure of the unrealized burning in his soul, but he tenaciously grasps the best of yesterday with a sacred determination that no vandalism shall utterly destroy the worthwhile creations of civilization. The Huns of civilization are not all Germans. Whosoever destroys a single good that the centuries have bought with blood and tears and does not replace it with something better, whether he be black or white, educated or uneducated, American or German, is in spirit a Hun. Vandalism is abroad in the world. Long-haired men and short-haired women with more dynamite in their programs than intellectual and moral dynamics in their souls would fain destroy the blood-bought creations of the centuries and in their place substitute the half-baked vagaries of unpatriotic, undemocratic, and unbalanced minds. Constitutions hammered out on the anvils of the centuries; convictions wrought into laws by our legislative assemblies; governments evolved by all the generations of history are considered so many scraps of paper to be burned by the ultra-socialistic barbarians of these days of world convulsion. In America a veritable tug of war is on between the wise conservative and the foolish progressive. There never was a time when the educated man with such historical perspective as qualifies him to be the prophet of his age was so sorely needed as now. The educated conserver would advance not by dynamite and revolution, but by law and creative evolution. He would go forward, not by breaking with the past, but by bringing up the past to the front line of progress where one may ever tread on

the vantage ground of the vision splendid. He would be the first to build colleges of applied science, but the last to deny the value of the so-called humanities. He would be the first to initiate a movement to institute a department of business administration in college or university, but the last to advise the discontinuance of the ancient classics, with their matchless power to give the larger comprehension of life. He would be the first to vote for a department of physical culture in the college, but the last to scrap the department of philosophy. He would be second to none in welcoming the great state university with its thousands of students, vast physical equipment and efficient faculties, but the last to advise the closing of the small college with its time for personal attention to students and its ideals of culture and character. Were it not for the constructive conservatism of our educated man, belonging though he does to the creative minority, many of the most valuable and priceless productions of the centuries would perish at the hands of barbarism and vandalism. He forms a breastwork of defense against the forces of national and world diabolism, whose mad theories of personal liberty and sensual domination would undermine the foundations of life. Like a mighty army, like the immortals of Thermopylæ and Verdun, stand the educated men and women of the world whose cultured appreciation of the finest accomplishments of yesterday makes them the eternal foes of the forces of catastrophe.

The Educated Man as Reconciler

The forces of national and international, racial and interracial integration are also obviously operative in the world to-day. I desire to present this positive aspect of the problem of world reconciliation rather than again refer to the disintegrating forces that are abroad among men. The destructive hounds of hell are making the greater noise to-day, but the integrating and constructive hounds of heaven are doing the greater work. The "call of the blood" in men is being gradually replaced by the call of humanity in men. Caucasian is gradually coming to understand Mongolian. The man of the East is coming to understand and appreciate the man of the West. A sort of fellow feeling, or

"consciousness of kind," is creeping into the hearts of men, and the result is a new sense of human values and a finer practice of human brotherhood. At the cross roads of the races where the pipe of peace is being passed around, you are sure to find the educated man—the man whose own personal development has qualified him to help his brother man to a better experience of self-realization and peace. It is not an accident that the men who have been selected to meet in Washington in November to consider the world-significant question of disarmament are without exception educated men. And we volunteer the conviction here that in proportion as their education has been shot through and through with the high ideals of the Prince of Peace, ideals that require for their realization the practice of the Christian principles of self-sacrifice and service, will the Washington Conference measure up to the prayerful expectations of the peace lovers of the world. Accurate understanding of world conditions, broad sympathy with the claims of peoples of different traditions and advantages, an intelligent tolerance of the convictions and customs and legitimate ambitions of all manner of people—these are a few of the essential characteristics of the truly educated man, whose rôle in the peace making of the world is one of unparalleled importance to-day. Not passion, nor prejudice, nor ignorance, nor enthusiasm, nor politics, nor promises will bring about the reign of universal peace; nothing short of adherence to the principles of agreement and faithful practice of the program of operation determined by representative educated men—"men who are like God's mountains, men who are like his plains, men with eras in their purposes and empires in their brains"—will bring the world to live in harmony and peace. The kingdom of God among men waits for the reconciling power of leaders of sanctified education.

I close this address with the suggestion that already the field is white unto the harvest for educators to discover how the colleges and universities can so train their students that an increasing number, whether in the rôle of students, teachers, pioneers, conservers, or reconcilers, shall catch the vision and practice the principles of Him who counted not his life dear unto himself, but gave it for the redemption and salvation of men. It is the im-

mediate task of the Christian college to inspire students with such a sense of values that in all things Christ shall have the pre-eminence. When Christ's reverence for personality, glorified and enriched by the indwelling spirit of the living God, shall become the dominating passion of our higher institutions of learning, then a constantly enlarging stream of youth will flow into life, obeying the heaven-born challenge:

> Think truly, and thy thoughts shall the world's great famine feed;
> Speak truly, and thy words shall be as fruitful seed;
> Live truly, and thy life shall be a grand and glorious creed.

Then the great Victorian laureate's vision of a parliament of men and a federation of the world will leave the realm of poetic fancy and become an ever-increasing reality in the experience of men. This is the supreme rôle and goal of the educated man—"the one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves."

FEODOR DOSTOIEVSKI

Nellie B. Bennett

Howell, Mich.

The year 1922 marks the centennial of the birth of Feodor Dostoievski, said to be "of all the great masters of fiction the most spiritual."

It was in a charity hospital in Moscow, amid scenes of poverty, suffering, and vice, that he first saw the light of day. There was perhaps something prophetic about the circumstances of his birth, for poor Feodor was to know little else throughout the sixty years of his life than poverty, suffering, and vice. His father was a poor military surgeon belonging to a faded, aristocratic family; his mother was the daughter of a merchant. Both were orthodox Christians and reared their children in the Christian faith. Of the five children, Feodor and one brother were congenial companions, and were very fond of books. Together they entered school at Moscow, where they reveled in the study of Pushkin, the father of Russian literature, Scott, Schiller, Balzac, George Sand, and other literary lights. Together they went to Saint Petersburg and studied military engineering, Feodor graduating at twenty-three. He obtained the rank of sub-lieutenant, but decided then to give up military life and turn his attention to literature. Three years later there began in Russia a most spectacular career. From heights of grandeur and sublimity scarcely attained elsewhere in the realm of letters, it descends to depths of mediocrity that would be scorned by a schoolboy—only to return to the heights again under a new inspiration.

The first novel, *Poor Folk*, was finished when the author was twenty-five. In manuscript it was given to a friend, Grigorovitch, who was a competent critic. He took it to the poet and friend of poor young authors, Nekrassov. At four o'clock in the morning, Dostoievski was awakened from sleep in his miserable lodging. The two critics had started to read *Poor Folk* the evening before; they had been unable to lay it down, and when it was finished unable to restrain themselves from this nocturnal visit to the

promising young author. They fell on his neck and with tears in their eyes overwhelmed him with congratulations. "Do you understand yourself what you have written?" said Grigorovitch. "To have written such a book you must have possessed the direct inspiration of an artist." Dostoievski afterward asserted that this was the happiest moment in his life. A few days later the young author and his manuscript were introduced to the Russian critic Bielinski, and received as enthusiastic commendation from him. In due time, the public confirmed the opinion of the critics and life seemed full of promise to our author. The plot of this simple story is laid in the tenement district of a city. A poor middle-aged clerk loves a young girl, a waif like himself, with an unselfish devotion the real significance of which she does not comprehend. To purchase flowers and trinkets for her he denies himself the very necessities of life. He writes letters full of fatherly counsel and overflowing with terms of strongest endearment. The girl finally receives a proposal from an elderly man of wealth, but of questionable reputation. The true lover assists her in purchasing and planning her wedding outfit, hoping all the time that something may transpire to prevent the marriage; but when no such fortune favors him and the ceremony is finally performed he sends one final outburst of love and dies of a broken heart. The story is short, the characters are full of tenderness and simplicity, the kind that touch the very heart of the Russian people. Dostoievski knew little of Dickens, but this story as well as some others, and especially many of his characters, are distinctly Dickensian in type.

A second novel, *Sosie,* was not successful; at this time he was a regular contributor to magazines, but his stories lacking finish and proportion he was poorly paid. In 1848 he produced *White Nights,* which brought him still greater prominence and popularity than had come with *Poor Folk.* But to offset this success there occurred in the same year the most significant and harrowing event of his entire life. He had become a member of a club of young men who met often under the leadership of the political agitator and revolutionist, Petrachevski. He claimed later in life that he did not share the revolutionary views of this leader; but with the other young fellows he met and discussed reform and

doubtless in the enthusiasm of the hour often gave utterance to sentiments which in calmer moments he would have repudiated. For instance, one evening he had declaimed Pushkin's "Ode on the Abolition of Serfdom." Someone said that could never be without insurrection and Dostoievski is said to have exclaimed, "Then insurrection let it be!" For two years the club met undisturbed but was finally betrayed by one of its own members, and in April, 1849, thirty-two members, including our Dostoievski and his brother Alexis, were arrested, and by the secret police lodged in a fortress in Saint Petersburg. Eight months in this fortress terminated on December 22. The number of suspects had been reduced now to twenty-one, the rest, including Alexis, having been dismissed. In the biting cold of a Saint Petersburg December day, the twenty-one prisoners were led out of the prison and ordered to remove all their clothing except their shirts. In this garb they stood for half an hour listening to the reading of the document which sentenced them to be shot. The scaffolds were erected, coffins covered with cloth stood waiting for the bodies, the white caps were in readiness, the first three victims were in their places and the soldiers were taking aim, when there rode across the square a courier waving a white handkerchief and announcing from the Emperor that the sentence had been commuted to four years' imprisonment in Siberia at hard labor, and several years of enforced military service. The condemnation to death was only for the purpose of frightening the prisoners, but it had served to shatter the nerves of many and to drive one to insanity.

For the worst of men the life of a Siberian exile at this time was a terrible punishment, but for this sensitive, highly strung, intellectual nature it was indescribable torture. Feeding on the vilest kinds of food, and forced to the hardest labor, this frail man passed his days. He had never been strong in body and his poverty and irregular habits of living had kept him a weakling. We are not surprised then, that about this time there began to manifest itself the dread disease, epilepsy, which blighted all his after life. Indeed, by many it is supposed that it originated from a severe beating with a knout as punishment for some slight offense in Siberia. However, it is not of these physical sufferings that he

complains, but rather of his mental troubles. To be left never a moment alone during his waking hours, and to be associated always with the most depraved criminals, to have his mind filled with the loathsome and the vile and the wretched continually, this was suffering indeed. The only book he possessed was the Bible, and that he read when he had opportunity, and at night slept with it under his pillow. It was here that he learned what his French critic, de Vogüé, is pleased to call "the religion of endurance." Though unjustly exiled we do not find him developing anarchistic sentiments or cherishing any malicious thought against the government. On the contrary, if he had ever had revolutionary ideas, he gave them up and declared himself positively on the side of the government. He did not desire a republic, and went so far as to declare that nothing good had been in Russia since Peter the Great that did not come from the higher classes or the throne, and that nothing from below had come to the surface but egoism and brutality. He counted the errors and crimes of government only as the errors and crimes of men like himself. Some one has said, "He became the apostle of forbearance and resignation—cardinal virtues under tyranny."

But his active brain could not be idle during these years. He must turn this bitter adversity to purpose; he chose the gruesome, though intensely interesting study of the psychology of crime, and incidentally stored up material for nearly all his future writings. So thoroughly did he master his subject that he came to be a recognized criminologist, and in his later life he made free use of his knowledge for the advantage of the poor and oppressed. He came to ask himself where to place the responsibility for crime or virtue, to have a profound sympathy for the victims of misfortune, to have faith in their spiritual strength, to feel that ideas are moral or immoral according to circumstances, and to have his whole attitude toward the criminal characterized by tenderness and even love. It has been said that no modern writer was so well acquainted with evil and misery as he was. He even discovered grandeur in the soul of the brigand because both were Russians and understood each other.

The definite result of his banishment was the production of

his book, *Memoirs of the House of the Dead,* translated under the title *Buried Alive* and characterized as "one of the greatest documents on human crime that the world possesses." Despite its accurate description of Siberian atrocities the book succeeded in passing the censorship: and to his credit be it said that this book put a measurable end to these atrocities. It is perhaps the most "equally balanced and most delicately finished of all his works."

Ten years in all were spent in Siberia. In 1859 the novelist returned to Saint Petersburg, bringing with him as his wife the widow of one of his old comrades in exile. For years life was full of misery for him. His marital relations were unhappy; his wife loved another man, and it is told of him that he spent a year in vainly trying to arrange affairs so that she and the man of her choice might have their happiness assured. He engaged in journalism, but not very successfully, and poverty and disease were his companions. The shame of his poverty more than its inconvenience troubled him. He often left Russia to escape his creditors—a fact which we with our moral conceptions can hardly reconcile with his religious proclivities. At these times he was drawn into his one excess, gambling, commonly staking his all at roulette, for he never stopped when luck was on his side. Often he was forced to beg money from his friends in order to have enough to return home. At this time a new trial confronted him. A review founded by his brother failed and the brother died, leaving upon him the burden of his debts and the care of his family. The same year his wife and several of his best friends died. But this atmosphere of sorrow and trouble seemed conducive to the development of his literary genius. And at this very period he was doing some of his best and most enduring work. It was then that he produced *Crime and Punishment, The Gambler,* and *The Idiot.*

Soon after his wife's death he married his stenographer, an educated woman who was of real service to him in his life work, and with whom he lived happily. In 1871 he returned to Russia after a somewhat protracted absence, this time free from debt and popular as a writer. The last ten years of his life he spent in his native land enjoying comparative prosperity. But even these years had over them a dark cloud, for his malady grew worse and

he was tortured by tragic visions. Peace and serenity were not for him. He began now a journal of his own, *The Diary of a Writer,* which appeared irregularly during the rest of his life, and was popular and influential. But his principal work in his later years was his novel, *The Brothers Karamazov,* a book of nearly a thousand pages still unfinished at the time of his death, which occurred on February 9, 1881.

By critics and reviewers he has been variously characterized as "the most conservative force in Russian literature," "the expression of all that is weak and paradoxical in Russian character," an "epileptic psycho-sociological romancer," "the great psychopathologist of Russian fiction," a "fragile bundle of irritable nerves," "a solitary mystic, a passionate hater," "one of the most lovable men, but also one of the most violent," "an evangelist, not an artist nor a stylist," "the friend of his people," "an innocent and lofty soul encased in a broken and convulsive body," "the idol of young Russia and the unfriended poor," "at once the confessor, the vivisector, and the Grand Inquisitor of the Russian soul," "Russia's typical novelist."

Dostoievski seems to be in mind and soul of such depth as to be almost unfathomable by the ordinary intellect. He has written only sad and terrible stories—only of one side of life, and that the seamy side. His scenes are laid in the slums of cities, in miserable alleys, in prisons, in the haunts of vice and homes of poverty and misery. Nature with all her charms has no place in his stories. He depicts the most grim and horrible scenes with the utmost calmness and minuteness of detail; his great characters are criminals, or epileptics or idiots or harlots, and he examines closely into the psychology of their acts. His own epilepsy he studied with the interest of a physician, noting its premonitory symptoms and after effects, and he introduces an epileptic into nearly every one of his stories, and a fit is the climax of many emotional scenes. In *The Idiot,* his most elaborate and his favorite book, he describes himself, not as he is, but as he wishes to be considered. The idiot in the story is an epileptic in whom the disease has destroyed that part of the intellect in which human defects develop. He receives this nickname because of his abnormal goodness. Many other of

his heroes are the real incarnation of himself. In each novel he gives a scene similar to the one he experienced when he stood condemned to die. Kropotkin says of him, "A Russian specialist in brain and nervous diseases finds representatives of all sorts of such diseases in Dostoievski's novels, all set in a frame which represents the strongest mixture of realism and romanticism run wild." His characters are not introduced in the ordinary way. They are not ordinary people, but are always feverish, nervous, neurotic; always "shuddering," "springing up with a bound," having "features contracted," "ashy pale," "teeth chattering," "on the street and not knowing where they are," and so on. Says de Vogüé, "Dostoievski tells more dreams than may be found in all the French classics." His heroes and heroines do not love in the good old-fashioned way; there exists between them either a "mystic state of sympathy and self-sacrifice, of utter devotion free from any selfish desire, or the mad, bestial passion of a perverted nature. His lovers are not of flesh and blood, but of nerves and tears."

His literary style was unfinished and verbose, "confused, heterogeneous, interminable," some one has characterized it. He stops in the middle of an interesting episode to give pages of dissertation on some philosophical theme. He did not revise and perfect his productions partly because he always wrote in haste and under pressure. Of himself he writes, "I am one of the proletariat of letters. I have never produced a work which I have not been paid for in advance. It has happened to me many times that the beginning of a chapter of one of my novels was already in the press while the end was still in my head and positively had to be written the next morning. My necessity, the lack of money, choked and strangled and gnawed at me. Ah! if I only had had money, my future would have been secure." Again in a letter to his brother he writes, "I know that I write worse than Turgenev; but my work is not as bad as all that, and besides, I hope to write as well as he does. Why, then, when I am in so great need, should I receive one hundred rubles, and Turgenev, who owns two thousand souls, receives four hundred rubles? Necessity compels me to hurry and to write in order to procure money, and consequently to spoil my work inevitably." And yet his chief fault from an

artistic point of view was his unending diffuseness—a strange fault in a man pressed for time.

His novels are not novels of plot, but of character; his last work, *The Brothers Karamazov,* as before stated, was unfinished at his death; but that is slight hindrance to the reader's interest, because there is no plot or structure. There are 838 pages of politics, theology, amorous intrigue, drunkenness, murder, trial, imprisonment, great and small following each other without order —just as they do in real life. The Russian novelist is too conscientious or too liberal to leave out anything. Prince Kropotkin says: "*The Brothers Karamazov* is the most artistically worked out of Dostoievski's novels, but the one in which all the inner defects of the author's mind and imagination have found fullest expression. There is certainly not in any literature such a collection of the most repulsive types of mankind, lunatics, half lunatics, criminals in germ and reality, in all possible gradations, as one finds in this novel." The author likes to analyze types of character subject to sudden caprice—almost madness.

But despite all the gruesomeness and horror of his books a critic in Living Age says: "We hear of his huge popularity in Russia and how, not only by his readers in their thousands, but by the critics themselves, he is put at the head of Russian novelists." We ask, how can it be? The answer is not so difficult to find as we might think if we look at the motive back of the works.

We shudder with horror when we read in the daily papers of some villain who has slain his brother man and in cold blood has severed limb from limb and made cruel incisions into the human body. We are filled with sympathy and gratitude when the skillful surgeon takes our own loved ones even and makes incisions or amputates a limb perhaps, causing great suffering to the patient in order that health may be restored and life preserved. The difference is in the motive. Dostoievski had a burning, passionate love for his fellow man, especially for his brother Russian, and that love broadened and deepened as his fellow man's circumstances in life became more and more wretched. He wrote to help and to heal. Some one has said, "The soul of the Russian is great, like his vast country, but terribly prone to everything fascinating and

excessive." Only by Dostoievski has the Russian soul been truly analyzed. "His love of humanity did not sour into hatred of society." He longed to better society, to raise his own Russia to its highest and best. He was the supreme guide of the young Slavophils whose cry was "Russia for the Russians," and who sought to discourage all foreign influence in commerce, politics, education, and religion. He was the friend of his people and they recognized it.

He reached the point where he ceased the struggle for happiness and the consequent turmoil of soul, because he felt that happiness was not essential to well-being. "He had peace and perfect faith in the existence of the soul independent of circumstances and almost of expression in action." In this view he contrasts strongly with Tolstoi in his constant but unsuccessful struggle for happiness, which he holds as desirable but unattainable, and where life is ever a conflict between will and conviction.

Of the three great contemporary Russian novelists, "Turgeniev was the great artist; Tolstoi, the great novelist; but Dostoievski expressed in its most intimate depths the strange and tormented spiritual aspirations of his race" (The Bookman). "Tolstoi painted outer and inner life as never seen before; Dostoievski painted the inner life with marvelous insight; Turgeniev painted the same people as an artist and poet, but his vision was weak as compared with Tolstoi's, and his understanding shallow compared with Dostoievski. Turgeniev has the grace and poetry of Corot; Tolstoi the simple grandeur of Rousseau; Dostoievski the tragic severity of Millet" (de Vogüé). Tolstoi and Turgeniev are better known to the western world; Dostoievski is incomparably closer to the Russian heart.

Let us note some points of power. In the first place, our author's sacrifice to haste is one of style and finish only; of literary art, not of subject matter. He is ever true to himself and his ideas and ideals, to his fellows and to his boundless faith in them and in their country. For this the Russian people clave to him—as a Russian countess put it, her eyes gleaming with awe and reverence as she spoke of the great writer, "Our people worship him more as a prophet than as a writer."

Says The Bookman, "The little, thin, irritable, sickly, old man, with the straggling yellow beard and the 'vivacity of a cat,' whom his French friend, de Vogüé, described as having a face with more signs of suffering amassed upon it than upon any other face he had ever seen, was consulted from every corner of Russia, and he gave freely of his knowledge of the human heart, as well as, upon several occasions, of his talents as a criminologist, to the service of the weak and suffering."

But his style is not characterized by weakness; it is only weak in spots. Arnold Bennett, a London critic, speaking of the last novel, says: "It contained some of the greatest scenes that I have ever encountered in fiction, and I at once ranked it as one of the supreme marvels of the world. The scene with the old monk at the beginning of the story is in the very grandest heroical manner. There is nothing in either English or French prose to hold a candle to it. And really I do not exaggerate! There is probably nothing in Russian literature to match it outside of Dostoievski. If an author's place in literature depended on success with single scenes, Dostoievski would be at the very top. Nobody perhaps ever understood and sympathized with human nature as he did. Indubitably nobody with the help of God and good luck ever swooped so high into tragic grandeur. But the man had fearful falls. He could not trust his wings. He is an adorable, a magnificent, and a profoundly sad figure."

"His theory of life was that in every soul, however fallen and degraded, there are ecstatic moments of self-devotion." Mr. Lloyd said of him, "He who had fathomed the agony of Gethsemane also comprehended that other agony of Faust. He had become a confessor because of the sympathy of his heart; he had become an inquisitor by reason of the terrible curiosity of his brain. To materials ugly in themselves to the extreme, he gives strength, life, and even grave pathos and tragic beauty." M. de Vogüé calls our attention to the fact that with all his intense realism, he evokes only harrowing thoughts, never disagreeable images. "I defy any one," he says, "to quote a single line suggestive of anything sensual, or a single instance where the woman is represented in the light of a temptress. His love scenes are absolutely chaste,

and yet he seems to be incapable of portraying any creation between an angel and a beast."

"According as we are affected by him we call him philosopher, apostle, lunatic, consoler of the afflicted, or the torturer of a tranquil mind." I suspect we westerners would incline to the last view; but as he understood the Russian soul, the Russian heart understood and opened to him, and saint and sinner, rich and poor, learned and ignorant idolized him. Tolstoi knew him only by his works, but called him "the nearest, and dearest, and most necessary of men to me."

At the funeral of the poet Pushkin, where gathered the literary lights of the nation to pay their last respects to their literary father, it was Dostoievski who soared above them all and who made such an impression on the crowd that he was borne aloft by young students above the heads of the throng; men strained every nerve and muscle for a chance to shake his hand, and one susceptible youth fainted with ecstasy when he had been granted his heart's desire.

The scene at his own funeral as told by his biographer, Maurice Baring, gives us our final glimpse of the love and respect which this peculiar, intense character had won from his own people. "On the day after his death, Saint Petersburg witnessed a most extraordinary sight. The little house in which he had lived became for the moment the moral center of Russia. Russia understood that with the death of this struggling and disease-stricken novelist, she had lost something inestimably precious, rare, and irreparable. Spontaneously, and without any organized preparation, the most imposing and triumphant funeral ceremony was given to Dostoievski's remains. There were deputations bearing countless wreaths; there were numerous choirs singing religious chants, there were thousands of people following in a slow stream along the streets of Saint Petersburg; there were men and women of every class, but mostly poor people, shabbily dressed, of the lower middle or lower classes. The dream of Dostoievski, that the whole of Russia should be united by a bond of fraternity and brotherly love seemed to be realized when this crowd of men, composed of such various elements, met in common grief by his grave."

BUBBLING OVER

ARTHUR W. HEWITT
Plainfield, Vt.

NOT until you are out of sight, perhaps, for I am writing of the humorous side of the rural pastorate. It may appear almost anywhere. In the most solemn moment of one of my prayer meetings a good old man rose, looked me steadily in the eye, and testified that when he was young he "was *adapted* to strong drink." When he had finished I said "Amen," exerted my self-control until I reached home, then walked the floor and yelled. Another brother, discussing the question thrice asked of Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" said, "This was the time when Peter expectorated his sin." One of my good church members, reared in Italy, was describing a woman brought up in the cloister who later came out into civilization and for the first time saw a man who did not wear long robes. "My sake! but I was scared. I had never seen a man wid pants on before!" Rev. F. W. Lewis tells me of a man who suddenly jumped up and said, "As I was settin' on the thought a settee struck me," and of another man who wanted to be, like John the Baptist, "a bright and lining shight." But the most ludicrous instance I know is when a half-witted woman in northern Vermont, who never knew the meaning of the words she used, drawled out, "If it hadn't been for the stupidity of God we should all have been in hell long ago!"

Sometimes it is the minister himself who makes the bad break. When I came to Plainfield twelve years ago I preached a baccalaureate sermon with the rather original and startling doctrine that one should do the work for which nature fits him. "All the failures in the world," I cried, "come from misfits!" If I had not forgotten that the most successful teacher in attendance was a Miss Fitts I should have understood the broad grin which ran across the congregation. In pastoral work I have done as badly. In the county jail at Montpelier I was trying to persuade a Frenchman guilty of murder to take his sins to the Lord. Thinking I

meant the Hon. William A. Lord, attorney for the prosecution, he vehemently protested, "Na! Na! Lord, he bad lawyer!"

Another Frenchman nearly broke up a service for me in Glover, Vermont. He was the janitor and the church was overheated. A man in the congregation stood on the back of a pew to lower a window. The old janitor, jealous of his prerogative, jumped up, clapped both his hands on the hip pockets of the other man and wheezed out in a whisper heard distinctly all over the church, "You let dat wind' alone! I have feex him all right!"

A rural minister of English origin drove into his yard and leaving his sleigh for a moment entered the house, to find his district superintendent there. After chatting a while he suddenly remembered his unhitched horse and said, "Hexcuse me! I must go out to the barn and itch!"

Years ago I called on a man of very talented appetite who, after he had shoveled himself full during a long meal, suddenly exclaimed, without intermitting his efforts in the least, "Well, by gosh (bite), I guess I won't eat no more, by gosh! (bite) for fear I'll (bite—*crescendo*) blow up!"

A farmer was suddenly omitted from creation by the kick of a mule, and one of his neighbors called out to another, "Say, did ye know Zeke Allen's dead?" "What! Zeke Allen dead? By gosh, no! It's more'n fifty dollars damage to Zeke to die now before he sells them pigs."

Speaking of mules, I have been richly blessed with the acquaintance of some of the crazy little snapity-pop sects who harrow up the country side with their eccentricities. One of the "come-outers" labored to rescue me from the sin of having a subject for my prayer meetings. It was all wrong, he said, "Jesus Christ didn't talk on no subject." Another of their devotees came to my garden as I was racing with the twilight picking up potatoes I had dug out. A long time he stood and talked incessantly. Suddenly a silence fell upon him, then he exclaimed, "Why, I don't know but it is the Lord's will I should help you pick up potatoes!" Not willing to deny so wholesome a doctrine I had his help and we soon finished. We fed him on onion stew and he unburdened his heart. A believer in the miraculous gift of tongues, he said

they were going to put him out of the synagogue because his gift was of the devil. He had said "Tic-tic-tic-tic!" when the Spirit came upon him while the others said "Toooo-toooo-tooo!" But he sang them down and had the victory. But his gift was of the Lord, and there wasn't anyone sufficiently gifted to interpret him, and he rather guessed their gifts were all of the Lord up on Maple Hill, excepting Tib Holt's gift of tongues—he thought Tib's gift was of the devil!

This man, or one of his kind, came down to the village to labor with an old and highly educated Congregationalist minister who ran greedily after the error of Balaam in believing that the world was round and turned over every day. These poor little sects go spinning their crazy gyrations alone. Out on a desolate mountainside among the stumps and boulders with only half a dozen houses in sight, I know a spot where two chapels stand four-square against each other's heresy right across the road, like Paul withstanding Peter to his face because he was to be blamed. One of the intermittent ministers told me that the other pastor had closed his church till February because one of his hearers had gone down to New Hampshire. Thinking strange I inquired and found that there were only two persons in his normal congregation and the other sister thought the sermons might be too personal. I next learned of my reverend informant himself that he was soon to be married. As he was past fifty I ventured the opinion that this was a matrimonal relapse, or second marriage. "Well, er—yes," I was told. "Brother T—— now has a wife but he will be married as soon as he can get the divorce."

These sects have strange doctrinal hobbies, and so long as one deports himself strictly on the mooted question he may accommodate his other conduct in a manner to shame Mark Twain's "sophistical cuss." The latter certainly is distanced in these arguments, too rich to omit, which I cut from the Sheaf, published by the Firstfruit Harvesters. The pastor is defending his act in marrying divorced people, contrary to the rules of his sect. "We pray the blessing of the Lord to attend this union. There has been some criticism among our people regarding this marriage, and as it is known that Sister Martha has been twice married and

divorced, some of the saints have failed to see how I could sanction the marriage by performing the ceremony. Her former marriages were before she became a Christian. God in his Word concerning marriage and divorce, is giving instruction to his people, and not to the Gentile world. Nevertheless when one is converted to Christ, they should then commence to walk by the same rule. Applying that to our sister, the first man she married was her husband according to the laws of the land, and according to the Word of God. The second man was her husband according to the laws of the land, but according to the Word of God she was living in adultery. When the laws of the land divorced her from this man he was not her husband any longer in a legal sense and according to the Word of God he was never her husband. Having repented of her sins and being saved through the precious blood, and the first man being dead, who was actually her husband, we consider her at perfect liberty to marry, only in the Lord." When I read this I asked myself, if this is marrying "only in the Lord," what would they consider as marrying "somewhat in the Devil"?

But such eccentricity is not general enough to concern us, and the church regards it as a certain "holy jumper" was regarded who came into one of my cottage prayer meetings in Plainfield. He had just fairly begun to hop and howl when an unconverted son of the household snarled out in loud disgust, "Set down, ye goldarned fool! You'll knock the lamp off the organ!"

One of these holy rollers whose exterior was very dirty got to shouting in meeting, "I've been washed whiter than snow!" A wag behind him called out, "Say, Pete, there's a spot behind your ear they didn't hit."

In a village church a G. A. R. memorial service was held at which the commander of the post marched his men up the aisle, two abreast, to take seats in the front pews. There was so large an attendance that chairs were brought which filled half the aisles. The old soldiers were to march out before the congregation broke up and the commander, wishing to get his men out in single file but forgetting how to give the order, astonished the congregation with this acrobatic command, "Attention! Forward! Now double up and march endways right out through that door."

In rural neighborhoods often instead of being in charge of a professional director, funeral services will be conducted by a neighbor of the defunct. In one case that I know this office fell to a man who knew nothing about it. Many were present and he had a hard time to manage them. Finally he called out from the back door, "Hey, there! You fellows out there by the woodpile! If you think you be agoing to see these corpse, get a wiggle on you and come in here! We ain't goin' to keep 'im waiting all day."

Sometimes, however, the ludicrous will mix with the awful in ghastly manner. While a daughter was troubled greatly by the gasps of her dying mother I said, "But she isn't suffering now, she isn't conscious of pain." And the answer was, "O no, she isn't conscientious now!"

The worst instance of this kind I know is where a man mortally hurt was reported dead, and the family scattered to the kitchen. A little later I saw that the man was not dead and went out and said to his son, "Your father isn't dead." "O rats!" he answered in disgust, "and I had got it all telephoned that he was."

When I was twenty-one years old a Universalist minister and I arrived in town the same day and decided to make a complete round of calls in company. He was of my own age and saw the funny side of things, so that we soon found it was not safe to go together. An old lady met us at the door with, "Come right in, and set right daown! Well, now, I be so glad we got stiddy ministers. O hey there, say, Willie!" she called out in the most irrepressible drawl, "Now you hitch that cow in that stall so she won't daub araound!" Now there chanced to be in the room a great drooping plant with thick foliage. Seeing this my comrade exclaimed, "What a wonderful plant! Let me examine it!" And crouching behind it the wretch hid his face and had out his silent laugh, while out in the open I suffered the full agonies of decorum.

We heard strange things about that time. One man tried to tell us about his first wife's father and he got it his "wife's first father." One man thought the place where he worked was heaven, for, he said, "There is no night in heaven and there is precious little up here." One man had a boy working for him who got a

blow which knocked him over and cut a gash in his head. "Darn it!" the man said later, when out of patience with the boy's folly, "They didn't turn you right side up quite quick enough." I met one man who pretended to a knowledge of phrenology. When he learned I was a student he said, "Yes, yes! I'd know you were a scholar by the location of your head."

I called on a woman past ninety and very talkative. Her sixty-five-year-old third husband sat near, hearing how his predecessors died in Christian peace. "I've had three husbands—praise the Lord—and they're all alive—oh, no! I mean they're all dead except *him*" (pointing at him), "he ain't. They died all peaceable." A little further on she took up her testimony, "I hain't been so good as I might, but, Lord, who could, in this wicked and adulterous generation!"

The Rev. Joseph Hamilton of the Vermont Conference was calling upon an invalid sister and had some difficulty in giving a spiritual turn to the conversation. At last he asked, "Do you love Jesus?" The old lady was a little deaf. "Love cheese! Well, I should say I do, but my old man is too stingy to get me any."

Even the country graveyard has its cheerful spots. Merry imps wrote some of the old epitaphs. Some which we read of may be mythical. One which used to amuse me was:

Here lie the bones
  Of Robert Trollup
Who made these stones
  To roll up.
And when death took
  His soul up,
His body filled
  This hole up.

But I never believed in it. In the Vermont State Library I found this:

Here under this sod and under these trees,
Is buried the body of Solomon Pease,
But under this sod lies only his pod,
His soul is shelled out and gone up to God.

This, too, is one of those things which, not having seen, I grasp by faith. But among those which I have seen I copy this,

from an old slate slab in the Center cemetery at Plainfield, Vermont:

ABIAL PERKINS
Drownded Aug. 17, 1826.
13 yrs. old.

This blooming youth in health most fair
To his uncle's mill-pond did repaire,
Undressed himself and so plunged in,
But never did come out again.

And from the Plainfield village cemetery I copy this:

Five times five years I lived a virgin's life,
Nine times five years I lived a virtuous wife,
Wearied of this mortal life, I rest.

Which is permissible, surely. But on subtracting the dates you find three years of her life unaccounted for—which is regrettable. Near this are the graves of a man and his wife. His gravestone says, "At Rest," but hers, more belligerent, says, "We Shall Meet Again." In Waterbury Center, Vermont, a man erected, at the request of his second wife, a monument to his first, on which appears the name followed by the other information, so that it reads, "Died on (such a date) by request of his second wife." And a friend tells me that in Peacham, Vermont, is the grave of one Dodge who lived so as to earn this record:

Here lies old Dodge who dodged all good
And never dodged the evil.
He tried in vain to dodge his death
And couldn't dodge the devil.

Quaint and crazy such epitaphs may seem—however, I am willing to do by all gravestones as I would that they should do by me, which certainly is not to stand over them and criticise.

Even better than the graveyard, perhaps the richest of all sources of cheerful humor in the rural pastorate is a close acquaintance with the little tots. A boy in Sunday school said that Jesus went into the wilderness and *feasted* forty days, and another reciting the twenty-third psalm said, "Thy rocks and thy staff, they comfort me." A baby saint in my parish received the donation of a cotton dog. That night, using strict economy in prayer, he besought the Lord as follows, namely:

"Now I lay me down to sleep. Amen." His mother prompted him, "Oh, go on!"

"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep. Amen." Again urged he said:

"If I should die before I wake, Amen. I want to get done and see my dog."

The tiny grandson of a distinguished Vermonter has done his bit toward making a vivid interpretation of the Scriptures. With great animation he rendered this version: "Now Samuel, he lived in the temple, and his mother made him a coat of a lot of colors, and it was all dark night, and Samuel went to bed in his crib, and all at once *he heard the Bogie Man yell, Samuel, Samuel!*"

I once asked a little girl if she went to school. "No," she said. "I going next time. I don't know anything yet." Another little girl had to have the stethoscope used on her chest and she told us that the doctor came and "telephoned her nightie." She saw me in my fur coat, patted it and said, "Nice kitty coat." I baptized a little baby who sniffed up his nose as soon as he felt the water, shook his head, and using both his hands like paddles, scraped the drops away as fast as he could.

On the train I saw a little dimpled girl of four years putting her arms around her big brother's neck, with her lips close as if to kiss him. Then with great glee in the hearing of all the car she cried, "Ho, ho, mamma! I *did* spit in his ear!"

Whose heart would not bubble over for the joy of befriending these little lovables? Besides, they leave you in no doubt. If "Guggle-goo-goo!" is the opinion of a fat, laughing baby, he will not leave you in suspense; he will tell you so. If he thinks otherwise, he will kick and bawl blatantly when you try to take him. When babies get to the maturity of four years there is still more tonic in their frankness. I was visiting a family of four beautiful children. Just as I had formed my opinion which was loveliest, the lassie I had chosen, with the outspokenness which characterizes children and one other class of people, favored me with her opinion of me:

"My, but you're homely!"

Turning to her younger sister I remarked, very much humbled, "I guess Miriam doesn't like me."

" 'Es, she 'ikes 'oo, but she don't 'ike to 'ook at 'oo."

"Why doesn't she like to look at me?"

"It's 'tause 'oo are so—so what she said 'oo was."

Delectable delicacy! Then the pitiful little miss climbed on my knee and administered the comforts of religion:

"Did Jesus make 'oo?"

Now that put me in a bad box. I didn't want to blame anybody—and I didn't want to disturb a child's theology. So I allowed that peradventure he did, I couldn't remember.

"Zen 'oo not to blame, is 'oo, 'tause 'oo is so—what she said 'oo was?"

I denied all culpability, and promised to do better, but I fear me I have backslidden.

THE PREACHER AND MODERN POETRY

John M. Versteeg
Jersey City, N. J.

Why should the preacher concern himself with modern poetry? Has he not enough to read? Should not his limited time go to "fundamental" books? Of the making of poetry there is no end. Where shall he start and where find a terminus?

Some such surge of questions is sure to suggest itself. Yet, whatever our aversion, this poetry is here and must be dealt with. *It is popular.* This is one excellent reason for taking note of it. The voice of the poet is abroad in the land. The people are giving ear. The preacher must know what they are listening to. He is, or ought to be, concerned for their mental diet. It is his to have discernment for that which is written that we may believe, and of the writers who write perverseness. Literature serves two masters, yet should serve but one. Guides rather than censors are required. It will not do to dismiss the subject with the statement that most of these poets are mere versifiers. That may be true, but reasoning from the general to the specific opens the door to prejudice. Judgment based on hearsay is not fair. We should form a sufficient acquaintance to discriminate honestly.

Present-day poets are self-confident. Perhaps this states the case too mildly. It might be more accurate to call them self-righteous. No matter how charitably interpreted, one cannot deny their self-confidence and stay within the truth. Modern critics are severe on the poets of thirty years ago. Their estimates of them accord with Junius' characterization of the Duke of Grafton: "It is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake." Some go further. They charge that poets then were deliberately running for cover from the evil surrounding them. Instead of resisting the devil they fled from him. The opinion appears unanimous that they turned from reality to history and from fact to fancy. Life as it is they sang not of; life as it had been they exalted. After a glowing tribute to Walt Whitman as "the Lincoln of our literature," Louis Untermeyer, in his

fascinating preface to *Modern American Poetry,* describes the "reaction and revolt" of the poets in the nineties, and asserts of the poetry of thirty years ago that "it is dead because it detached itself from the actual world," and attempted to be "a copied embellishment rather than an interpretation of life." One is shocked to find this young authority mercilessly pointing to the "ornate delicacy of Richard Watson Gilder" in proof of the poetic poverty of this time. Elsewhere there is the acknowledgment that Bliss Carman, William Vaughn Moody, and Edwin Markham were voices in a wilderness of "cheerful evasiveness, humorous unconcern."

How fare the poets now? Better, thank you, aver the critics; and rare indeed is that poet who does not modestly acquiesce in this judgment! All the more refreshing, therefore, the words of the late Joyce Kilmer, who had least cause to take this confession on his lips:

> Light songs we breathe that perish with our breath
> Out of our lips that have not kissed the rod.
> They shall not live who have not tasted death.
> They only sing who are struck dumb by God.

Was it Sir Arthur Helps who observed that the understanding of history is spoiled by our knowledge of the event? At any rate, it is conceivable that the estimate of our modern critics is spoiled by their adjacency to the poetry they judge. This suspicion gathers force when one peruses the critics' superlative speech of the poetry written since the modern renascence, which is now usually dated at nineteen thirteen. It has a wisdom-shall-die-with-us tone. The superiority is too self-advertised. There is a pathetic aberration on the part of many men that ability to acquire wealth demonstrates mental prowess. Truth is, many captains of industry live in the intellectual underworld, inextricably hemmed in by conceit. Similarly, the delusion obtains among poets that the ability to secure a following exhibits excellence. That the poetry of the renascence is read is patent to all. That there is a tremendous interest in poetry is manifest; no signs of abatement appear. Our schools this year report unwonted enrollment in literary courses. A recent cartoon in the literary supplement of the New York

Times depicts gardener, chauffeur, milkman, and scrubwoman writing poetry. One can only guess why the cartoonist gave no space to the proverbial "sweet young thing." But bulk does not prove worth and popularity is no criterion for superiority. Poetry, as Wordsworth pointed out, is "*truth* carried alive into the heart by passion," and Emerson held it to be "the expression of the *spirit* of things." Truth has been known to be unpopular and the spiritual still struggles for the ascendency. The claim of modern poetry to superiority to that which immediately preceded it, or to Elizabethan or Victorian products, must rest on a sounder basis than popularity. Applause does not prove worth. A higher standard is needed for adequate appraisal. The mind of Christ must invade the maze of poetry; the sheep must be parted from the goats. The light of spiritual sanity must be turned on poetic vanity. Just because this poetry is popular, the preacher has business with it. Spiritual norms of judgment are more potent than literary ones, and just now are needed more. He may have to be censor, but he must be able to be guide. But if he has no knowledge of the facts he can scarcely expect his opinions to count.

Thus stated, it would seem that it is the preacher's stern duty to read modern poetry. But better things than this can be said. *It is stimulating.* The preacher will find it rewarding. It will not be a waste of time. Much will prove suggestive. Even from its less creditable phases a great deal may be learned. Let me mention the *vers libre* movement, the writing of free verse. Marguerite Wilkinson says: "Few poets have used the free rhythms creditably, not to say beautifully. And unfortunately, numerous poetasters, undisciplined in the artistic use of rhythm, and ignorant of the ancient symmetrical designs of English verse, persons who could not write a couplet or a quatrain correctly, seized the opportunity afforded by the vogue of free verse to place themselves before the public in the guise of poets. It was never anything more than a mask. They wrote for no better reason than that given by the lazy housewife who had beans instead of potatoes for supper: "It's less bother. You don't have to peel 'em!" That some good free verse has been written, no one can deny; but no preacher can long read free verse (especially if he sees it in The Dial) without

swearing off forever the preaching of sermons that are mere intellectual crazyquilts, calculated to furnish spiritual warmth! Who shall not rejoice with joy exceeding if poetical free verse will thus charm homiletical free verse into the discard?

From modern poetry's more creditable aspects, instruction may well be had. Consider this fact: Use of the language of everyday speech characterizes modern poetry. "It would be hard at present," says one authority, "to find a representative poet employing such awkward and outworn contractions as 'twixt, 'mongst, 'ope; such evidences of poor padding as adown, did go, doth smile; such dull rubber stamps as heavenly blue, roseate glow, golden hope, girlish grace, gentle breeze, etc. The peradventures, forsooths, and mayhaps have disappeared. The result of this has been a great gain in sincerity and intensity." Have we not need thus to expose the nonentities of our speech? Having heard several preachers, including myself, I wonder betimes how our hearers penetrate the crust of our verbosity, and, despite all our efforts, triumphantly carry off an idea from some sermon of ours. The Imagists among the modern poets set themselves to the observance of six rules, which are profitable for emulation or provocative of thought, and are therefore submitted here in abbreviated form: 1. To use the language of common speech, but to employ always the exact word, not the merely decorative word. (Perhaps the battles waged over words in philosophical and theological circles suggested this rule; perhaps the babel of tongues vouchsafed in pulpit speech.) 2. To create new rhythms as the expression of new moods. (This would decrease the circulation of books of outlines, if adopted by our clan.) 3. To allow absolute freedom in the choice of subjects. (But what would happen to the experts on our boards, if this were a law in our hearts?) 4. To present an image. We are not a school of painters, but we believe that poetry should render particulars exactly and not deal in vague generalities, however magnificent and sonorous. (Shades of the pulpit!) 6. Finally, most of us believe that concentration is the very essence of poetry. (Being interpreted, this hints at the pleasantries and asides by which we so often drive the "drive" out of our sermons and subvert our message.) What say you to an order of Clerical Imagists?

Much in modern poetry, too, is really *serviceable* for our messages. This is especially relevant to our social preaching. Some of our brother preachers, alas, are pious Rip Van Winkles; you can hear them snore as they preach; when the alarm clock of discontent goes off, their slumber expresses itself in falsettos of bibliolatry. As James Russell Lowell long ago observed:

> The right to be a cussed fool
> Is free from all devices human.

But most of the poets are wide awake; of the prominent living ones only Rudyard Kipling remains asleep at the switch. From that trumpet blast of Edwin Markham in "The Man With the Hoe":

> Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
> Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
> Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

up to Vachel Lindsay, the poets come to indict our social order for its indecencies:

> Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly,
> Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap,
> Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve,
> Not that they die, but that they die like sheep,

Virtually every poet of standing among these modern men bends his genius to the demand that "justice roll down like waters and righteousness as a mighty stream." "Poetry," says Aristotle in his Poetics, "is more a philosophical thing than history and of a higher seriousness." Not always is this description pat to modern poetry, but it is fair of its attitude toward the social gospel. If it be charged that men write thus to command a larger sale for their literary output, let the retort be that prejudging motives is hardly the thing for the preacher; "by their fruits shall ye know them." Sometimes they write in a pessimistic mood, as we might expect. Sometimes they report that "life's a long headache in a noisy street"; they announce that for them, as for those they see, "the sacrament of song dies in a sob"; they perceive that

> Life can be bitter to the very bone
> When one is poor, and woman, and alone.

But the optimistic mood predominates. Those preachers who per-

sist in muttering theological shibboleths for the password into the Christian fellowship, will find, when they salute the Worshipful Master, that they wore their aprons the wrong way while the lodge was at work on the sublime degree! But most of these poets refuse to parade neither barefoot nor shod. They are initiates; they come attired in accord with the work in hand. They know that the fight with greed is on and has several rounds yet to go. But the outcome they question not. John Curtis Underwood is spokesman for them:

> Heading the dreary marches through dark ages;
> Where the rest perished that the rest might be,
> Out of the æons raw and red with bloodshed,
> Man that was caveman, found the stars. Forever
> Man to the stars goes marching from the sea.

Often, their optimism is deeply spiritual. They believe in personality and teach that, so far from becoming extinct, it is becoming distinct. They posit personality in high places. They hope in God.

Lastly, let me suggest that some of these poets may prove for us *elect interpreters of man to us.* These singers come to remind us that men have need of us. Scudder Middleton states it clearly:

> For we are growing blind and can not see,
> Beyond the clouds that stand like prison bars,
> The changeless regions of our empery,
> Where once we moved in friendship with the stars.
> O children of the light, now in our grief
> Give us again the solace of belief.

Shall we refuse? Or shall what John Oxenham writes of humanity be said of *us:*

> They come, they come.
> Through tribulation and distress
> They come;
> Through perils great and bitterness,
> Through persecutions pitiless
> They come.
> They come by paths the martyrs trod.
> They come from underneath the rod,
> Climbing through darkness up to God,
> They come.

WHO IS THE VIRGIN MARY?

HOMER B. POTTER

Erie, Pa.

ONLY one of the group around the cradle of Jesus is a woman. Should we neglect her? What kind of a woman is she? How is she like other mothers? How different? What joys are hers? What sorrows? How much does she know that we have since come to know? In what way is she necessary to bring it to pass, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life"? Who is Mary?

I. SHE IS MARY THE EXAGGERATED

In *Skylark and Swallow*, a book of English verse, edited by Erskine Macdonald, is an orthodox Roman Catholic poem by the Rev. R. L. Gales, entitled, "Prayer to Our Lady":

Look kindly where poor people are.
Mary of Homes, keep trouble afar.

Shelter beneath thy prayers' wings,
Mary of Roses, all young things.

Keep children warm through winds and rains
Of cold nights, Mary of Counterpanes.

Send us high skies, blue days and fair.
Mary of Swallows, bless the air.

All wandering men, abroad at night,
Mary of Candles, give them light.

Make a wide space behind their bars
For prisoners, Mary of the Stars.

Shed balm on aching eyes that weep
In woods of summer, Mary of Sleep.

Pray for me as I ring thy chimes
In my poor belfry, Mary of Rimes.

This poem may fairly be taken as a sample of the Roman Catholic

attitude toward the Virgin. It makes her the mediator between humanity and her Son:

> Pray for me as I ring thy chimes
> In my poor belfry, Mary of Rimes.

Cardinal Gibbons says, "How can we be said to dishonor God, or bring him down to a level with his creature, by invoking Mary, since we acknowledge her to be a pure creature indebted like ourselves to him for every gift and influence that she possesses?" So far as formal theology is concerned this is true. Nevertheless, Romanists are taught to pray to the Virgin, and how can prayer properly be addressed to anyone but God? This poem also shows that in Roman Catholic practice Mary is asked for things that God alone can do. Only God can keep trouble far; shelter all young things; keep children warm through winds and rains and cold nights; send high skies and blue days; give light to all wandering men abroad at night; make a wide space behind their bars for prisoners; and shed balm on aching eyes that weep. To teach the Virgin's Immaculate Conception is to discount the New Testament, which attributes sinlessness to Jesus alone. To make her a mediator is to violate the Scripture, "There is one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." To make her a god is to violate the commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Do Protestants exaggerate Mary? I have never heard or read a Protestant sermon about the Virgin. I have heard and read discourses about the Virgin Birth, but they were dogmatic and polemic. Romanism deifies the Saviour's mother and Protestantism uses her as the football in a theological controversy. Between the two the real Mary is lost.

II. She is Mary the Mother

The sinlessness of Jesus is made possible not by the sinlessness of his mother but by the promise, "The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; *wherefore* also the holy thing which is begotten shall be called the Son of God." In the Gospels Mary is not represented as immaculate nor is she "high and lifted up" as a god. To read that meaning into Luke's description is like blowing up a balloon

until it bursts. She is given as a godly virgin and mother; a musical, mystic soul; sensitive, like Joan of Arc, to divine voices. If the Virgin of Domremy were maternal instead of militant, she would remind me of the Virgin of Nazareth. "But Mary kept all these sayings, pondering them in her heart," which is what every mother does with her child's sayings and sayings about him. The birth of John inspired in Zacharias, the *"Benedictus,"* "Blessed be the Lord, for he hath visited Israel and wrought redemption for his people." In the angels, *"Gloria in Excelsis,"* "Glory be to God in the highest." In Simeon, the *"Nunc Dimittis,"* "Now lettest thou thy servant depart . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." In Mary, *"The Magnificat,"* "My soul doth magnify the Lord . . . for he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaid." The mother's exaltation is of course heightened by her rapture over her child's divine conception and Messianic mission. Nevertheless the "Magnificat" is fundamentally the Song of Motherhood. Here is a true story. The doctor said, "There it is. It's a girl." The mother burst into a piercing cry, "Oh, have I got a baby all my own? Let me see it." That cry had in it the same thrill that throbbed in Mary's "Magnificat"—the joy of expectant motherhood. Art is ever in quest of the symbolical, the representative, the consummating. And so madonnas are not always pictures of the Virgin and her child. She is any true mother and he any child snuggling up to his mother's breast. "In the greatest age of liberty, among the people with the most ardent worship of beauty," writes Romain Rolland in *Jean Christophe,* "the young Prince of the Italian Renaissance, Raphael, glorified maternity in his "Transteverine Madonnas." Christmas is Mother's Day.

III. She is Mary the Honored

Gabriel said, "Hail, thou art highly favored." Elisabeth, "Blessed art thou among women." Mary herself, "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." There could be but one Christ. Therefore but one woman could ever be chosen to be his mother. God made Mary that one woman. It was an honor the highest and most unique in history. The choice, however, was not arbitrary. The mother of Jesus

must carry a tremendous responsibility. The wrong kind of training might have spoiled even the Son of God during the plastic days of his childhood. The angel said, "The Lord shall give unto him the throne of his father David." Events gave him a crown of thorns. His mother must be one who would make that transition with him sympathetically. For this child, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." His mother must be one who would let God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold, nor tear apart the close shut leaves before time revealed the calyxes of gold. The feminine touch is as necessary as the masculine to make him the Son of Man. His mother must give him that grace. What part human environment played in our Lord's development is a question about which it is foolish to be wise. Yet I cannot help wondering what would have been the consequence had his mother been unfit. The woman who pondered in her heart was just the kind of a mother Jesus needed, sympathetic but deliberative.

IV. She is Mary the Maligned

No matter what she was before God and the angels, before the world she was an unmarried mother. There were no witnesses to the angel's visit. If she told it she would not be believed. It took an angelic visit to Joseph to keep him from putting her away. Would people believe Joseph's story any more than Mary's? There was no way out. Mary was doomed to disgrace in the sight of men. Victor Hugo describes the rage of Claude Frollo when Esmerelda is stripped almost naked by the mob and made a spectacle, "That this lovely girl, this virgin lily, this cup of purity and delight, which he could not have approached with his lips but in trembling, had been converted as it were into a public trough at which the vilest of the Parisian populace, the thieves, the beggars, the lackeys, had come to drink in common of a pleasure shameless, impure, and depraved." And so it was with Mary. For his sake, hence, for ours, she must be made the scandal trough of Nazareth. According to her New Testament portrait she is in no way the mediator of her son's vicarious sacrifice. As we shall see later, she learned that lesson slowly and sadly in the school of ex-

perience. She is the last type before the antitype. Henry Burton's commentary on Luke in *The Expositor's Bible* says, "Like another heir of all the promises, she too is led as a lamb to the slaughter and all but sacrificed on the altar of the public conscience." Like him, she is despised and rejected; a woman of sorrows and acquainted with grief. As a most conspicuous and a most important servant of God who willingly suffers undeserved ignominy for the realization of the Messianic promises, she adumbrates the experience of her own man child when he becomes The Suffering Servant on whom is laid the iniquity of us all and by whose stripes we are healed. After Calvary she must have become reminiscent. In the light that the evenfall of life throws back upon its morning, she discovers how the humiliation she endured in consequence of her submission to the will of God was preparing her to enter sympathetically, intuitively, mystically into the meaning of his redemptive humiliation.

V. She is Mary the Strategic

On the top of Plinlimmon George Borrow drank from three springs which are the sources of the Wye, the Rheidol, and the Severn, and then sang a hymn to the mountain that is the mother of three beautiful rivers. The Holy Mother stood on the mountain peak of history where she held the springs of the coming centuries in the hollow of her hand. According to the Genesis story it was woman who corrupted the first Adam and polluted the fountain of the stream of life. With prophetic insight the writer sees a law of compensation working in history: The wreck by woman wrought would by woman be retrieved. And so he says, "The seed of the woman will crush the serpent's head." The Second Adam comes with whom the future stands or falls. Once more a woman is the key to the situation. Will she be true? Because she was, we sing with Charles Wesley:

> Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
> Bruise in us the serpent's head;
> Adam's likeness now efface,
> Stamp thine image in its place;
> Second Adam from above,
> Reinstate us in thy love.

Necessary for our salvation was the incarnation. But would not some other method of incarnation have done just as well? Could not Jehovah have made the Son to spring from his brow full-orbed as Minerva from the brow of Zeus? The Word made flesh after that fashion might satisfy the reason, but he could not still the misgivings of the heart. We would have said, "Since this Christ did not come here as we came he is not fully one with us." That his lot might be entirely ours God cradled him first in Mary's womb and last in Joseph's tomb. In God's plan of salvation Mary is a strategic necessity.

VI. She is Mary the Mature

For long the Messianic glory of Gabriel's promise held her fast as the lights of port the ship. When her lad is twelve, however, "Shades of the prison house begin to close upon the growing boy." His reply, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" would naturally suggest to the mother who "pondered" and "kept all these sayings in her heart": "I have been teaching him and now he is beginning to teach me. This being at home with holy things—what has it to do with the angel's promise, 'That holy thing which shall be begotten of thee shall be called the Son of God'? This business he speaks of—Is it the same business spoken of by the angel?" At Cana, "My Father's business" becomes "Mine hour" and the "Wist ye not" becomes, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" Once more Mary must have "pondered" and "kept all these sayings in her heart." "By 'mine hour' does he mean the definite beginning of the Messianic career promised at his birth? When he says, 'Woman, what have I to do with thee?' is he telling me I may in no way become the power behind the throne?" At Capernaum, the relationship is much more clearly defined, "And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples and said, Behold my mother and brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." It was as though he said, "In my kingdom discipleship is the dearest tie and highest law." From the boyhood protest in the temple to this declaration of the higher kinship, Mary is being trained to lose the mother in the

disciple. At Calvary Jesus said to Mary and John, "Woman, behold thy son," "Son, behold thy mother." The anguish of the human mother and her divine Son at the cross can be measured only as the voyager in midocean beholds the horizon. He knows that what seems to be the circumference of the sea is but the limit of his vision. That is our conception of the anguish of the human mother. He knows that the dome of sky overarching the sea is infinite. That is our conception of the anguish of the divine Son. To voice the silence of Mary at Calvary has been the despair of painter, poet, and musician. Speaking for the painter, Anna Jameson says in *The Legends of the Madonna*, "That most affecting moment, in which the dying Saviour recommends his mother to the care of the best beloved of his disciples, I have never seen worthily treated." Speaking for the poet, Julian in his hymnology says of the "The Stabat Mater," "The vividness with which it pictures the weeping mother at the cross, its tenderness, its beauty of rhythm, its melodious double rhymes almost defy reproduction in another language." Palestrina, Pergolesi, Haydn, Rossini, and Dvorak have successfully given to the words the concord of sweet sounds only because the musician can appeal to the emotional imagination as painter and poet cannot.

At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping
  Close to Jesus to the last;
Through her heart his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
  Now at length the sword had passed.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother highly blessed
  Of the sole-begotten One!
Christ above in torment hangs,
She beneath beholds the pangs
  Of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep
Whelmed in miseries so deep,
  Christ's dear Mother to behold?
Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
  In that Mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender child
All with bloody scourges rent,
For the sins of his own nation
Saw him hang in desolation,
Till his spirit forth he sent.

In the Upper Room we see Mary for the last time. The apostolic revaluation of Jesus after his death and resurrection has become hers. She matured because always she was doing the right thing with the right subject in the right place—she was pondering Jesus in her heart. We Protestants do not worship her. With angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, yea, with Father and Son and Holy Ghost we revere her as no other mortal. Why? Though the mother of our Lord she laid aside all the claims of special privilege, all the glory of her position and became his obedient disciple.

Who Was Mary?

Not Mary, the exaggerated; but Mary the mother, Mary the honored, Mary the maligned, Mary the strategic, Mary the mature, Mary the disciple. We do well to leave her just where Luke left her. The best estimate is Gabriel's opinion of her which he speaks for the God whose messenger he is, "Blessed art thou among women," and Mary's opinion of herself, "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

THREE CHRISTMAS POEMS

The Preacher's Christmas Prayer

Before I tell of thee, God's Son,
And all the sweet salvation
That thy love brought to sinful men,
Make me a little child again.

Bid me put off the years, and be
Once more, in meek humility,
Thy little one, and wondering-eyed,
Give me their faith who stood beside
The manger that thy cradle was,
Vision of oxen and of ass,
To see thee curled on Mary's knee.
Yea, give me their humility.

Ere I proclaim thy mysteries,
Force thou my soul upon her knees.

Noel

[Imitated from the French of Theophile Gautier.]

'Neath sable skies, o'er snowy earth
The bells are gaily chiming;
Above the Christ-child come to birth,
The Virgin's face is shining.

Her hand no festooned curtains draws,
From cold the child concealing;
Naught but the spider's airy gauze,
Hung from the raftered ceiling.

He shivers in the chilly straw,
The Baby in the manger,
While cattle, with their fragrant breath,
Make warm the little stranger.

With frosty fringe the humble thatch
Is decked, but from the portals
Of heaven above, "Good news! Good news!"
Sing the white-robed immortals.

A Christmas Carol

O sing the Christmas chorus,
The song that ne'er shall cease;
Glory to God in heaven
And peace to men of peace.

First come the angel soldiers,
All singing in the sky,
Because the King of Heaven
Has laid his glory by.

The Shepherds come with wonder,
Led by the angel's psalm,
To greet the King of Shepherds
And offer him a lamb.

The wise men from the Orient
Follow the shining star,
To bring the King of Israel
Their offering from afar.

Then come the twelve apostles,
A chosen, faithful band,
To preach the royal message,
"The Kingdom is at hand."

And next the host of Pentecost,
Confess with tongues of fire
The risen King of Glory,
In songs that never tire.

The lands that lie in darkness
Come to the King of kings,
And greet the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his wings.

And now, I come, Messiah,
To bear my humble part,
Upon my lips thy glory,
Thy peace within my heart.

O sing the Christmas chorus,
The song that ne'er shall cease;
Glory to God in heaven
And peace to men of peace.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE DOCTRINAL TEST OF MEMBERSHIP

In the July-August issue of the Methodist Review there appeared two articles on the subject of the Doctrinal Test of Membership, one by Dr. W. H. Shipman of Indianola, Iowa, and the second by Dr. William Fairfield Warren, president-emeritus of Boston University. No editorial comment was made at that time on this very vital problem in Methodism. The question has been before the church for many years. The Committee on Judiciary of the General Conference has always decided against the constitutionality of requiring theological rather than religious tests for admission into the church.

The first of these opinions was written by Dr. Naphtali Luccock, afterward elected bishop. The second opinion, which was presented to the General Conference of 1916 but not acted upon, was written by the present Editor of the Methodist Review, who was a member of the Judiciary Committee at that session. It is here reprinted, with a few following comments:

Report No. 19. Appeal of W. H. Shipman Involving Constitutionality of Question in Ritual

Your Committee on Judiciary having carefully considered an appeal of W. H. Shipman of the Des Moines Conference, from a ruling of the presiding bishop, submits the following report:

The record shows that W. H. Shipman, Des Moines Conference, session of 1912, reported that in receiving members into the church in full connection he had intentionally omitted to propound the question in the Ritual: "Do you believe in the Doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as set forth in the Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church?" on the ground that the question is unconstitutional. The Conference, having voted to request the bishop to rule on the question, he rendered the following decision:

"The ruling is, that pending any decision as to the constitutionality of the question, every pastor is under legal obligation to ask each candidate for full membership the question, 'Do you believe in the Doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as set forth in the Articles of Religion of the Method-

ist Episcopal Church?'" It seems to have been clearly understood in the Conference that the purpose of the appellant was to secure a decision on the constitutionality of the requirement, and the form of the bishop's ruling indicates that he so understood it. The point ruled upon by the bishop is immaterial to the issue. He doubtless intentionally avoided a ruling on the grave constitutional question involved, and by the use of the phrase "pending any decision as to the constitutionality of the question" has by implication become in some sense a party to the appeal.

The Constitution is the supreme law, and any legislation contrary to it is void. Obedience to the Constitution must take precedence of obedience to any statute. The bishop was therefore in error, if his decision implies that any minister or member is obliged to obey an unconstitutional order of the General Conference. The material question is therefore that propounded to the bishop, but not directly answered by him, namely: the constitutionality of the interrogation in the reception of members: "Do you believe in the Doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as set forth in the Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church?" In other words, has the General Conference the power under the Constitution of the church to establish doctrinal standards for admission into the membership of the church? or, does it have power to make any other conditions of membership than those found in the Constitution itself?

The Constitution of the church says (¶ 46): "The General Conference shall have full power to make rules and regulations for the church under the following limitations and restrictions." Among the six restrictive rules which follow are the first and fourth, which read as follows:

§ 1. The General Conference shall not revoke, alter, nor change our Articles of Religion, nor establish any new standards or rules of doctrine contrary to our present existing and established standards of doctrine.

§ 4. The General Conference shall not revoke nor change the General Rules of our church.

The question whose constitutionality is challenged by the appellant is a part of ¶ 501 of the Discipline, Form II, which was enacted by the General Conference of 1864 (see Journal, May 12, 1864).

The series of questions for reception into the church in full membership is introduced by the words: "Then, addressing the Applicants for Admission, the Minister shall say."

The word "shall" deprives the minister of discretion, and being therefore mandatory, does in fact prescribe a doctrinal test for admission into the membership of the church. Has the General Conference such power under the Constitution?

The Constitution of the church does with great precision of definition deprive the General Conference of the power to establish a doctrinal test for admission into the church. The Articles of Religion were made a part of the Constitution in 1901. In nearly all organizations consent to the Constitution is required as a condition of membership, and it would seem reasonable for the General Conference, whose legislative power is unlimited, except as to the Constitution, to require such consent, unless the Constitution itself limits that power. It does in fact distinctly limit that

power, by itself prescribing with precision and much detail the only condition required of those seeking admission.

The General Rules were likewise made part of the Constitution in 1901. The General Rules state, ¶ 29, "There is only one condition previously required of those who desire admission into these Societies—'a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins,'" and then with great detail the Constitution proceeds to state the tests by which the reality of this desire may be known. All the tests proposed are tests not of theology but religion, not of doctrine but of life.

In the interpretation of a constitution, the intent of those who made it and the historic conditions out of which it grew shed light upon its meaning.

The Articles of Religion, except the 23d, were prepared by John Wesley from the thirty-nine Articles of Religion of the Anglican Church. The General Rules were written by John Wesley, assisted by his brother Charles, in 1743. Both became after the Christmas Conference of 1784, doctrinal and disciplinary standards of our church. The phrase, "established standards of doctrines," has always been interpreted to include beside the Articles of Religion, Wesley's *Notes on the New Testament*, the so-called Large Minutes of Conference, and four volumes of Wesley's Sermons. This appears in a letter addressed by Wesley to a Conference assembled at Baltimore, May 20, 1784. But none of these standards are ever referred to, either by John Wesley or any contemporary minister, as conditions of membership in the church. They are always and everywhere used as norms of teaching and therefore doctrinal requirements for the preachers. This is both etymologically and in reason the true function of doctrine. This is the proper place to guard the orthodoxy of the church. But while the founder of Methodism was thus very scrupulous in this insistence on the doctrinal purity of the early Methodist preaching, he was exceedingly liberal as to the requirements for membership. Abel Stevens' *History of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, Vol. ii, pages 216, 217:

"Of few things connected with Methodism does Wesley speak oftener or with more devout gratulation than of its doctrinal liberality. 'One circumstance,' he says, 'is quite peculiar to the people called Methodists; that is the terms upon which any person may be admitted to their society. They do not impose in order to their admission any opinion whatever. Let them hold particular or general redemption, absolute or conditional decrees. . . . They think and let think. One condition, and one only, is required—a real desire to save their souls. Where this is it is enough; they desire no more; they lay stress upon nothing else; they ask only: Is thy heart herein as my heart? If so, give me thy hand.' 'Is there,' he adds, 'any other Society in Great Britain or Ireland that is so far removed from bigotry? that is so truly of a catholic spirit? So ready to admit all serious persons without distinction? Where is there such another society in Europe? In the habitable world? I know none. Let any man show me if he can. Till then let no one talk of the bigotry of the Methodists.' When in his eighty-fifth year, preaching at Glasgow, he wrote: 'I subjoined a short account of Methodism, particularly insisting on this cir-

cumstance—There is no other religious society under heaven which requires nothing of men, in order to their admission into it, but a desire to save their souls. Look around you; you cannot be admitted into the church, or Society of Quakers, the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, or any others, unless you hold the same opinions with them, and adhere to the same mode of worship. The Methodists alone do not insist on your holding this or that opinion. . . . Now I do not know any other religious society, either ancient or modern, wherein such liberty of conscience is allowed, or has been allowed since the age of the apostles. Herein is our glorying, and a glorying peculiar to us. What society shares it with us?' The possible results of such liberality were once discussed in conference. Wesley conclusively determined the debate by remarking, 'I have no more right to object to a man for holding a different opinion from me, than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig and I wear my own hair; but if he takes his wig off and begins to shake powder in my eyes, I shall consider it my duty to get quit of him as soon as possible.' 'Is a man,' he writes, 'a believer in Jesus Christ, and is his life suitable to his profession? are not only the main, but are the only inquiries I make in order to his admission into our Society.' "

Stevens further says, *ibid.*, vol. ii, page 218: "The Articles of Religion and the General Rules are both parts of the organic or constitutional law of Methodism; but the General Rules prescribe the 'only condition' of membership without allusion to the Articles."

In the Discipline of the church until 1840 there is no trace of any doctrinal test for admission into the church. In the Discipline of that year, pages 90, 91, is found the following:

"Let none be received into the church until they are recommended by a leader with whom they have met at least six months on trial, and have been baptized, and shall on examination by the minister of the charge, before the church give a satisfactory assurance both of the correctness of their faith, and their willingness to observe and keep the rules of the church. Nevertheless if a member in good standing in any other orthodox church shall desire to unite with us, such applicant may, by giving satisfactory answers to the usual inquiries, be received into full fellowship."

The phrase "correctness of faith" in this quotation probably means no more than was meant by Wesley in his question: "Is a man a believer in Jesus Christ?" No doctrinal test is implied in such a question. It is simply the Protestant position that man is not saved by acquiescence in a verbal formula but by trust in a Living Person. There was therefore no doctrinal test of membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church until the General Conference of 1864 enacted the question whose constitutionality is now challenged.

The question: "Do you believe in the Doctrine of the Holy Scriptures as set forth in the Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church?" by its very form suggests a doubt as to its constitutionality.

Bishop Cooke in his *History of the Ritual*, page 232, remarks: "The form of the question is very awkward, for it seems as if the Scriptures were to be believed through the Articles interpreting them, whereas the

real proposition must be whether the teachings of the Articles are the teachings of the Scriptures."

The question in this form can only be construed as elevating the doctrines of the church into dogmas, which is simply the position of the Roman Church, which makes the church the only valid interpreter of Scripture; it forbids its members to find anything in the Bible which the church has not declared as dogma. Moreover, if the object of the question is to secure assent to the Doctrines of Methodism it is fatally defective. The Articles of Religion do not contain, even by remote implication, those teachings which are the very essence of Methodism. They are silent on the witness of the Spirit and the doctrine of evangelical perfection.

The purpose of the Articles of Religion never was to state positive truth in its fullness, but rather to raise necessary bulwarks against fatal error by definition against Arianism, Socinianism, Pelagianism, and Sacramentarianism, the Articles are a power of defense. But they do not and cannot give expression to the affirmation of the religious life. It was doubtless for this reason that the fathers of Methodism did not enact their teaching into definite proposition, but chose as their doctrinal standards a mass of pious literature in which religious truth was stated in terms of life rather than of doctrine. Such a vast body of literature cannot be made a test of membership. It is a living fountain of religious edification whose use is to shape the public teaching of the church rather than to be used as a condition of membership. It is an incidental confirmation of the conclusion reached in this argument that the learned commission on the revision of the Ritual, whose work is now before the church for adoption, refused to retain this question in the form for the admission of members, but have substituted a spiritual rather than an intellectual confession of faith in this form: "Do you receive and profess the Christian faith as contained in the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

We conclude:

1. The minister in receiving members is under no obligation to use a form which is unconstitutional.

2. The Constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church establishes no doctrinal tests for church membership.

3. The only conditions of membership are those contained in the General Rules, which are protected from change by the General Conference by the fourth restrictive rule.

4. The General Conference of 1864 had no power to establish the condition of membership contained in the form for admission of members and it is therefore unconstitutional. The ruling of the bishop in this case was therefore in error and the appeal is sustained.

Postponed until next session, May 27.

Additional Comment

At present our church in its Discipline provides two forms for the reception of members, one "for receiving *Persons*," and the

other "for receiving *Children.*" In the latter there has been substituted for the Doctrinal test this question: "Do you receive and profess the Christian Faith as contained in the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ?" It is rather strange that we should have a different door for the admission of children into the church, when we remember that our Lord requires us all to become "as little children" for citizenship in his kingdom.

If we examine these two questions we are confronted with a very startling suggestion. The former, used in the "reception of Persons," which requires subscription to our Articles of Religion, is the only one which the Devil could answer affirmatively. He is very orthodox in his intellectual beliefs, but the chief of heretics in his faith and practice, for it is written that "the devils also believe and tremble."

On the other hand, the New Testament explicitly asserts through the lips of our divine Lord himself that "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Shall we make our church narrower than the Kingdom? If we do, it ceases to be the Church of Jesus Christ, truly catholic in its creed, and is belittled into a merely human organization with restricted mundane ideals and aims. No one who complies with the Christian conditions of personal salvation should be kept out of any branch of the Christian Church.

But we should be more strict as to the admission of members. If dogmatic tests, which are rational and not necessarily religious, are given supreme emphasis, our churches could soon be filled up with unconverted folks. The stress, as provided in our General Rules, should be placed on spiritual passion and ethical loyalty rather than on propositional beliefs. Only a supernatural experience, expressed in a supernatural life, can confirm a supernatural creed. The supreme support of religious truth is found in the religious life.

RICHES AND RIGHTEOUSNESS

There is a vast contrast between the aims of life set forth in legislative debates on the pages of the public press and the everyday talk of society, and what we find in the gospel record of the teaching of Jesus. To the former big business bulks tremendously, to the latter the commercial side of life is comparatively insignificant. Even such necessary matters as food and clothing are secondary. "After these things do the heathen seek; but seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The common objects of mundane desire and of earthly effort have no place in the Kingdom. A cynical Frenchman once remarked that "it is easy to see how little God thinks of money when we observe the sort of people that he lets have it." The truth is that in the thought of the Master life is not in having but in being, and the end of human effort is not to make a living but a life.

Much futile ingenuity has been expended in endeavors to explain away the extremely drastic teaching of our Lord on the subject of wealth. Certainly his conception both of property and prosperity was worlds away from the current thought of to-day. The reality is that any healthy spiritual perception can see at once that the Master is literally right when he makes riches a tremendous handicap to entering his Kingdom. It is simple fact that the achievement of any high ideal purpose by those whose hands and coffers are full of earthly good is, while possible to the divine power, a miracle of grace. It is much more easy for those who have little or nothing to take the ideal good for their portion. Wealth becomes a calamity to the spirit that would win the harvests of the unseen. It is chiefly the poor in this world's goods that have painted our pictures, made our music, and sung our songs. The kingdoms of art, music, and poetry open only to those who seek them with a single-hearted devotion, disentangled from all lesser desires. Heaven is built of the ruins of this world; its glory shines afar with light from the fallen stars of worldly hopes and dying suns and earthly joys; its love is enriched by the self-denials of earth. "Having nothing, yet possessing all things," is the mighty paradox of the spiritual life.

Mammon usurps the throne of God; the gifts of time hide the face of the Eternal Giver. It insults the soul by suggesting that it can be satisfied with *things*. The fact is that the world isn't good enough for us. When an eternal being is buried in temporal concerns, then the soul is smothered in sense and has become poor indeed. Nothing is more pitiable than the spiritual penury of many a millionaire whose affluence is the envy of a foolish world. None are more miserable than many such when some accident of health or fortune drives them to draw upon their scanty inward resources for enjoyment.

Most of us sooner or later must make our choice between transient and permanent good. Earth is a poor warehouse for the storage of treasure; it is infested with mold and decay. Jesus sadly suggests that we may have just the sort of good that we crave. He says of the rich, "Ye have your consolation now," and across the awful abysses of eternal destiny the pitying voice of doom speaks to Dives in torment, "Son, in thy lifetime thou hadst thy good things." That is the deadly danger, that things shall crowd out persons, that the shadow of a decaying world shall blot for us the white radiance of the unfading glory which is God. He is rich beyond all eternal accident who can say, "God is the portion of my soul and mine inheritance."

It is possible for a rich man to be saved. He may even so employ the unrighteous mammon that its grossness shall be transfigured with spiritual meaning and become an everlasting investment. It is possible to sublimate even fleshly desires and selfish passions into moral values. Yet the Christian Church must never forget that the first beatitude of the Blessed One was, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God."

In the most solemn of his sonnets, Shakespeare has seen the deepest secret of this strife of soul and sense:

> Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
> Foiled by those rebel powers that thee array,
> Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
> Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
> Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
> Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
> Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
> Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?

Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER

In the following homiletic studies from the book of Daniel, no attention has been paid to the critical questions involved in the scientific study of the book. It would have required too much space and is more fitted to our department of Biblical Research. The best modern commentaries on Daniel are by Bevan, Driver (Cambridge Bible), Charles (New Century Bible). Far more conservative is Pusey in *The Minor Prophets*. A middle ground is taken by C. H. H. Wright in *Daniel and Its Critics* and *Daniel and His Prophecies*. Farrar's study in the Expositor's Bible is valuable both for exegesis and for preaching purposes.

A Temperance Society in Babylon

In the training of young men for the Babylonian civil service an instructive dietetic experiment was tried, as conclusive in its way as the more modern tests of Professor Atwater or Dr. Wiley. Four Hebrew youths, largely influenced by religious scruples, put themselves on a diet of the simplest food with total abstinence from intoxicants. The results were interesting and demonstrative (Dan. 1. 8-20).

They demonstrated the *physical* value of temperance. "At the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the youths that did eat of the king's dainties." Since Benjamin Rush, more than a century ago, began the modern campaign for scientific temperance by his treatise *On the Effects of Alcohol on the Human System*, there has grown up a vast body of evidence in support of this thesis. Captain Basil Hall, in the frozen North, and David Livingstone under the equatorial sun, prove that abstainers defy both cold and heat more successfully than even moderate drinkers. It is the law of training for all high bodily achievement. "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." The Roman soldier conquering the world while drinking only water mixed with a little vinegar, the abstemious Greek gymnasts, and our modern athletes with their rigid requirement of entire abstention from alcoholic beverages, are but a small part of the great cloud of witnesses to the truth witnessed by Daniel and his companions. There are few healthier homes than a well-kept modern penitentiary, where strict prohibition is absolutely enforced in conjunction with moderate labor. When will society learn to take the same care of honest men outside of jail as of the rogues inside prison walls? It is interesting that the one class who best endure those climates which are perilous to the

white man are Christian missionaries who are almost universally total abstainers. Everywhere men are stronger and women are fairer whose lips are undefiled with intoxicants.

This Babylonian temperance society demonstrated the *mental* value of abstinence. "God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom." Physical good is not supreme. Poverty, pain, and disease are not the worst of evils. Man has a higher life than that of the body, a life of thought, imagination, and feeling; a life in the world of beauty; a life of hope, joy, and love. Life is not measured by its extension in time but by its intensity in experience. Five minutes of the life of a true man are worth a thousand years of the life of sensual swine. The most terrible indictment of drink is its power to destroy the nobler self. It enters the temple of manhood and with vandal hand dethrones reason, defiles conscience, blinds will, and soils love. The man who boasts that he has taken his regular drams for years and is "none the worse for it," pays a doubtful tribute to his intellectual quality. There are some men naturally so coarse of mental fiber that they cannot fall very far; a stimulant leaves them only a little lower than it found them. It is precisely the splendid souls, those of brilliant genius and finely tuned temperaments, who are in greatest danger and most easily destroyed. Drink, like death, "loves a shining mark." The common sneer that it is the weaklings and feeble-minded who cannot stand temptation is far from the facts of experience. It is the tragedy of all sin that we are often betrayed by what is best in us. Alcohol attacks the very citadel of the soul; abstinence is the supreme safety of our psychic life.

These young men demonstrated the *spiritual* worth of temperance. It is said specially of Daniel that he "had understanding in all visions and dreams." We have not only windows in the walls of our nature, the mental perceptions by which we look out upon this world, but we have also skylights by which we look toward heaven and God. Drink closes the spiritual vision; "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Would you see the white-winged angels that hover over our pathway? Would you commune with the Saviour of souls and the Father of our spirits? Only the sober soul has the clearness of eye and the responsiveness of spirit which give fellowship with the invisible. The Church of God must be the eternal enemy of this vice, which so effectually closes the door to the loftiest religious experiences.

In the sequel, Daniel and his friends proved the *public* value of temperance. When the enemy was at the gate of Babylon and her downfall was impending, when the debauched nobles reveled in her doomed palaces, the true patriot and statesman to whom the nation turns is not the drunken Belshazzar, but the sober Daniel. Intemperance is the implacable foe of national life. The real power before which the gates of Babylon gave way was not the armed host of Cyrus and his Persians, but the insidious traitor of appetite within her walls. The saloons of America were a mightier peril to our national perpetuity than all the armaments of Japan and the rest of the world, and the bootleggers of to-day with their contemptible patrons are our most terrible traitors and most perfidious

enemies. Our country, all the world, awaits the coming of a statesman who shall clearly discern the moral meaning of all social problems. And when he comes he will be another Daniel, sublime dreamer, sagacious statesman, unselfish patriot, wise administrator, and the leader of the temperance movement of his time. In the midst of Babylon he will rear, stone by stone, a heavenly Jerusalem, and realize for America Blake's dream for Britain:

I will not cease from mental fight,
  Nor shall the sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
  In England's green and pleasant land.

The Fatal Feast

Throughout the Bible, the city of Babylon is the perpetual type of the world-spirit in its eternal rebellion against the kingdom of God. In Genesis the builders of Babel defy the divine purpose of dispersion and world settlement; in the Apocalypse we still see the mystic Babylon, lapped in luxury and submerged in sensuality, sink into the abyss as the Holy City descends from God. Babel and Zion are the two moral poles of civilization, divided by the infinite diameter of being.

The great Nebuchadnezzar, conqueror like Napoleon I, had extended the bounds of his empire to the pillars of Hercules, and, city-builder like Napoleon III, had made his capital city, "built by the might of his power and for the glory of his majesty," "the lady of kingdoms, the glory of the Chaldees' excellency, the joy of the whole earth." And now the heir of all this splendor of art and wealth, Belshazzar, with his dissipated court, is drinking his death and the doom of his empire from the jeweled chalices stolen from the house of Jehovah. It was more than wine of the vineyard that they drank; the cups were full to the brim with the wine of the wrath of God (Dan. 5. 17-30).

The vices are rarely solitary; they commonly go in crowds. In this historic tragedy drunkenness, sensuality, and profanity gather like vultures to prey upon the carcass of a dead nation. In our modern cities there is a close alliance between the saloon, the brothel, and the gambling hell. The hour that sees the final destruction of the drink traffic will also seal the doom of the social evil and gambling.

It is not without significance that the literary artist who has painted this dramatic picture has described "concubines" among the guests at the fatal feast. Babylon was a city of sensualists, the "mother of harlots," among her merchandise were "slaves and souls of men." She had a legalized white-slave traffic, in which she pandered to the beast passions of depraved humanity by deliberately creating a very stew of sensuality. The revelations of the vice commission in Chicago are but an echo of the riot and ruin which preceded the downfall of the greatest ancient civilization.

Linked with licentiousness is profanity. Drink dims the spiritual sense. So Isaiah testifies: "They are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision and stumble in judgment." And Hosea sighs:

"Whoredom and wine and new wine take away the heart." The riot and revel of the fatal feast culminate in sacrilege when the sacred vessels from the house of God at Jerusalem are desecrated to the service of debauchery and license. "They drank wine and praised the gods of gold and of silver, of brass and of iron, of wood and of stone." Our modern revelers who drink "toasts" are mostly ignorant that the practice is probably a survival of heathen libations offered to the gods of men's hands. And that dangerous abuse, "treating," is but another variation of the profane custom of "toasting." Bacchus, Gambrinus, and a host of false and vile deities are still worshiped by millions in the midst of a so-called Christian civilization. Perhaps there is no more terrible consequence of intemperance than this blinding of the spiritual vision.

Cyrus the conqueror was at the gates, but Babylon did not fall before the power of Persia so much as from the poison of inward social disease. Nations are not murdered, they are suicides. No walls can save a city, no war ships guard a nation, which is festering with the vices that sap the strength of manhood. When the blood of a people becomes degenerate, when the solemn trust of life is turned into a carnival of pleasure, when her young manhood is reckless of responsibility and careless of doom, it needs no prophetic eye to read the handwriting on the wall which declares the decay and doom of the nation. "Sin is in the city and it will throw down the walls." The corrupting power of Babylon even enslaved its Persian conqueror so that at last Persian luxury became the proverb of all sensual license, and when two centuries later Alexander occupies Babylon as the world's master it is to die a common drunkard after another fatal feast, more than matching that of Belshazzar and his lords.

In the midst of this mob of maudlin debauchees, one figure stands sublime in its isolated purity, like a white lily on a putrid pond. It is Daniel, the one sober soul in the corrupt crowd of sensualists. His spirit has not been soiled by the national sins; his sight has not been dimmed by drunkenness; he alone has the vision that can read and the insight that can interpret the writing of doom. "A minah, a shekel, a half-shekel," nothing but the names of some Hebrew measures of capacity and weight, yet translated into their spiritual equivalents they announce the judgment of Him who weighs and measures the lives of men and nations: "Numbered, weighed, divided." America, too, is lying in the eternal scales; what shall be the report of the infinite Weigher? God give us great prophetic souls in time for effective warning and grant us grace to heed their voice before the dawning of the day of doom!

"Dare to be a Daniel"

Daniel in Babylon and Joseph in Egypt belong to that dynasty of statesman-dreamers which Hebrew history has given to the world. Vision is the prime condition of the highest statecraft; it is this subtle insight which separates the statesman from the politician. Yet the gross man of sense always dislikes the dreamer; your professor of practical politics instinctively feels antagonism to the man of vision. "Behold this dreamer cometh, let us kill him!" is the constant cry of the heart of cruel hate.

Yet spiritual insight is the soul of leadership. "When there is no vision, the people perish." Blessed is Babylon or any land in the possession of a prophet as prime minister!

Daniel, like Joseph, joined high personal character to spiritual perception. Not every good man makes a wise ruler, but no man can be the best ruler unless he is a good man. His private life and his public administration were alike flawless. His holiness of character and conduct handicaps his enemies in their plot of hate. "They could find none occasion in fault; for as much as he was faithful, neither was there error or fault found in him." Not a correct creed but a blameless life is the unanswerable argument for religion. Their real reasons they dared not state; he was a Jew in religion, an alien in blood, and, worst of all, he was successful. The pinnacle is perilous; Daniel in a lowly position might have passed unscathed, but Daniel next the throne is an unbearable sight to these corrupt courtiers whose selfish purposes had doubtless been thwarted by the prophet-statesman. It always is a most perplexing situation when an army of partisan jobbers find an honest official guarding all the ways of greedy graft (Dan. 6. 10-23).

As they cannot accuse him of any meanness, they will make his goodness a pretext for persecution. "We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." It was bad enough to burn the faithful three for not worshiping the golden image, but they will go a step farther to catch Daniel and prohibit all private worship. It was the theory of a uniform established religion carried to its ultimate logical conclusion. Daniel is the hero of primitive Protestantism, the prince of nonconformists. The hardship was great; the temple at Jerusalem is in ruins and its offerings suspended; private worship is all that is left to the pious Hebrew, and now even that is to be prohibited. The path of prayer leads to the lions' den. Religious persecution is the devil's masterpiece of iniquity. It condemns conscience and penalizes piety. Nothing is more sublime than the spectacle of the solitary soul standing in the courage of conviction for the sacred rights of conscience.

> So of mankind each mighty master-spirit
> Has stood alone;
> The world's applause, unsought for and unheeded,
> Upon the throne
> Of his own mind he sits; of execration
> What storms may roll,
> He knows not, fears not, strong in the approval
> Of his own soul.

King Darius is a most pitiable figure. Flattered by the dream of a quasidivine autocracy, he allows himself to be made the dupe of designing spite. And when the faithful servant he loved and honored is tangled in the net laid by his own thoughtless vanity, he can only piously pray, "May the God whom thou servest continually deliver thee!" This is the direst doom of all our selfish pride, that its fatal folds shall enwrap the lives we love in danger and destruction. One day, when our stupid folly has

involved in its penalty our dearest, we shall reap, as did Darius, the harvest of sleepless nights and wretched self-torment.

They "stopped the mouths of lions" is God's record of deliverance for the heroes of faith. Great is the glory of Samson and David, who in the might of the Lord slew the wild beasts that attacked them, but greater is the glory of Daniel, who by the calm mastery of holy faith becomes lord of the savagery of the lions' den. He who made alike the fierceness of the tiger and the mildness of the lamb knows how to subdue the fury of the former and make the latter the type of supreme sovereignty.

THE ARENA

METHODISM AND OTHER THINGS

THE "other things" came to many minds upon reading Dr. Upham's splendid and frank article in the March-April REVIEW, "Methodists and the Theater." There are scores of voices that ought to be sounding the same sincere note as well as preparing for honest General Conference votes.

But all that was so well said about our not-easily-explained "doctrine" of the theater opens just one door of a room with many doors—all constructed and paneled after the same pattern. Open the door which leads to Methodism's boasted democracy to see in truth an autocratic church. Even the mighty tribute Theodore Roosevelt paid to Methodist democracy does not remove the "shackles" placed upon us by John Wesley and Francis Asbury, Autocrats. To take the word of one of the best church historians in Methodism, so far as progress and democracy are concerned, he says: "It is difficult to move a church like ours, where denial of other privileges is intrenched by long use. Think how long it took to get laymen in General Conference—about ninety years, and to get them in equal numbers, about one hundred and twenty years. Even now we cannot get them in the Annual Conference though we are the only Protestant Church in the world which is so hierarchical, exclusive, unscriptural, and undemocratic." We cannot only accept the theory of church democracy, but must practically apply it to provisions of the Discipline. Might such a test of democracy be put to the present method of appointments, or to our doctrinal test for admission into the church (which door by the way was opened long enough at the last General Conference to make us ashamed, even John Wesley ashamed, of the bar that had been placed before the church along in the '60's).

Then there is the question as to our relationship with the rest of the Protestant world. True, we are always to be found cooperating with other denominations, and oftentimes taking the place of leadership in some aggressive movement, and it is in that place of leadership where we are almost deceiving ourselves. Methodism alone cannot save the world—nor ought she desire to save it alone. In our splendid achievement

does it not behoove us to be cautious lest we exalt ourselves too highly only to be abased? Could we not enter more into a uniformity with other churches that might lead to an interchange of pastors and other things? When men talk of church union, ought there to be a feeling or ought we to give the impression that with us it is Methodism only, first, last, and always?

It does not seem that anyone could say that the above honest convictions are the words of a faultfinder or one whose fur has been rubbed the wrong way. Rather in the same spirit that Dr. Upham spoke of the church and the theater, ought we not to view our whole church as to Disciplinary provision, polity, and policies of the future, for a church so dear to all of us cannot afford to stand in the light of inconsistency or traditional conservatism. Let us indeed be true—and especially to that which the Master has given us as fundamental.

Voorheesville, N. Y. PAUL MORRISON.

"METHODISTS AND THE THEATER"

I HAD hoped and expected that this question raised in the March-April number of the METHODIST REVIEW would have been discussed from the other side by some one, but it passed unchallenged; at least there was no published reply to what seems to a country parson a misrepresentation of facts.

The second paragraph of eight lines, "Our confessions of faith," etc., seems like a wholesale aspersion upon the sincerity, integrity, and Christian convictions of what I believe to be the rank and file of American Methodists, and not only the active membership of the church, but a constituency that would be very large.

It is a positive twisting of the facts to say that an "assertive minority" have forced something upon the majority of Methodists, and is a further aspersion to say this "assertive minority" laid claims to "a peculiar tenderness of conscience or most intimate communion with God!"

The writer of "Methodists and the Theater" assumes what he does not even attempt to prove, has never been proven, and cannot be proven. His premises are false and his conclusions, therefore, at fault. He assumes that the theater is "the school of the people." We go to school to learn, to be instructed, to have our mental and moral discipline developed. But who goes to this "school of the people" to learn, to be instructed? Not one in a thousand! They go to be entertained, and if they are not entertained they will cease to go. Over a period of twenty-five years I have again and again questioned devotees of the theater as to why they frequented the theater and the reply has been almost always, to be entertained!

But the shower of aspersion goes on in this "Methodists and the Theater" when that writer says that "The Wayfarer" at the Columbus Centenary and at Madison Square Garden was a "subterfuge" and "humiliation." It seems like a feeble apology of a critic to save his face. The

inference from these references would seem to be that "The Wayfarer" was too tame, void of the spectacular, no sex appeal, no scantily dressed impersonators to make it worth while. The writer's reference to the "young man who thinks with daring independence" sounds a good deal like some of the nullificationists to-day who are trying to ridicule and get rid of the Eighteenth Amendment and the only means of enforcing it, the Volstead Act. But this aspersion upon the hundreds and thousands of fine young men in the church and out of the church will be resented with high spirit, as it deserves to be.

If I am not in error the writer of "Methodists and the Theater" has been a member of the last few General Conferences where the amusement paragraph has been under discussion, and this "school of the people" has been banned by both the lay and ministerial delegations by large majorities, and those of us who toil in the rank and file of both the lay and ministerial membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church know that the people have spoken through their representatives their mind on the question.

The writer of "Methodists and the Theater" exhorts "the church to get into the theater!" By the same token the church should get into the dance, the prize-fight crowd, the saloon, or any other worldly and questionable amusement. If the writer of "Methodists and the Theater" can show where it has been done successfully, though it has been attempted, he will greatly enlighten the public! The writer seems to imply that if the church "would get into the theater" the theater could be reformed and made decent. I venture to think and to say that the vast crowds that attend the theater do not want it reformed! I do not say that the theater cannot be reformed and purified! Many writers upon the question have laid down their pens in despair of achieving that result. "The school of the people" is here to stay. Admit it! What is proven? Nothing! Sin is here, and it is here to stay, probably, till Gabriel, standing with one foot on the shores of time and the other upon the shores of eternity, and with one long, loud blast of his trumpet shall proclaim that Time is no more. But there is no *a priori* in that, that because forced to admit the presence and power of sin, we should cease to oppose it.

Recently this writer attended a Lodge and the question was, What can be done to make the Lodge more interesting? It was suggested that it be made more religious. The quick retort was, "That would kill it!" I leave the cake unturned, half baked, and the reader can think it out. The theater was not born of the birth pangs of a soul passing through deep spiritual travail. The church of our Lord was, and can never find lawful and spiritual affinity with anything that has not had soul agony. It is wholly gratuitous for the writer of "Methodists and the Theater" to say that "The theater teaches millions of people week after week while the church teaches thousands!" That is another aspersion upon the thousands of godly and spiritually minded Methodists who are toiling day and night, not to entertain, but to really teach and instruct seeking souls in the way of eternal life!

Tower Hill, Ill. S. R. Reno.

IS A TRUE FAITH IMPORTANT?

A LINE of thought ran as follows: On the question, "Whom do you say that I am?" we must not overestimate a correct answer. Some think so highly of the creeds that any deviation is a sin. But the creeds are intellectual statements passed by a majority vote. A man high in the church who made much of orthodoxy was found to be living a bad life. Much more important is the life than the creed. People who do not believe correctly, or who do not know what to believe, live a beautiful life, and that is the supreme thing. If you have enough faith in Christ to follow him in a good life that is all that is necessary. Correctness of belief is secondary, good in its place, but not all important. And more to the same effect.

This is a line of thought so popular that a word or two might be said. Christ evidently did not share this indifference as to his Person, or he would not have asked the question, "Whom do ye say that I am?" But not only this question, but all his discourses, his parables, his miracles, his direct and indirect influence, his death, resurrection, ascension, descent of the Spirit, his leading of the church, work and teachings of the apostles—all these were ways of securing correct answer to the question, namely, that he was not only a son of God like the rest of us, but the Son of God. If the disciples had not believed that, they would not have gone forth preaching, and Christianity would never have been heard of.

But they were bound to answer the question. No faith can exist without an intellectual element. Faith as trust in Christ means in the nature of the case that the person has a conviction as to who the Christ is, and the quality and amount of the trust is in direct proportion to the conviction. Every person who has anything to do with Christ as believer, semibeliever, or deliberate unbeliever has already answered the question, "Who am I?" Even the one who says, "I don't know what to believe about Christ, but I want to be good and do good like him," knows enough about Christ not to believe in him as Saviour and Lord. His agnosticism is an intellectual judgment. Any kind of faith one has in another person rests inevitably on an intellectual conclusion as to that person.

A man who believes rightly but lives falsely does not invalidate true faith, but shows that by lack of instruction, by ignorance, or by deliberate choice, he does not know what true faith is. He needs intelligence as to the scope, meaning, vivid and vital power of faith, so that he may—if he wills—exchange his mechanical so-called orthodoxy for genuine religion.

Nor is it sufficient to look upon benevolent people and say, "They do not believe as you do, and yet see how they live. Their faith is just as good as yours." Well, faith and duty, or whatever it is which leads a man to noble acts and words, as it did Epictetus, many heathen in the past, and many non-Christians or nominal Christians, is a fine thing. But there is no saving principle in work-righteousness, as Nicodemus had to learn and Paul and Luther. It is fine to see a good life which responds to the universal brooding of the universal Spirit. But the saving principle of faith in Christ is an inner vital thing, something which transforms evil men and sends them forth as beneficent agents of salvation. It is only

faith which does that, the faith in Christ as Saviour. Remember, your kindly Unitarian or even infidel neighbor has been nurtured by a wonderful mother, namely, nineteen centuries of Christian civilization. Where would he be if brave men and women of heroic faith like Columba and Columbanus had not ventured with their gospel into the dens of his savage ancestors?

We are sometimes misled by the word "heart." Our distinction between the heart and the mind is not a biblical one. Where we use the word heart for the feelings, the emotions, the Scripture (King James version) uses the word bowels. The word heart in that version usually means intellect, heart, will, the whole man, as in the passage, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." True faith is the conviction, the belief, the venture, the trust, of the whole being. It is because men had such a faith in Christ as the Son of God that they conquered heathenism and made a chance for beautiful lives of less faith or of no faith in the Christian sense to grow under the shelter of the tree which they planted, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations.

As to the creeds, they did not all pass by a vote. The fundamental one, the so-called Apostles', was never "passed." It grew. The next most important one, the Nicene 325, was indeed debated, but it passed with a vengeance, only three (some say five) out of about 318 voting against it. The fundamental creed of Protestantism, the Augsburg Confession, 1530, was not put to vote—it was the creation of one man, Melanchthon, in conference with Luther at a distance. Historically speaking, it saved Protestantism. He is not wise who joins in the popular cry against the old creeds. He is like a man who rails at a bridge that has brought him over the flood because its masonry and timbers reveal an antique style. The faith behind these confessions removed mountains, that is, converted nations and created civilizations. The only question now is, What is their historical significance, and what is their truth for us?

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AN INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE MEREDITH

[MRS. MARTHA FOOTE CROW, the well-known author, recently dictated to Miss Elizabeth L. Foote, librarian of Drew Theological Seminary, the following interesting reminiscence of a conversation with George Meredith, the great English poet and novelist, on one of her visits to his home in England some years since.]

"We were sitting on a rustic bench," she said, "near the Swiss chalet where he did most of his writing. It was at his home on the side of Bop Hill. We talked for a long time of spiritual matters. 'God!' he cried; 'why, of course there is a God! God is all about us; he is near us; he is with us;' holding out his hands and waving them back and forth in an expressive gesture, he continued: 'His self, his spirit, his being, is right here between us, just as your spirit is here or as mine is. His being is

like a brother being to ours. We know him, as we know ourselves. God exists with us, right here and now.'

"This thought, in words of such import, he made vivid, and on several occasions when I visited him we talked of spiritual things and always he carried this conviction."

BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE BIBLICAL ACCOUNT OF CREATION AND EVOLUTION

However much we may wish to avoid controversy affecting our faith, it does not always lie within our control to do so. The apostle's injunction, "If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men," is very much conditioned on the other man. We are sometimes forced to take up a discussion not because of its intrinsic importance, but because the other man has raised the issue. This is true of the problem of the relation of Genesis to evolution. Mr. William Jennings Bryan, as is well known, has recently taken upon himself the championship of the Bible against the theory of evolution. He assumes that there is but one way of viewing the biblical data on the subject and that he knows the way. But it may in all fairness be questioned whether Mr. Bryan is fully aware of the problem involved in his use of the biblical material. What does the Bible really say on the subject of creation, and when properly understood, does it stand in the way of a theistic conception of evolution? To answer these questions is the purpose of this discussion, which involves: I. The literary character of the biblical account of creation; II. Its historical or scientific value; and III. Its religious value.

I. The Literary Character of the Biblical Account of Creation

It has by this time become a commonplace among trained biblical students that the first three chapters of Genesis do not contain one but two accounts of creation. One is contained in chapters 1—2. 4, ending with the words, "These are the generations (literally, 'origins') of the heavens and of the earth when they were created." This is known as the "Priestly" account and designated by the symbol P. The other account is contained in chapters 2. 4—3. 24, beginning with the words, "In the day that Jehovah God made earth and heaven." This is known as the "Jehovistic" account and designated by the symbol J. The reason for the separation of the accounts is that they evidently deal with the same subject matter of creation but with most striking differences, which may be grouped under three heads: 1. Style and language; 2. Arrangement of subject matter or order of sequence; and 3. Religious conceptions. Quite naturally, the force of the evidence in these particulars is felt strongest when the comparisons are made in the original Hebrew text. But even with a good translation, as the American Standard Edition of the Revised Version, and with but such brief treatment as we here can give it, the differences will stand out clearly.

1. To begin with the *style and language*, the Priestly account possesses

a certain lofty and stately but stereotyped and statistical repetitiousness. The creative act is introduced with "And God said" (eight times), followed by "Let be" or a verb in the imperative. After the command follows usually "and it was so" (six times), with a repetition of the language of the command, stating its accomplishment. "And God saw it was good" occurs seven times, and three times each "and God called" and "and God made"; and each day's work closes with the refrain "And there was evening and there was morning . . ." such and such a day. These recurring formulæ and this precise style give to the account a very definite character, as of a statistical tabulation, easily observed when compared with other parts of the Bible.

The style of the Jehovistic writer is in striking contrast entirely free from this repetition and formality. It flows on with grace and movement; it has a richer and more varied vocabulary and phraseology and is of altogether finer literary quality.

Along with this general difference of style is also found a striking difference in the use of words and phrases when speaking of the same things. The Priestly writer uniformly calls the Deity "Elohim," God (35 times); the Jehovistic writer calls him "Yahveh Elohim," Jehovah God (20 times), and "Elohim," God, only in the mouth of the serpent (4 times). For the main verb to describe the creative act, the Priestly writer uses בָּרָא, *bara*, translated "to create"; but the Jehovistic writer uses יָצַר, *yazar*, translated "to form." P when speaking of the sexes uses the words זָכָר וּנְקֵבָה, *zakar uneqebah*, translated "male and female"; but J uses אִישׁ וְאִשְׁתּוֹ, *ish veishto*, translated "the man and his wife" or "the male and his female" (the latter of animals, Gen. 7. 2), which is the correct translation of both man and animals. P makes the Deity speak in the plural, "Let us," but J in the singular, "I will"; P uses הַשָּׁמַיִם וְהָאָרֶץ, *hashshamayim vehaarez*, translated, "the heavens and the earth," but J uses אֶרֶץ וְשָׁמַיִם, *erez veshamayim*, translated, "earth and heaven."

2. Accompanying these variations of style and phraseology are varied representations in the order of sequence in the creative work. P gives the order: vegetation, animals, man; J gives: man, vegetation, animals, woman. The latter writer states his order with a certain kind of logical sequence. He starts out by saying that there was no vegetation for two reasons, because it had not yet rained and because there was as yet no man to attend to the necessary farming. To supply the latter, the first thing that God makes is a man. Then he plants a garden with the necessary vegetation and puts man into it to take care of it. Then God makes the animals to possibly supply the man with a needed helpmeet. He brings the animals to man to see what he will call them and whether one of them will suit him for a helpmeet. When the man finds none to suit him, God supplies him with the woman from one of his own ribs. This order is in most striking contrast with the one in the first chapter. There, after the creation of vegetation and the animals, appear simultaneously the man and the woman as the climax of creation and are empowered with lordship over all.

3. A third difference in the accounts appears in the conception of God as the actor in the creation drama and in other religious ideas present in them. According to P the conception of God is transcendental. God is over and at a distance from the world he is making. The means by which he makes things is his word, the divine fiat. It is expressed by a special word בָּרָא, "to create," never used of man. God says, "Let there be light, and there was light." In like manner he says, "Let there be a firmament"; "Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear"; "Let the earth put forth grass . . . "; "Let there be lights in the firmament"; "Let the waters swarm with swarms of living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth"; "Let the earth bring forth living creatures after their kind, cattle, and creeping things, and beasts of the earth." When finally we reach the creation of man in the words: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion . . . ," it becomes evident from the context and the analogy with the other objects of creation that the first human pair are conceived as having been created and made like all other objects of creation by the word of God. This exalted and noble conception is perpetuated and celebrated in the creation psalms of later time, as for instance Psa. 33. 6-9:

> "By the word of Jehovah were the heavens made,
> And all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.
> He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap:
> He layeth up the deeps in storehouses.
> Let all the earth fear Jehovah:
> Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.
> For he spake, and it was done;
> He commanded, and it stood fast."

But the conception of God in the Jehovistic account is entirely different. It is here anthropomorphic; that is, God is conceived and spoken of as acting in the manner of man. The means by which he does his creative work are his hands; and the term used to describe it is יָצַר, *yazar*, "to form," like as a potter, for instance, forms things by manipulation or the use of his hands. Man, accordingly, is fashioned, "formed," out of the clayey soil that is dampened and thus made workable, in the absence of rain, by a mist or moisture from underneath. When the body has been shaped, Jehovah puts his mouth to the nostrils and blows into them the breath of life; and thus the first man becomes a living creature. The animals also are thus conceived as being formed out of the ground. The procedure is described in the identical terms that describe the making of man: "And out of the ground Jehovah God formed every beast of the field, and every bird of the heavens." Woman also is made by manipulation, only that it is no longer the clayey soil but one of the ribs of the first man that furnished the material.

This anthropomorphic conception of God in creation finds also an echo in some of the Psalms, for instance, Psa. 8. 3:

> "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers."

Or Psa. 19. 1:

"The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handiwork."

Or Psa. 95. 5:

"The sea is his, and he made it;
And his hands formed the dry land."

It is highly probable, however, that in these quotations and in similar passages the anthropomorphic conception is poetic only. But this is not so in the Jehovistic account of the creation; for here the anthropomorphisms extend to other features of it. So, for instance, Jehovah is spoken of as taking a walk in the garden "in the cool of the day," that is, toward evening, when a cooling wind springs up and the Oriental ventures to come forth from his dwelling. In like manner we have the picture of Adam hiding himself behind the trees of the garden (the form of the Hebrew verb suggests even dodging from tree to tree); and Jehovah to find him calls out, "Where art thou?" Later on, combining the duties of mother and tailor, Jehovah makes garments of animal skins and puts the garments on our first parents. It would seem to be difficult to find a more striking contrast than that between the transcendental and the anthropomorphic conception of God in the two accounts of creation. In the one we have the idea of grandeur, majesty, power, as well as benevolence; in the other, a naïve combination of creative interest and power with the habits, limitations, and actions of man.

There is a further difference between the accounts in a tendency to view the history of creation from the point of view of the origin of religious institutions or in its relation to certain social and moral problems. the discussion of which is deferred to when we take up their religious value.

Enough has now been said to make clear the grounds on which it is held that there are two and not one account of creation. The supposition that the second account is merely an amplification of the first and by the same author utterly fails to account for these differences. Why should the same writer go over the same ground with such marked differences on so many points? It is far more reasonable to regard them as due to difference of authorship. And when the same phenomena are met with in other portions of Genesis and the rest of the Pentateuch, the evidence gains such cumulative force as to become overwhelmingly in favor of double authorship.

The reports periodically circulating to the effect that the results of biblical criticism are losing ground are unfounded. The Hexateuchal analysis is no longer a hypothesis. It has become an established theory in biblical criticism, as the theory of evolution in science and philosophy. Here and there some individual, as Mr. Bryan, for instance, is uttering an earnest protest against both in the supposed interest of religion. We sympathize with the well meant intention. But there is no need for fear. It is true that there is a materialistic evolutionism and a similar sort of biblical criticism. Popularly it is denominated "destructive" as distin-

guished from "constructive." But the difference between the two lies not so much in the method employed or results achieved as in the materialistic or theistic philosophy that lies back of them. But materialism in philosophy is proving increasingly unsatisfactory. A new era of faith in spiritual realities has dawned. Religion has more to fear from obscurantism than from modern biblical criticism or the theory of evolution.

The relevancy of what has just been said to the subjejct in hand is to make clear that there are safe as well as sufficient grounds for holding that there are two accounts of creation. The Jehovistic is the simpler, more primitive, and earlier, dating back to about 850 B. C. The Priestly is the more elaborate, sublimer, and later, dating back to about 550 B. C. Both are attempts, three centuries apart, to give an answer to inquiry how the world order has come about. The later answer is profounder than the first, showing that biblical writers were making progress in thought: seeking and finding more light as time advanced, and marking an evolution of the biblical thought on the origin of the world.

II. The Historical or Scientific Value of the Biblical Account of Creation

Our second consideration is as to whether the biblical accounts of creation are to be regarded as historical narratives of actual occurrences and in agreement with the findings of science. It may not be out of place to ask at this point whether it falls within the province of revelation to make known historical or scientific facts, that is, such things as man by searching can find by himself; whether, if the biblical accounts are to furnish us with the necessary knowledge of prehistoric astronomy, geology, biology, and anthropology, it is not a very meager information, suggesting far more questions than it answers; and whether it is the mission of the Bible and its inspiration to tell us how the heavens go than rather how to go to heaven.

But be this as it may, the first question that confronts us is which of these two accounts of creation is the historical or scientific. Is the anthropomorphic or the transcendental account to be followed? Came things by manipulation or by the divine fiat? That man, birds, and animals were not molded out of clay, and woman not out of some rib of man—that that is not history or science, is no longer a question. Anyone who has taken first lessons in biology must know that; and any one who has not taken studies in biology can hardly claim a voice in the matter. Some have long ago considered this account as poetic or symbolic. But it is doubtful that it was meant to be either. For it is not probable that the Jehovistic writer knew what we now know of the origin of things and veiled it in poetic or symbolic form; for we have no reason for holding that inspiration makes omniscience. It is more probable that the writer in the dim light of antiquity thought just what he wrote; and a host of good and wise people have thought the same way until God gave more light on the subject.

In the transcendental account we are on a different plane; and it is this account that has been the basis of all the attempts to reconcile Genesis

with science. The discussion has passed through various phases. At first scientists were told to keep still and not dare to say that the findings of science and the Bible differed. When scientists kept working away and finding more data that differed, attempts at harmonization were made. Biblical days were lengthened into unlimited geological periods and the biblical account was squeezed into all sorts of shapes to make it fit. But now this phase of attempted reconciliation of science with Genesis is passed. It has been found that there exist irreconcilable differences along three lines: geological, astronomical, and biological. In Genesis vegetation is complete two days or periods before animal life appears; in geology, they appear simultaneously, or nearly so, and from simpler forms develop side by side together. Again, in Genesis fishes and birds appear together and precede all land animals; in biology, birds appear long after fishes and they were preceded by numerous species of land animals. The astronomical discrepancies are that the earth is stated to have been "made" before the sun, moon, and stars; and that water and vegetation appeared on earth before the sun was made. Both these suppositions are inconsistent with the entire scientific conception of the solar system and the nebular hypothesis. The attempts of Dana and Dawson to translate the Hebrew words in verses 14 and 16 so that they will read instead of "Let there *be* lights," "Let lights *appear*," and instead of "And God *made* the two great lights," "And God *appointed* or *made appear* the two great lights," so as to produce the impression that the sun really existed but now only appeared, when the vapor disappeared, is ingenious, but does violence to the plain Hebrew words and context. Equally forced is the attempt to change the biblical day into a geological period. The statement "And there was evening and there was morning, one day," shows that the writer thinks of the ordinary day with alternating light and darkness, seven of which with the Sabbath make the ordinary week and not geological eras. What may be considered as a biological discrepancy is that according to verse 30 the author regards the animals originally to have subsisted on vegetable food; but the physical structure of many animals and the facts of paleontology show that animals preyed on each other long before man had appeared upon the earth. It becomes thus evident that it is only by forcing into the biblical account a view which it does not on the surface express that a reconciliation with science can be effected. But that is not straightforward dealing and will never commend itself to Christian scholarship. And it is all done in the interest of an artificial notion of biblical inspiration that cannot be consistently held in view of other facts brought to light in the critical study of the Scriptures.

In view of these facts, the most satisfactory attitude is to leave to each, science and the Bible, its own sphere. We must go to nature for science and to the Bible for religion; both are divine revelations. The biblical account of creation is that of a thoughtful observer of nature; it is not a scientific treatise. For all ordinary and particularly religious purposes it is as sublime and noble and on the whole as satisfactory as can well be found within such compass; and as compared with the cosmogonies of other ancient peoples it excels them all.

III. The Religious Value and Teachings of the Biblical Account of Creation

It is when we come to consider the religious value and teachings of the biblical account of the creation that we come to what is characteristically biblical and full of significance. It is well to be reminded here that these are not materially affected by the questions of historical or scientific accuracy. There is no more reason for refusing to yield ourselves to the spiritual authority of the Bible in matters of religion, though here and there we may not find absolute history or science, than there would be reason for refusing the aid of a physician in the case of pneumonia because he cannot make a watch or paint a picture. We have this treasure in earthen vessels and all things human have their limitations. The authority of the Bible rests upon its saving power; and it is good Methodist doctrine that it does not require to be perfect in knowledge to be made perfect in love.

What then are the religious teachings of the biblical accounts of creation? It has already been mentioned that each has its own interests. The Jehovistic account belongs to the circle of prophets and views the history of creation in its relation to social and moral problems. It brings out the fact that God designed man for work, even in the garden of Eden; for it tells that "Jehovah God took the man, and put him in the garden of Eden to dress it and keep it." In toil is man to eat of the ground all the days of his life; and in the sweat of his face is he to eat his bread. Woman's lot correspondingly is in labor to bring forth children. This account recognizes the common earthly origin of both animals and man, formed from the ground; but to man alone belongs the prerogative of the breath of life from God: alike and yet not alike. The marriage relation finds here high sanction: it is not good that man should be alone; he needs a helpmeet. He must feel that she is bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; and therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, clan or tribe, and cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh.

We find here also a deep insight into man's moral and spiritual nature. When man is innocent, he is on familiar terms with God: he walks with him and talks with him; but he becomes conscious of sin and guilt, he is afraid and hides himself from the presence of God. Sin, we learn here, brings hardship, sorrow, and banishment from God. What has been called the *Protevangelium*, the first promise of salvation, is part of this account: "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." It speaks of perpetual antagonism and struggle, but it implies that the outcome of the conflict is to be a victory for man.

The Priestly account, on the other hand, has come from the circle of priests; and it views the history of creation from the point of view of religious institutions. When dealing with the luminaries, it is pointed out that their mission is to divide the day from the night; and that they are to be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years. The Hebrew word translated seasons means festal season or convocation, a time of reli-

gious assembly. It is used over a hundred times in the phrase "tent of meeting" for the word meeting; and in the Priestly portions of the Pentateuch it occurs only with that signification. It appears therefore that in the Priestly writer's mind the sun, moon, and stars were created for the purpose, among other things, to aid in the fixing of the festive seasons in the church calendar. As he looks upon them in the heavens, he recognizes that they have a joint mission with him to call the multitudes to the worship of God in the house of the Lord. This impression is confirmed by the arrangement of this account of the creation into the periods of six working days, followed by the seventh day of rest. "And there was evening and there was morning, the sixth day. And the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God finished his work which he had made. . . . And God blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it; because that in it he rested from all his work which God had created and made." This arrangement brings into highest relief the sanctity of the Sabbath day. Unlike the Deuteronomic reason for the observance of the Sabbath day, which bases it upon a humane motive: "that thy manservant and thy maidservant may rest as well as thou. And thou shalt remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and Jehovah thy God brought thee out thence by a mighty hand and by an outstretched arm: therefore Jehovah commanded thee to keep the sabbath day" (Deut. 5. 14, 15), the observance in the Priestly account is enforced by the very example of God himself. Even as God himself labored six days and rested on the seventh, so is the obligation of man to labor six days and keep the Sabbath day, adding thus to the humane motive a religious motive for the observance of a religious institution which has proved itself of inestimable value to mankind.

However striking the variety in the religious conceptions of the two accounts may be, more striking still are their fundamental agreements. Both of them, in the Jehovistic in a simple form and in the Priestly account in an exalted form, but in both of them, and in contrast with the crass and grotesque polytheistic notions of ancient times, and the materialistic or agnostic notions of modern times—both of them teach that the world was not self-originated, but came into existence at the will of a spiritual Being, prior to it, independent of it, and deliberately planning every stage of its progress. Both accounts set "God above the great complex world-process, and yet closely linked with it, as a *personal* intelligence and will that rules victoriously and without a rival." Or as the Scripture puts it: "By faith we understand that the worlds have been framed by the word of God, so that what is seen hath not been made out of things which appear"; that is, back of all visible things is an invisible Creator, the source of all things, and apprehended by faith.

Both accounts, in like manner, teach the dignity of man, in whom creation reaches its climax. Man is akin to God, "made in the image of God," possessing a moral nature, capable of improvement or deterioration by means of the exercise of a free will to choose between good and evil; being like God in the possession of self-conscious reason, the power to know moral and religious truth.

Finally, both accounts recognize a divine purpose in creation. God not only made the world but he made it with a purpose. This purpose gradually unfolds with each stage of the divine work. Its goal is man in the image and likeness of God, and next to God, possessing lordship over all. As the psalmist expresses it (Psa. 8. 5, 6):

"For thou hast made him but little lower than God,
And crownest him with glory and honor.
Thou makest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet."

This purpose of God, at first but dimly seen and apprehended, has become plain in the fullness of the times through the highest revelation of God to man in Jesus Christ; and in the recognition of this divine purpose, that we are "foreordained to be conformed to the image of his Son," is the meaning of what is otherwise the riddle of the universe.

It will appear therefore as the result of this but scanty consideration of the subject that it is possible to be just to the literary, historical, and scientific character of the biblical accounts of the creation, without the loss of its divinely inspired purpose "to be profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness: that the man of God may be complete, completely furnished unto every good work."

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THE HISTORICITY OF THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

IN an article on "The Ideal of Historical Writing and Israel's Relation to It," published in the METHODIST REVIEW for July-August, 1922 (vol. cv, pp. 643-653), Prof. Ed. König, of the University of Bonn, makes a vigorous plea for the historical value of the Old Testament. The prominence of the author in the field of Old Testament studies, as well as the importance of the subject treated by him, seem to make a discussion of his paper imperative. I could not attempt to treat the question of the historicity of the narrative sections of the Old Testament exhaustively in this article; I will merely present some criticisms to Professor König's argument, and defend some views entirely opposed to his own.

The fundamental vice of Doctor König's discussion is that he talks of Hebrew history as a unit, without taking into consideration differences of authorship, date, literary style, religious ideas, quality of sources, and trustworthiness. Let us admit that no single conclusion of historical criticism of the Old Testament *on points of detail* should be accepted as final; the one result of this investigation that no scholar can afford to neglect is that the Old Testament cannot be treated as a homogeneous whole, being the survival of the literature of a nation during one millennium. The difference between the earliest and the latest sections of the Old Testament is just as great as that between Beowulf and Tennyson, which are also separated by a millennium. Long ago it was noticed that the revelation of God to Israel was not static but progressive.

Let me illustrate this lack of perspective, in the answers given by

König to these three objections to the veracity of Hebrew history: "The priests wrote most of the Bible"; the historical books of the Old Testament are expositions of a "philosophy of history"; "they were written long after the events related in them and were constructed of quite unreliable material" (p. 643f.). Professor König is obliged to beat around the bush or to put unwarranted implications in the mouth of his opponents, because, treating the Old Testament as a solid block, he cannot see that these objections are true only for some sections of the Bible while demonstrably false elsewhere. The old source of the book of Samuel (for example, 2 Sam. 9-20) is not written by a Jewish priest; it contains no philosophy of history and is practically contemporaneous. On the contrary, the book of Chronicles was written by a priest whose chief interest was the Levitical temple worship; it embodies a philosophy of history and, where it does not reproduce the older books, its material is unreliable. The present book of Judges not only upholds a philosophy of history, but its author has taken the pains of writing it down black on white (Judg. 2. 11-23) for the benefit of the reader who should fail to see that the aim of the book was not merely to relate past events, but to teach Israel the lesson that God punishes the national sins but is ready to forgive and save his people when it truly repents. Some narrative sections of the Old Testament are pure fiction, containing nothing historical beyond the proper names and being composed centuries after the events narrated: Gen. 14, 1 Chron. 17, and Ezra 6, which I consciously choose at random, are not history but historical romance.

After these preliminary considerations Professor König proceeds to compare the Old Testament histories with contemporary historical literature and with our own ideal of history writing.

I. No one, to my knowledge, has attempted to disprove the verdict of Prof. Ed. Meyer on the best historical sections of the Old Testament (the old source of the book of Samuel and the oldest sections of Judges): "It is a most remarkable thing that a historical literature of this kind was possible at that time. It stands far above everything else that we know anything about in the field of ancient Oriental writing, far above the dry official annals of the Babylonians and Assyrians, far above the romances of the Egyptian literature. It is actually genuine historical writing." One wonders why König takes such pains to prove this indubitable statement; it looks like carrying coals to Newcastle. Needless to say that if he should tacitly refer this judgment to *all* historical sections of the Old Testament he could hope for no approval on the part of most Old Testament scholars.

II. To judge the historical books of Israel by their relation to the ideal, König discusses "the various criticisms that . . . are passed upon the Israelitic historical books by the great majority of the more recent historians."

1. It is said that the books are late products. The Pentateuch, according to the Graf-Wellhausen theory, is composed of sources (J, E, D, P) dating not earlier than the 9th (J) and 8th (E) centuries. The mere fact of late composition does not *a priori* mark them as unhistorical. The

J and E source incorporate oral traditions; the material of J is partly mythical (the deluge story, demonstrably of Babylonian origin; the Garden of Eden, the tower of Babel, etc.), partly legendary (stories of the patriarchs), and partly historical (some of the stories about Moses). Abraham, like the founders of some ancient nations (Romulus, Cadmus, Ninus, etc.), belongs to the limelight of origins which precedes history. Just as the history of Rome can no longer go back to the time when the she-wolf nursed the two twins, so the history of Israel cannot reach up to the period preceding Moses; in spite of the protest of Professor König, we must admit, with Weinheimer, that "darkness reigns" over that time. Professor König thinks he can establish the credibility of the account of the life of Abraham. Even if it should have been transmitted orally, he claims, this account could have come down through the generations in unadulterated form (in fact, did not "the people of Israel distinguish clearly a pre-Mosaic period of their past history"?). But König thinks he can prove that the patriarchal stories were written down before the time of Moses; the evidence adduced is: (1) Writing was used in everyday life in the time of Abraham, so that he must have known the cuneiforms when he left Ur of the Chaldees. (2) Israel "possessed a vital interest in keeping alive its memories of the past": trees were planted and stones heaped up, according to Genesis, as memorials of the past (note that these are all *unwritten* monuments); Israel "had a keen eye" for changes in the course of history and noted them; two of their earliest writings are mentioned in the oldest sources. On the basis of the fact that the Babylonians could write before the time of Abraham and that Israel was interested in past history we are asked to believe that before entering Canaan the Israelites had a detailed written family record (in cuneiforms?) of Abraham and his family. This conclusion is unwarranted by the evidence produced and rendered highly improbable by established facts. The arguments of König simply make it *possible* that the Israelites should have kept family records before Moses in cuneiform script; but the very fact that all the memorials quoted by König are unwritten, that there is no clear allusion to writing prior to the time of Moses, that the two ancient books: "The Book of the Wars of Yahveh" and "The Book of the Upright,"[1] so far as we know, contained only material subsequent to the settlement in Canaan, makes that assumption highly improbable. The supposition that during the bondage in Egypt the Jews kept on writing their records in cuneiforms, if not absurd, is at least purely gratuitous. As a matter of fact no one knows what language the Hebrews spoke when they entered Canaan, and all we know of the time makes us believe that they did not know the art of writing. Hebrew is "the language of Canaan" (Isa. 19. 18), spoken there before the time of Moses, as we know from the Hebrew glosses in the Tell-el-Amarna letters, written about 1400 B. C. The Israelites adopted the civilization of the Canaanites and the Hebrew language after their settlement in Palestine.

[1] "The Book of the Upright" (Josh. 10. 13; 2 Sam. 1. 18) should be called, in all probability, "The Book of Poetry" (sh-j-r instead of j-sh-r), for it is quoted with this latter more appropriate title in the Greek (LXX) text of 1 Kings 8. 53 (cf. *Zeitschr. Alttestam. Wissensch.* 23, 121).

Not satisfied with this effort to span the gulf between the time of Abraham and the composition of our sources of the Pentateuch by postulating a chain of written records up to the days of the patriarchs, Professor König now attempts to push back of several centuries the date of the old sources: "My own investigations have convinced me that one of these main works (the Elohist) was composed in the latter part of the period of the Judges, and the other (the Jahvist) in the Davidic-Solomonic period." This date of the Jahvist is not impossible; in fact it would be correct if we could be sure that its author also wrote the old sections of Samuel (2 Sam. 9-20, etc.). The date proposed for the Elohist on the contrary is so improbable that only the strongest evidence could cause its acceptance; König's proofs are, unfortunately, entirely irrelevant: First: If "the preference for the expression ha-elohim in the designation of God . . . dates from a time when 'E' . . . was used in the formation of proper names," then Gen. 1 and the rest of the priestly document (P) should be dated in the 11th century B. C. Second: E "quotes both indirectly . . . and directly . . . many older sources." All we can infer from this is that E dates from the period when these sources were in circulation, that is, roughly, from the time of David to the Exile. Why these quotations should prove that E was written *before* these sources ever existed, so far as we know, I am unable to understand.

2. "The next vote of censure . . . is to the effect that the two main documents [J E] . . . are sources only for the time when they originated." I agree with König that there are some archaic elements in the description of the religion of the patriarchs. It should be noted, however, that the stories of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were originally Palestinian and not Israelitic. "It is highly probable," writes Professor Peritz (*Old Testament History*, p. 51), "that the stories were originally transmitted from mouth to mouth and retold from generation to generation in public gatherings in the very places associated with their history, as Bethel, Shechem, Hebron, or Beersheba, seats of ancient sanctuaries." Since, for instance, Bethel was a sacred spot long before Moses and since the story of Gen. 28 explains its origin (cf. v. 19), it is clear that the Israelites heard the story *after* their settlement in Canaan and that, if the story is older, it teaches us the old religious ideas not of the Israelites but of the Canaanites.

3. It is not necessary to go into further details concerning the other three objections refuted by König (the historical books of the Old Testament are said to be "harmonistic"; they are said to paint their pictures "on a background of gold," and to reveal a lack of interest for the surrounding world). It is not difficult to find sections to which these objections could be applied, but the oldest sources are unmarred by these defects.

In concluding, I readily admit that 2 Sam. 9-20 is unsurpassed throughout the ages for literary beauty, objectivity, psychological insight, trustworthiness; that, being written in the reign of Solomon, it is the first instance of historical writing, and that to its unknown author, rather than to Herodotus, belongs the title of "father of history"; but, if Professor

König asks me to extend this praise to all the narrative material of the Old Testament, I am unable to follow him and I must beg to differ.

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FOREIGN OUTLOOK

WILHELM HERRMANN

AMONG the disciples of Albrecht Ritschl two attained to an eminence above the rest. One of the two is Adolf Harnack, the most famous church historian of our time, who celebrated his seventieth birthday May 7, 1921. The other was Wilhelm Herrmann, who died at Marburg January 2, 1922, at the age of seventy-five.

Herrmann studied theology at Halle, where he was for some time the amanuensis of Tholuck and where, in 1874, he became privatdocent. While deeply influenced in his personal religious life by Tholuck and Müller, the two preeminent theologians at Halle in that day, Herrmann was not satisfied with their rather vague mediating theology. Theologically it was Ritschl that gripped him. And it is a noteworthy fact that Ritschl gained this influence over Herrmann not through any personal intercourse, but solely through his writings. Herrmann had become an enthusiastic disciple before ever he met the master in person. But the case was the same, it may be remarked, with most of the leading adherents of the school of Ritschl, Harnack, Kaftan, Haering, Reischle, and others were won to the theological principles of the great Göttingen theologian without having heard him in his lecture room. A letter from Herrmann to Ritschl in 1875 was for the latter the first intimation that a school was beginning to form itself about him. The theological public was made aware of the movement through Herrmann's little book, *Die Metaphysik in der Theologie*, published in 1876.

In 1879 Herrmann became professor of systematic theology at Marburg. From the beginning he was recognized as the leading personality in the faculty. He, more than any other, gave it international fame. He was a scholar of rare attainments, and yet when the name of Herrmann is mentioned, it is not learning that one thinks of. When Herrmann is named, one thinks of a glowing spirit, of a mind of great freedom and originality, and of a faith intense, sure, and joyous. His writings offer no unusual wealth of mere information. What impresses the reader is something far better than that. It is the keenness of thought, the breadth of vision, and the force of a very marked personality. His extraordinary impressiveness as a theological thinker was due in no small part to his concentration of emphasis upon the few great essentials of religion. In all his discussions one felt that his purpose was always to put only vital matters in the foreground. He represented in an ideal way the union of intellectual freedom and religious certainty. And withal he possessed the faculty of gripping the mind and heart of hearer and reader. In his lecture room each individual hearer felt himself to be personally addressed.

Herrmann was an inspiring and skillful lecturer. Though physically

not robust, he was erect in figure and easy in his movements and bearing. His face was very expressive. His ample forehead was especially full just above the brows. The eyes were large and their look was calm and searching. His delivery was always warm, sometimes impassioned, and yet he always practiced due self-restraint. His utterance was very distinct and was never too swift to be impressive. He lectured standing, seldom so much as glancing at his manuscript that lay spread before him.

Herrmann's first work of ample scope was *Die Religion im Verhältnis zum Welt erkennen und zur Sittlichkeit* (1879). But it was his *Der Verkehr des Christen mit Gott* (The Communion of the Christian with God) that first brought him universal recognition. It was first published in 1886 and is about to appear in its seventh edition. Its English version deserves to be even more influential than it has been. In 1901 appeared the *Ethik;* its sixth edition is on the way. An admirable criticism of Catholic morality is found in *Katholische und Evangelische Sittlichkeit*, known to English readers as the larger part of the book entitled *Faith and Morals.* A very characteristic example of Herrmann's thinking and of his controversial style is his *Die Gewissheit des Glaubens und die Freheit der Theologie* (The Certainty of Faith and the Freedom of Theology). Another weighty discussion is given in the booklet: *Die sittlichen Weisungen Jesu* (The Moral Precepts of Jesus), third edition, 1921.

Herrmann's religious and theological interest centered in the historical person of Jesus Christ. The earthly life of Jesus he held to be the ground of faith. It is the overmastering impression of the "inner life" of Jesus, of his sublime certainty of God, that makes it possible for us to be sure of the reality of God and of his love. Herrmann emphasized this limitation to Jesus' earthly life. The triumph of that life in his resurrection from the dead was, for Herrmann, a "*glaubensgedanke*," a persuasion that issues from the faith that the earthly life of Jesus has already awakened and grounded. Thus Herrmann made a distinction between the ground of faith and the content of faith.

Not unnaturally this restriction of the ground of faith called forth no little contradiction. By far the weightiest criticism of Herrmann's position was that of Kähler in his *Der sogenannte historische Jesus und der geschichtliche, biblische Christus.* Kähler maintained that it is and ever has been the testimony of believers to "the whole biblical Christ"—to the Christ who lived, died, and rose again—that awakens faith. In the friendly controversy which Kähler's pamphlet provoked, several Ritschlians (for example, Haering and Kirn) sided with Kähler in his insistence upon the thesis that the resurrection of Jesus is an inseparable element of the ground of faith. Haering (in conversation) briefly stated his view thus: "You cannot preach the mere 'inner life' of Jesus!"

But in spite of certain questionable features of his theology, Herrmann's influence has been, on the whole, highly beneficial. He was so able and so fervent in contending for his Christocentric principle that many men inclined to an ultra-modern religion have been helped to an essentially evangelical faith. On the other hand, this powerful insistence upon the necessity of complete freedom in relation to all problems of historical

criticism has helped many conservatives to a simpler and purer faith. He would have been glad, if it might have been so, to devote his powers solely to the positive task of setting forth the riches that are revealed in Jesus Christ. "If I could preach," wrote Herrmann in his *Communion of the Christian with God*, "like F. W. Robertson or H. Hoffmann, I should make haste to give to the Christian community the best that can be given to it and should cease to be an academic theologian." But there is a second service which the church requires. It is the task of criticism. This is a humbler task than the other, yet it is indispensable. Religious thought needs to be purged of all foreign matter; faith must not be suffered to repose upon false grounds. And Herrmann found so much in the thought and life of the church that seemed to him essentially foreign to the gospel, that he felt himself called to do all that he could to purge it away. Hence much of his work assumed a polemical form. And sometimes he was very severe in his criticisms. Yet no one who really knew Herrmann doubted that he was animated solely by a zeal for the truth. In controversy he showed no partisanship. Though himself classed as of the liberals, he would, upon occasion, combat a liberal as frankly and vigorously as he would a conservative. Indeed, some of his most unsparing strictures have been directed against some of the positions and tendencies of "modern" theology. On the other hand, "positive" theologians, like Kähler and Ihmels, have received from him much cordial praise. Some of his criticisms, however, have seemed even to his admirers to be unjust. Frank and Luthardt, for example, fared ill at his hands.

That Herrmann dispensed blame and praise without regard to theological parties is perfectly consistent with his standpoint. The popular distinction between "conservative" and "liberal" seemed to him stupid and meaningless, because it disregarded the main issue respecting the Christian faith. Criticism can neither establish nor undermine the real faith that Jesus brings; for this comes in an overmastering way through contact with the fact of the historical Christ. Therefore Herrmann was never disturbed by historical criticism, no matter how radical it might be. The only liberalism that he contended against was the dogmatic liberalism that did not hold fast to the historic Christ. And his strictures upon conservative theologians had to do, not with the details of the orthodox system, but with what he judged to be remnants of the Catholic tendency to exalt mere tradition or to acknowledge an external authority in dogma. And so, in spite of his sharp polemics, he came to be very highly esteemed by theologians both on the right and on the left. Probably no man of his time did more than he to overcome the merely formal and superficial distinction between "positive" and "liberal" theology. And yet no man saw more clearly than he that there are radical and vital differences in theology. Wherever such differences seemed to him to exist, he would have been the last man to disregard them.

Herrmann's relation to Ritschl was that of an independent thinker's free espousal of like principles. Herrmann was in fact a very original thinker, and he either modified or developed the principles of Ritschl in a significant manner. On the whole he was more biblical in his stand-

point than Ritschl. The same is true respecting Kaftan and Haering, the other two of the three leading Ritschlian dogmaticians.

There is no longer a Ritschlian school. The divergences among the older Ritschlians have been sufficient to dissolve the former sense of a unity of aim and method. Different types of Ritschlian theology have been established. Of these types, that of Herrmann, in spite of some unfortunate limitations, is the most significant, while the more circumspect and broadly sympathetic theology of Haering has met with the least adverse criticism. The Ritschlians of the younger generation are really, for the most part, no longer Ritschlians. They have, with few exceptions, either gone the way of the "history-of-religion school" (Troeltsch and others) or else, like Wobbermin and Otto, have struck out more individual paths. Something like a genuine Ritchlian tradition is represented by a few of the pupils of Kaftan and Herrmann. Mention may be made of Horst Stephan, an ardent disciple of Herrmann's, who has become the successor of Kattenbusch in Halle.

It is unnecessary here to review the points at which the theology of Herrmann seems vulnerable. His Kantian theory of knowledge as applied to religion, his marked antagonism to mysticism, his peculiar thesis respecting the historical Jesus—these and other questionable features of his theology should not hinder our appreciation of the lasting merits of his work. The genuine fruits of his labor will abide, the rest will fall away.

J. R. Van Pelt.

BOOK NOTICES

The Beginnings of Christianity. Part I. The Acts of the Apostles. Edited by F. J. Foakes Jackson, D.D., and Kirsopp Lake, D.D. Volume II, Prolegomena. II. Criticism. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $7.

The first volume of Prolegomena, which appeared in 1920, encountered a storm of protest on account of its negative Christology. The vulnerable section was Part III on "Primitive Christianity." In the attempt to reconstruct the Christian background, the editors reached conclusions which reduced the sublime figure of Jesus Christ to commonplace proportions and dethroned him from his central position in the faith and experience of the church. The purpose was rather "to state problems than to advocate theories," yet "the unqualified statement given to their own opinions" exposed the editors to the charge of historical inconsistency, because they met the problems in question without regard to the entire historical context. This volume occasioned the subject, "Christ and the Creeds," discussed at the Girton Conference, Cambridge, England, and the able addresses were published soon after in The Modern Churchman for September, 1921. This number recalls The Hibbert Journal Supplement, 1909, on "Jesus or Christ?" which contained essays representing "the largest variety of opinion" on this question. The contributors to the earlier volume belonged to different churches, while the speakers at the Girton

Conference were almost entirely Anglicans of the Liberal School. A comparison, however, reveals the encouraging fact that the progress of thought made during the twelve years has been toward the confirmation of faith in the Risen and Living Lord, the only Redeemer of mankind. This is further indorsed by a number of books published in this period, which were reviewed in these pages as they appeared.

The almost exclusive attention given to the third part of the first volume was necessary in the interest of the Faith. The two earlier parts should, however, not be overlooked, for they throw much light on the Jewish and Gentile environment of the early church. "The Spirit of Judaism," by Dr. Montefiore, is sympathetic and discerning, free from the studied restraint of certain Jewish writers in their references to Jesus. The editors, in "Varieties of Thought and Practice in Judaism," write on the Jewish sects and parties in the first century and give a clear setting to the ministry of John the Baptist. Another essay by them on "The Dispersion" does justice to the work of the Jews in foreign lands, which providentially prepared the way for the Christian missionaries. The essays on "The Roman Provincial System" by Professor Duckworth of Trinity College, Toronto, and on "Life in the Roman Empire" by Professor Clifford H. Moore of Harvard, furnish invaluable information on conditions that affected the new religion, which was destined to conquer the Roman world. There is also much of value in the four appendices.

The importance of Acts in opening doors into the difficult places of New Testament history cannot be too greatly emphasized. This fact is brought out more fully in the second volume, which is devoted to questions of historical criticism. The editors discuss the principles of historical writing in the preface and point out that the virtues of "accuracy, firmness of judgment, and impartiality" are not always found in historians; that "the true historic instinct manifests itself in the power to recognize what is important and interesting and to reject the trivial"; that the historian is not only an artist but a critic who scientifically sifts evidence; that "those who write history almost invariably set about their task to prove something which they have at heart." Pragmatic history, intended to point a moral or adorn a tale, should, however, not be disparaged, for such is largely the character of Old Testament history as also of the book of Acts. Reference might be made to *History, Its Theory and Practice*, by Benedetto Croce, which every preacher should carefully study.

There are no independent writings with which to check up Acts, except the Epistles of Paul. We must therefore depend on internal evidence. Part I is on "The Composition and Purpose of Acts." The first essay on "The Greek and Jewish Tradition of Writing History" shows their differing characteristics and declares that, like Josephus, though to a larger extent, the author of Acts combined both methods. The sidelight on Old Testament history is instructive. The examination of the use of the Greek language in Acts, with special reference to the Septuagint, is next taken up by Professor Zwaan, who also discusses Luke's use of medical language. This latter subject is frequently referred to by other writers, more fully in the essay on "Subsidiary Points." The prevailing opinion,

according to these essayists, is that, "the whole of the contention as to the medical language of Luke is an immense fallacy. Neither Harnack nor Hobart sufficiently considered the use of the phrases which they call 'medical.' The fact that a word is found in a medical book proves nothing as to the profession of another writer who uses it, if it be also used elsewhere" (p. 355). Such a radical overturning of the tradition of Luke "the beloved physician" should not be readily accepted. Further investigation is necessary here, as elsewhere. The interested student should read the evidence in the chapter on "The Use of Medical Terms in Luke" in Prof. A. T. Robertson's *Luke the Historian in the Light of Research.*

"The Greek of Acts is essentially living; it combines conflicting elements into a real unity." So writes Professor de Zwaan, who holds that Luke is the most Greek of the New Testament writers and who is "inclined to revolt slightly from the extreme view of Deissmann and Moulton, who minimize the Semitic or biblical or Jewish element in the New Testament and ascribe such phenomena to the vernacular Greek of the time" (p. 37). A similar note is uttered by Mr. Clarke in his paper on "The Use of the Septuagint in Acts"—a most careful and exhaustive analysis, reaching the conclusion that "the non-LXX peculiar Lucan words which Luke has in common with Josephus are brought down to about one hundred." A distinction must be made between speeches and narrative. While the extreme latitude of ancient historians like Thucydides was not used by Luke, it must nevertheless be acknowledged that he was an artist, not reporting speeches verbatim but giving their substance, which was a faithful transcript of the originals. This also is the contention of Professor Burkitt, who argues that while Luke used Mark, his own gospel is a fresh historical work, written in his incomparable style. On this subject, read further Professor Gardner's paper on "The Speeches of Saint Paul in Acts" in *Cambridge Biblical Essays*, edited by Swete (p. 379ff.).

Professor Torrey's argument, that Acts I-XV was a translation by the author of the "we" sections of an Aramaic document written by a Christian of Jerusalem, is discussed *pro* and *con*. The editors hesitatingly favor the extensive use of sources in the earlier part of Acts, but more evidence is necessary before securing conviction. The purpose of Luke was not merely to narrate events but to impart religious instruction, and to defend the church against the suspicions of the official world, by substantiating its claim to be the true Israel and consequently that its worship was lawful in the Roman Empire. This is evident from the Preface of the Gospel, on which Professor Cadbury contributes an excellent commentary in Appendix C. The radical criticism which regards the preface as the mutilation of a redactor must be repudiated.

The second part on "The Identity of the Editor of Luke and Acts" opens with an able essay by Professor Cadbury on "The Tradition." He gives extensive quotations in the original and in translation from early patristic literature and also refers to the later tradition in favor of the authorship of Luke. He makes a good point that a writer may often deduce the authorship of a book from internal evidence without having the

authority of tradition. "The Case for the Tradition" is well put by Mr. Emmet. The crux of the problem is the identification of Paul's visit mentioned in Galatians 2 with the "famine visit" of Acts 11 and the visit of Acts 15. Some scholars regard the two accounts in Acts as referring to the same visit, others distinguish them and hold that the reference in Galatians is to the visit in Acts 15 (cf. *Peake's Commentary*, p. 789). Although Acts is independent of the Pauline Epistles, they are mutually confirmatory, even when complete agreement is not found and could hardly be expected. And yet, "there is nothing in Acts which is unworthy of the Paul of the Epistles" (p. 297). "The Case Against the Tradition" is argued by Professor Windsch at considerable length. His denial of the Lucan authorship of the Gospel and of Acts does not carry conviction; and, besides, it involves greater difficulties than the acceptance of the traditional conclusion as to the historicity and genuineness of both these writings, maintained by Professors William M. Ramsay and Harnack, and an increasing number of scholars, evidence of which is furnished in this volume. Until more definite data could be secured, the early date of Acts and its authorship by Luke must stand.

The third part on the history of criticism is divided into two sections. President McGiffert with his wonted learning traces the development of German criticism and incidentally refers to scholars in other Continental countries. He stops with Harnack and makes no mention of the radical contributions of Norden. The British work is reviewed by Dean Hunkin of Caius College, Cambridge. A few American scholars are frequently quoted, so that the title of this section is somewhat misleading. A more compact essay might have been written, giving the course of scholarly research, without reference to country, and indicating the general lines of development. The two appendices on Saint Francis of Assisi and Margaret Catchpole are tiresomely irrelevant; if these illustrations had to be discussed, greater economy of space should have been observed. The book is of unequal merit, but the learning, candor, caution, and suggestiveness are praiseworthy. Indeed, both volumes must be reckoned with in the more extensive and intensive study of the Apostolic Age and its bearing on the church of later times, including our own day.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

The Reasonableness of the Christian Faith. By DAVID S. CAIRNS. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Price, $1.75.

Creative Christianity. A Study of the Genius of the Christian Faith. By GEORGE CROSS. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.50.

The Creative Christ. A Study of the Incarnation in Terms of Modern Thought. By EDWARD S. DROWN. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.25.

The Fundamentals of Christianity. A Study of the Teaching of Jesus and Paul. By HENRY C. VEDDER. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $2.

Fundamentals of Faith in the Light of Modern Thought. By HORACE BLAKE WILLIAMS. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, $1.25.

Essays in Christian Thinking. By A. T. CADOUX. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.60.

Reconciliation and Reality. By W. FEARON HALLIDAY. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $2.

The Open Light. An Enquiry into Faith and Reality. By NATHANIEL MICKLEM. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $2.

Christianity, Its Nature and Its Truth. By ARTHUR S. PEAKE. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $2.50.

Creative Christianity. Addresses. By H. WACE, Dean of Canterbury, and thirteen others. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.50.

IT is a good thing occasionally to take stock and find out what are our assets and liabilities. The question mark has been placed against Christianity as though it has failed. Let us inquire whether those who have reached this verdict have really gone into it thoroughly or whether they are retailing second-hand opinions. The word "creative" has become popular of late and several books use it in their titles. Are they using a new word to express an old thing or have they discovered something vital which justifies such a strong term? Dr. Wingfield-Stratford, in his thought-provoking volume *Facing Reality* (Doran), remarks that "our judgment, our vision are distorted by passion positively by our desire to see things as we would have them, negatively by our distaste for taking more mental trouble than we can help." "The secret of life is nothing but the just apprehension of reality." He points out that many modern cults plunge their votaries into elaborate artificiality and substitute one insincerity for another. Surely the time has come to find out what Christianity is and whether it has reality.

These books give the desired answer but only a brief estimate of each is possible. Professor Cairns' volume is now in its third edition and this is not surprising because it is a most satisfying discussion. Very convincing is his argument that the Christian revelation gives the only reasonable solution of the problem of evil. He places faith on a rational basis and shows that the finality of Christianity is due to its definite enunciation of the absolute Christlikeness of Almighty God. Nowhere is there a better answer to the two questions, What think ye of Christ? and, How should conduct be patterned?

There could be no vital Christianity without the historical Christ. It is moreover a puerile makeshift without the acceptance of a full Christ. When the pragmatic test is applied, it is seen that the genius of Christianity is discovered through a study of the lives of Christians, which gives evidence of the way Jesus created faith in him, and secured an attitude of love and loyalty toward him. Although he wrote nothing, the impression he stamped on his disciples is the most indelible of all writings. Christianity then is to be found not in the creeds or dogmas of the church but in the persuasive apologetic of Christian living. In a previous book, *What*

is Christianity? Professor Cross reviewed the various types of Christian life, and concluded that Christianity really exists nowhere but in Christians. This arresting thought is fully developed in *Creative Christianity*, which rightly exalts the Perfect Personality of our Lord, and places the responsibility on Christians, so to express their allegiance to the Crucified and Risen Christ, in order that the Christianity of to-day might be richer than that of any yesterday. The familiar argument from Christian experience (after all the fundamental argument) here receives an original interpretation. The volume will quicken faith and strengthen devotion to Christ and his cause.

The point well made by Dr. Cross receives additional emphasis in Professor Drown's volume on *The Creative Christ*. To be sure, he is always the same, but each age apprehends him differently, always to find in the Incarnate Christ the surpassingly rich revelation of the God of love and the gratifying realization of life's sublimest purposes. We should reckon with previous interpretations, not to be bound by them, but to be helped by their vital testimony to make Christ real for ourselves, "in the terms of our own thinking, in accordance with the ideals of our own time." The book is a wholesome contribution to the understanding of what is essential in Christianity.

This cannot be said of Dr. Vedder's volume on *The Fundamentals of Christianity*. His contrast of Jesus and Paul, to the disadvantage of the latter, will hardly meet with the approval of those who have justly regarded the apostle's gospel as in essence a faithful reading of the mind of the Master. It is amazing to read that "orthodoxy appreciates neither sin nor virtue;" that "modern revivals are a recrudescence of primitive religious orgies;" that the disciples misinterpreted the apocalyptic discourse of Jesus; that mysticism encourages an egoistic, exclusive and Pharisaic type of religion. When Dr. Vedder writes that the ethics of Jesus was social but that of Paul individualistic, he overlooks the practical precepts in the apostle's letters to his churches. The intolerance of one wing of the liberal school has here found a spokesman; but if this is all it has to offer, we emphatically repudiate it as a perversion of the Christianity of the New Testament.

Far more satisfactory than this jaundiced conception is *Fundamentals of Faith* by Dr. Williams. When Modernists and Fundamentalists are noisily advocating their views with an excess of vehemence that provokes rather than persuades, it is refreshing to read a book which expresses convictions with the quiet courage of a rational faith. The influence of Professor Bowne is seen in these chapters. It would be well if all our preachers made a close study of all Bowne's writings. Ultimate reality is personal, and truth is not something external but a manifestation in life, as our great philosopher has repeatedly said. Herein lies the supreme significance of Jesus, who meets the demand of religion, not by the offer of propositions but by the revelation of the God of love and the love of God. In him we have a final answer to the problems of evil and of freedom, and through him, the Risen Lord, we attain the perfection of character and achieve the triumph of life over death. This is the message that has

always helped. Its modern setting in the present book shows how the same results could be repeated.

Bishop Hughes in his introduction to Dr. Williams' volume makes a timely statement. "Few of us have ever found several hundred pages of writing with every detail of which our own personal views would correspond." Dr. Cadoux in *Essays in Christian Thinking* attempts to reconcile Christian faith with modern science, but at times he goes a little too far in surrendering or rather modifying accepted conclusions. We disagree when he stresses the thought of the self-limitation of God to mean that God was limited in his knowledge of the future. The divine predetermination and foreknowledge are ethical and spiritual, and to imply that if God had no limits he could not suffer is to forget that the sufferings of one who presses, as of a parent, are keener than of the youth who is taken by surprise. We still prefer to share Paul's belief in the unlimited nature of God, which is not merely a doctrine of rabbinical theology but one that is fully substantiated by the happenings of our own day. The controversy between Jesus and the Jews, reaching its crisis in the prophetic cleansing of the Temple and its climax in the Crucifixion, is elaborately discussed. It is an academic speculation that the agony of Jesus was of disappointment over his failure to stem the tide of Jewish apostasy. The sequel has, however, demonstrated that through his death and resurrection there has come redemption to the world in a far more complete sense, as Dr. Cadoux himself acknowledges. The somewhat stilted style and the academic mannerisms make this a difficult book to read, but he who goes through it with the patience of an alert mind will be rewarded. The mental stimulus from disagreement and criticism is not the least of the benefits from this book of searching and sincere thinking.

What is popular may not always be true. In our survey of books on Christianity, we must not overlook *Reconciliation and Reality* by Halliday. He contemplates the heart of the gospel with unusual acumen and intense spiritual insight. Few books on the Atonement penetrate the depths of sin and reach the heights of salvation and forgiveness, with such direct reference to the moral order and the moral law, and the truths of the divine personality and providence. The thrilling experience mediated through the Cross here finds a rational explanation, which enables us to glory in the Crucified with all the passionate exaltation of the fathers, to realize the new nature in Jesus Christ with abounding joy, and to fulfill our responsibility to the religious, social, and political life in our midst. "We never understand the Cross unless it is the speech through which the Lord himself comes to us as he is. His finished work is his perfect and desiring heart, perfectly revealed, present to us, and understood; and when we see him, we awake to the inevitable victory of God, who possesses us selflessly." Read this book for your spiritual good and your pulpit enrichment.

The problem of evil and the victory of good are considered in their philosophical and practical bearings by Professor Micklem in *The Open Light*. "The truth is to be found not in abstract speculation but in life." *Via lucis, via crucis*. He who follows this way, as suggested in this

volume, will be convinced of the efficacy of Christianity. Specially good are the chapters on "Meanings" and "Destiny"; but the whole book is an excellent illustration of the modern approach to Christianity.

A more systematic discussion, with distinctly apologetic values and a firm grasp on the eternal truths of the gospel, is *Christianity Its Nature and Its Truth*, by Professor Peake, whose name is a guarantee of excellence in scholarship, lucid thought, constructive exposition. "The Christian ethic and the Christian experience are based on history, in which the divine energy that ever operates in human life acts not simply with unparalleled intensity, but in a wholly new way." What this way is receives attention in sixteen chapters. This book has gone through ten editions in England. We are confident that it will be equally popular in America. The preacher who is thinking of a series of sermons for the winter will find this book most helpful.

In spite of the disclaimer in the preface, several of the addresses in the volume *Creative Christianity* consist of protests against what the speakers claim to be erroneous teaching. When one of them declares, "Two books of the Bible, and perhaps two supremely, have been the objects of Satan's bitterest attacks—Genesis and Revelation"; and then proceeds to criticize some of the most saintly and scholarly leaders of the church with dogmatic vehemence, he shows an inexcusable discourtesy. The days of bitter invective in religious controversy must surely cease, and to revive the methods of the Inquisition, when our minds and hearts are sorely perplexed, is to render a disservice to Christianity. Others of the addresses show the genuine flavor, but it is most unfortunate that even one address or even a single sentence of abuse should have been permitted to appear in print.

Christianity and Progress. By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.50.

THE argument of this book is convincing. Facts are placed in their historical context, theories are judged in relation to realities, and conclusions are drawn after an impartial survey of the relevant considerations. The word progress is by no means an *open sesame* nor is it a *cul de sac*. Those who declare for progress may be as obscurantist as those who deny it. On no subject is it more necessary to heed Dr. Johnson's advice: "Clear your mind of cant." The cant in this case is the confused thought which mistakes phrases for processes, and places an embargo on free thinking, so necessary for a clear understanding of the central issues.

The course of history has been cataclysmic and constructive. When the church faced a crisis with the conscious ability of spiritual direction and when her representatives showed both candor and conviction, the outcome was invariably one of healthy religious and moral advance. On the other hand, when the church yielded to the adroit ways of compromise, she unwittingly belittled the magisterial demands of Truth, to find herself in wandering mazes lost. How to avoid the latter course

which leads to an *impasse*, and how to follow the former, which brings us to the places of refreshment, is the purpose of these Cole Lectures delivered before Vanderbilt University.

Dr. Fosdick has got the root of the matter. Those who wish to get his standpoint should turn first to the third lecture on "The Gospel and Social Progress." It makes a fervent plea for the spiritual transformation of life as the indispensable condition of social changes. Then turn to the fifth lecture on "The Perils of Progress" for a searching study of sin and of redemption through Christ. His warning is none too strong against superficial optimism, which breeds self-complacency, against reliance on social palliatives instead of radical cures, against a flippant irreverence for the past tested by material rather than spiritual standards. It is hard to find a better exposition of the distinctive factors of Christian democracy, of the limitations of mere nationalism, and of the peerless leadership of Jesus Christ, "the central productive source of power in Christianity."

From this definite standpoint, which is essentially that of evangelical Christianity, the argument of the other lectures could be followed with confidence. It is a series of demonstrations that the future of the world's redemption lies not with a static Christianity but with one that is spiritually dynamic. This is so because of its insistence on an intensely personal experience of God in Christ, after the manner of the early Christians. They did not idealize changelessness nor indulge in fatalistic resignation nor require the uncritical repetition of shibboleths. They had the forward look, and, because of their faith in the Holy Spirit, they were justifiably confident that, "the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of his Holy Word," to quote the classic sentence of Pastor John Robinson. The privilege of these pioneers of the Apostolic Church was not a monopoly, nor has it been withheld from their successors, although it has not always been used. So much the worse for the negligent.

Our duty is not to go back to the early days but to go forward from them, in the name of the God of life, the Christ of love and the Holy Spirit of light. Thus shall we be furnished with motives adequate to our world service, and stay not our hand until the gospel shall permeate all life and all of life. Preachers will find in this volume a reassuring message and to the laity it has an urgent appeal of no less value.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

Life and History. By LYNN HAROLD HOUGH. New York: George H. Doran Company.

SOMEWHAT inaccurately does the above title describe the feeling the reader will have toward the writer of *Life and History*, for Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, its author, has gone carefully below the surface and is asking only a few questions about life; but these questions are so large that it takes the remainder of a great book to thoroughly answer them.

Our author believes that if the tree of life has not its roots in the deep, cooling, and renewing subsoil of truth, ere the winds of adver-

sity blow or the sun of evil shine after a sweltering fashion, this tree cannot but wither and die. His major thesis thus comes to be: "The man of learning is the man who knows the past." He seems to indicate that the reason some of our contemporaneous enterprises do not bring forth fruit is because they have lost their sense of proportion, and frequently being utterly void of sympathy for any historical continuity, draw doubt and suspicion upon themselves to their own undoing. Men are unafraid of progress; but they have an inborn dread of any forward marching which results in a clear-cut break with the past. This does not mean, to be sure, that all ancient conceptions of life must be dogmatically retained, for there come certain epochs when one must have the courage to break with the past.

Among the antiquated ideas to be thrown overboard is that vast-dream of Hildebrand and others which insisted the church was supreme over the state. If one may venture to differ with the brilliant author of this book, I would question whether this were actually one of the old conceptions to be overthrown. If one could think upon the question of the church and state, at the same time ridding his mind of those many prejudices arising from much of the modern Protestant vs. Catholic antagonism, would he not see that the Christian doctrines of love, truth, and the Kingdom are of universal application and one cannot avoid making them perfectly valid when applied to the idea of the state? If the church be a society of the followers of Jesus, bound together in the bonds of his spirit and aware of a common relationship toward God—then why should the church not be in a position of moral control and religious guidance over the state? Mr. Herbert Croly, editor of the New Republic, says, "The churches in America are handmaids of the state and have never seriously claimed a sphere of moral authority which might conceivably conflict with that of the state. Neither are they justified in defying the state until they have obtained and deserved much more influence over popular conduct than that which they now possess." But even Mr. Croly seems to indicate that when the church does its duty efficiently, it has the right to refuse to be the handmaid of the state. Undoubtedly the crass materialism of the papacy together with the blunders of so many scheming Popes has been a tremendous contributory force toward the confusion of this ideal. But there is left to the Christian no other alternative than to assert: If the church be truly the concrete embodiment of the spirit of Christ, we cannot repudiate its claim to be supreme over all other institutions. This is dangerous doctrine, but the church has made men dangerous at all epochs. True Christians are never "safe" within any state.

Doctor Hough, however, is eminently correct when he draws a clear distinction between men who are clever but at the same time lack sufficient wisdom to give them a point of view. This world is cursed with cleverness and poor for want of wisdom. Now a knowledge of history will show men life in its proper proportions, and clearly demonstrate which form of authority a man shall adopt for the directing of his life. History shows whether a man shall have pope, book, personal experience

or social solidarity for the authority of his life. It helps him to choose. It shows him whether it is best to take the authority of the social democrat and grant all men fresh air, the opportunity to work and sanitary surroundings, or whether he will join with the autocratic oligarchs. A knowledge of history—strange as it may seem—would wonderfully help with the present industrial tenseness which now faces us.

How should history be handled? Dr. Hough gives a careful and very comprehensive account of the scientific method which takes its evidence with impartial mind and weighs it without prejudice. As applied to the realm of religion he candidly admits it has given us a great many facts regarding the Bible and its use to the religious life. With conspicuous significance he comments upon the fact that although we have had research and analysis, there is still a crying need for synthesis of these great facts and truths which have thus been uncovered. Though men are insistent upon seeing life as it is, they have yet to accomplish the greater feat of seeing life and understanding it as a whole. Despite our microscopic collecting of details, "We have not had an interpretation gathering the millions of details of the new method into some genuine authentic totality." Most of the author's contentions will be appreciated when one observes the prevalent confusion of mind regarding such themes as the church, Christian society or life. Neither priest nor layman can speak here with authority, for we miss any thoroughgoing synthesis.

And yet I do not believe this condition prevails quite as extensively or unhappily as at first one might think since the process of synthesis is already taking place under our very eyes. In the medical realm we have our different medical "schools"—the allopath, homeopath, etc., etc.—all of which for good or ill represent a certain accomplished type of synthetical thinking which has been completed at least for the time being. And when one recalls the "fundamentalists" on the one hand and such men as Fosdick, Coffin, Jefferson, and even Dr. Hough himself on the other, he cannot refrain from believing that here, too, has been taking place a process of *analysis* followed by that of *synthesis* and that an "authentic totality" and a distinct point of view has been achieved and a somewhat definite school of thought established. Nevertheless our author is everlastingly right when he insists, in substance, that sheer analysis with neither interpretation nor synthesis is folly. And from more of this intellectual folly may God spare us! The need is for men who have thought things through.

In chapter three, which fairly scintillates with light, Dr. Hough pictures the working out of the analytical method in the academic world. The growth of special needs in our crowded civilization has resulted in a type of specialized scholar. Borrowing much from Germany, we have been technical rather than idealistic. While laboring under the impression of believing that the world must be organized for production we have adopted the seminar method of training men to do one utilitarian task and to do it well. This is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, with the result: we have young scholars trained to take infinite pains; yet void of ripeness and richness of knowledge. At this point the author has somewhat to say pertinent to specialized scholarship. Graciously he

takes a side dig at such men as those trained to achieve their Ph.D. degree and says that to them classified facts are only of value in so far as they prove to be a basis of far-reaching generalizations which will be deduced later. A mind that can carefully classify is of no avail unless it at the same time be a mind that can appreciate. As the author so excellently puts it: "You can be correct and quite without vitality." "The cultivation of the intellect is of course infinitely simpler than the cultivation of the taste."

Although agreeing with our author in this regard, it is safe to say that we have sinned in the right direction even though there may be on every hand men of cosmopolitan mind who by no means understand the facts of life amid which they daily move. Yet with some justice one may add that it is far better to be crude and at the same time thorough, than to be refined, polished, and at the same time superficial, slipshod, and shallow. Youthful American scholars may not be well matured and very unripe; but they seem to be very determined to be thorough—and this is certainly a step in the right direction. If, for example, the Methodist ministry wills to be exact and thorough, its maturity of mind will surely come—to the healing of the peoples.

To those interested in our modern academic life, certain parts of this work will be a pure joy. One wishes that every college senior could discover what truth is in the statement that the first lesson a truly great university has to teach the student is: that an attitude of cynicism toward the subject of the social organism is the initial step in the direction of inner mental and moral decay. Dr. Hough evidently knows quite well from his past experiences that there are many sins and follies from which young America can recover and that there are, too, many blunders which are profound but which will eventually be eradicated. But he realizes equally well that this cannot be said of cynicism, for this attitude of heart will blight and eventually deaden the mind of young America. It is the genius of cynicism to blight and damn wherever it touches, and it will continue to do so wherever it gains opportunity. The great curse of the university is neither higher criticism nor science nor worldliness—it is a form of cynicism which hardens the mind against cold truth and warm emotion. Our author deals trenchantly with this phase of university life and concludes by saying it is the business of education to inspire the strong to subordinate themselves vicariously for the common good.

But in the building of the world our author feels this is exactly what the university so often fails to do, and the unproductiveness of much of the curricula of a modern institution of learning comes in for some scathing remarks. One feels that Dr. Hough is correct in demanding pragmatic as well as idealistic ends in the education of the human intellect, but one also continues to feel that we might be even more thoroughgoing and hew right to the line by throwing Greek, Latin, Hebrew, or algebra out of a course of study since so much time is needlessly wasted upon these subjects which in some cases might be otherwise more usefully employed.

At length all of this discussion is brought into the realm of democracy,

and here one digs into stimulating and fruitful thinking. "Democracy is found in that articulation of life where the individual receives all that can come to him without interfering with the common good, and society receives all that can be given it without crushing the individual and interfering with his capacity for initiativeness and spontaneous putting forth of power." Immense. The man who said, "From every man according to his ability and to every man according to his need," would have found joy in such a statement, while He who said, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," must give his approval.

Of tremendous homiletical help is the discussion dealing with "The Preacher and the Forces of Democracy." The writer goes on to the root of the matter, declaring that personal democracy begins with a man being perfectly loyal to himself, and most significantly adds that only haughty men distrust themselves. The social democrat is one who is never bored by another human being—much food for thought for a certain type of Christian. And this beautifully put ideal, when carried over into church life, will result in a church where each Christian citizen ranks with every other Christian citizen. Well might these pages dealing with this phase of our theme be pondered over; for this conception of the Christian life is not only repudiated by the Church of Rome, but for all practical purposes ignored by Methodism. The church is sometimes in fear of democracy such as Dr. Hough preaches, not knowing that upon it hangs her future—for democracy is the genius of the gospel.

One has the feeling, however, that the fact of democracy is more accurately dealt with in this book under the headings of "Personal Democracy" and the like, than in the discussion entitled "Political Democracy," for when one reads, "In the United States when things go wrong it is our own fault. The people have the power," he is inclined to admit the theory but call to mind many instances here and there, which deny the full carrying out of this fact. It is possible for one political party to usurp powers not inherent in the constitution and continue in office until the expiration of its term meanwhile owning every opportunity to work harm—to wit: United States Attorney Palmer's flagrant setting aside of constitutional privileges guaranteed to each citizen, or Secretary Hughes' intervention in Haiti. But whatever sympathy the reader might lack for this part of the book, is made up for in the setting given to social democracy. Here is a magnificent treatment giving emphasis in a most unique fashion to the *spiritual factor* in democracy and there is a flashing militant challenge in the words, "The genius of missions and the genius of democracy are one." Verily. "And it were well to recollect that an undemocratic expression of religion cannot undertake a missionary enterprise and carry it forward to success." This is a sobering fact which may explain many of our Centenary troubles.

Once these fundamental truths are succinctly set forth in the first part of the book, the author then proceeds to develop them and supplement them in the latter portions of his writing. I have never seen a finer all-round bibliography than that set forth in the chapter, "The Preacher as a Reader of General Literature." It alone is worth the price of the volume.

And so one might continue talking and reveling in the noteworthy themes brought forth and set on display in this reading. He cannot forget the charm and insight, the mastery and sympathy, the erudite scholarship together with the deep piety behind and beneath it all. Dr. Hough has written many books, but this is the best volume from his pen since his learned *Productive Beliefs*, and all who are either wise or fortunate enough to get this work and read it—and then reread it—will feel under a debt of gratitude to its author.

Detroit, Mich. ROBERT LEONARD TUCKER.

Creeds or No Creeds? A Critical Examination of the Basis of Modernism. By CHARLES HARRIS, D.D. Pp. xxvi + 383. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, $6.

MODERNISM needs to be critically examined, but real criticism is possible only to one who has the modern mind. Dr. Harris is a great scholar of the scholastic type. Aristotle and the Greek Absolute dominate his thinking. He is a slave to bankrupt Intellectualism. Consequently he is unable to appreciate the service paid to revealed religion by Neo-Kantian thinking. To enthrone the reason above the moral personality whose center is the will is a more complete surrender to rationalism than that of the most liberal Modernists.

This does not mean that much attention should be given to the rather crude theology of many Modernists. The Adoptionist view of the Person of Christ, a sort of revival of the views of Paul of Samosata, is properly and pungently criticized by Dr. Harris. But this simply means that our modern theology has as wide a range as that of the early church. But such words as *homoousios* in the Nicene Creed will not save the Deity of our Lord to those to whom the conception of substance apart from attributes has little meaning. As a matter of fact the only place in the universe where the supreme Divine values can be found is in Jesus of Nazareth. He is the only object of worship that human history or experience discloses, and is far more worthy of worship than the intellectual idol of Deists and Unitarians.

Yet Dr. Harris is nobly modern in many of his attitudes. He appreciates the results of a moderate biblical criticism. He can see in evolution not a naturalistic process, but a perpetual miracle. With his main doctrinal trend most of us who know Jesus Christ will largely agree. We must have creeds if we are to love God with our minds as well as with our hearts. The point at which we will have to part company is his enthronement of dogma and the static type of Christian doctrine which his argument implies.

The author freely quotes Foakes-Jackson and Kirsopp Lake *against* the Modernists. Does he also agree with *their* opinions? This is an able and scholarly book, well worth careful study, but it should be read with a mind free from its taint of prejudice. A more open-minded attitude is that of Dr. Faulkner's *Modernism and the Christian Faith*.

The Doctrine of Sin. By REGINALD STEWART MOXON, D.D. Pp. 251. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $3, net.

A REALLY great and much needed book. Stress was laid at the last Methodist Ecumenical Conference upon the urgent need for reconsideration of the doctrine of sin. Dr. Maldwyn Hughes said, "The church needs a new definition and a new consciousness of sin." Few great monographs have appeared since Müller's classic treatise, *The Christian Doctrine of Sin.*

This book approaches the question from the historical standpoint. The teachings of Jesus, Paulinism, patristic views, Pelagianism, Augustinianism, Semi-Pelagianism, mediæval theories, modern views, and the psychological problem—all are presented clearly, concisely, and critically.

Dr. Moxon does not reject the Genesis story as a broadly true account of human origins, clothed in a highly symbolical form. But he does not see in it a picture of the origin of sin. Neither does our Lord emphasize human sin as a primitive inheritance but as a present fact. The author's attitude may be described as a modern statement of Semi-Pelagianism, which, admitting the inheritance of evil tendencies, places the emphasis on personal moral responsibility. He is in fair harmony with Wesleyan theology.

The real climax of this treatise, however, is in its final chapter on "The Psychological View of Sin," in which he endeavors to show the agreement of the New Psychology with Christianity. Many of us will not care to use this psychological word "sublimation" as a substitute for Regeneration—yet that is precisely what regeneration is—giving an upward and spiritual trend to human traits.

But we must make Dr. Moxon speak for himself:

"Original sin may be defined as *the universal tendency in man, inherited by him from his animal ancestry, to gratify the natural instincts and passions and to use them for selfish ends.*" This definition certainly goes farther than the usual negative explanations of original sin—it is a statement of a positive defect and flaw in human nature, a racial taint.

"Actual sin manifests itself as *selfishness resulting from our over-individualized personality.*" Man is in the making. Christ, the sole example of perfect personality, is more than that; he is the spiritual power within us that will work out the spiritual evolution of a redeemed humanity. The Pentecostal gift of the Spirit is a new strength, enhancing human power, and remaking both souls and society.

EIGHT BOOKS OF SERMONS

When Jesus Wrote on the Ground. By ERNEST DE WITT JONES, D.D. Pp. x + 234. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.50, net.

Evangelistic Talks. By GIPSY SMITH. Pp. vii + 170. New York: Doran. Price, $1.25, net.

The Finality of Christ. By W. E. ORCHARD, D.D. Pp. 191. New York: Doran. Price, $1.35, net.

The Safest Mind Cure. By W. E. Orchard, D.D. Pp. 195. New York: Doran. Price, $1.35, net.

Gardens of Green. By George McPherson Hunter. Pp. x + 179. New York: Doran, Price, $1.25, net.

Parables for Little People. By J. G. W. Ward. Pp. xiii + 219. New York: Doran. Price, $1.50, net.

Apostolic Optimism. By J. H. Jowett, D.D. Pp. 277. New York: Doran. Price, $1.50, net.

Lord, Teach Us to Pray. By Alexander Whyte, D.D. Pp. xx + 292. New York: Doran. Price, $1.50, net.

The sermon seems to be coming back not only as a spoken message but as literature. Yet no person should venture to substitute reading for hearing a sermon. The personality of the preacher in immediate contact with his congregation is the highest value in his message. Yet the world would have been impoverished religiously, if Amos had not initiated written prophecy.

Dr. Jones, of Detroit, has a classic style and the modern vision. Stately periods throb with a living message. Literary taste is joined to prophetic passion. He makes the Bible live for present-day purposes.

Gipsy Smith is at once simple and eloquent in speech. There is no sentence that the common man cannot understand. These impromptu addresses are full of pulpit power.

One of England's greatest preachers is W. E. Orchard. A fearless modern mind gives original expression to a catholic faith. Conservative religion and revolutionary thought meet in his messages. He preaches a radical Christ who alone can rebuild this broken world. A true Christian mystic, he has no sympathy with the pseudo-mysticism of prevalent theosophic cults. As orthodox as Paul, he is as modern as Paul would be were he living to-day.

Sermons for children are not only necessary for them but a preacher's best training for preaching to adults. *Gardens in Green* follows the calendar both of the seasons and the Christian Year and *Parables for Little People* are fifty-two sermonettes by the brilliant successor to Campbell Morgan in a London church.

Dr. Jowett, that masterful pulpiteer of to-day, is seen at his best in the volume *Apostolic Optimism.* We cannot hear his musical voice, but these sermons are rich in scriptural illustration.

Last of all and greatest is Alexander Whyte. All ordinary preaching seems far below the heights of his spiritual vision. A man of prayer, he leaves us here twenty-three sermons on prayer, in which we see prayer in its greatness and glory. We wrestle with Jacob, plead passionately with Elijah, commune with Paul, and go through the garden with Jesus. Such sermons should help us to recover prayer, that "lost secret of the church."

The Preacher and the People. By FRANCIS JOHN MCCONNELL. Pp. 166. The Abingdon Press. Price, $1, net.

THE mechanics of the sermon are important but its dynamic is more so. The sermon should have a well-constructed body, but it also needs a living soul. And here is a book which will help all preachers both as to the form and power of their message.

Preaching should be popular—not in the sense of ear-tickling entertainment, but in the higher value of helpfulness. It must find its place in that world of experience in which folks live, and make the facts of that world live in the light of religious truth. So the sermon will help men to understand, to think, to feel properly, and to act in Christian service.

People can help the preacher to preach if he will let them. One highest end of pastoral visitation is to find out folks. To sympathetically understand the common mind will help to find there a real revelation of spiritual truth. The voice of the mob is not the voice of God, but he does speak through and by the common mind. Preaching may help to transform public opinion into a power for righteousness.

Thus the pulpit may be a throne of power to guide in achieving the larger human values—a Christian public opinion, a higher human ideal, a widening moral sphere, a new social imagination, and deeper personal piety.

Thus we have indicated the objectives toward which are directed these three noble lectures: "Popular Preaching," "The Preacher as the Voice of the People," and "The Larger Human Values." But to discover the methods by which these high ends can be attained, one must read Bishop McConnell's book, which outlines the living sermon with profound simplicity, practical efficiency, and a fascinating play of humor.

Nothing but a serving church can be the Divine instrument for redeeming the world. Only that social passion that follows Jesus by the way of the Cross can create personal holiness. The minister, as preacher, must become an expert in life. This book will help him in the task.

There Are Sermons in Books. By WILLIAM L. STIDGER. Pp. xxii + 232. New York: George H. Doran Company.

WILLIAM L. STIDGER is spectacular. He cannot help it, for God made him that way. William L. Stidger is humble—very humble—and he cannot help that either, for God so fashioned him. So when he writes, his work contains that unique combination of the flare of life mingled with the humility of a thoroughgoing modesty. Mr. Stidger lives up to many ideals; but to none with greater alacrity than that expressed in the old adage, "Whatsoever thou doest, do it with all thy might." And of late months he has been preaching what he calls "book-sermons"—with all his might.

In his latest volume he tells all about it and without exaggeration presents to the reader the results in his own field. For it is a well known

fact that Mr. Stidger can tempt the worldling to attend church and the wicked man to talk of faith, while to a veritable throng—many of whom have no church affiliation and some of whom have had scant use for the household of faith—he brings his message. Fresh as a spring zephyr he captivates all and wins many for Christ. How he does it is told in this book.

Our author holds to the theory that it is physically and intellectually impossible for the average minister to prepare and deliver two new sermons of high quality and deep inspiration each Sunday of the year. It must be very candidly confessed that much authority exists in the many statements of prominent preachers who affirm this declaration. Less preaching but better is the cry of many an honest heart in the pulpit—and in the pew.

Mr. Stidger would escape the embarrassment arising from this imperative obligation to prepare two "inspirational" sermons each week, by preaching a sermon about some noteworthy book each Sunday evening. Whether this is really a way out, and whether the American people are willing to listen to book-sermons every Sunday evening during their natural life is a most moot question which cannot be discussed here. Suffice it to say that here is one suggestion for a way out.

With delicate skill Mr. Stidger has chosen his books for the book-sermons presented in this volume. They are among the finer productions of the modern mind, including such poems as "The Shoes of Happiness" or "How the Great Guest Came," by Edwin Markham, while choice fiction like *The Great Hunger* and *Treacherous Ground*, by Johan Bojer, is analyzed and brought forth in new garb. With a sure insight into human nature and with an uncanny ability to look deep into the hearts of the people; with accuracy of phrase and clearness to see, our writer brings living folk into our presence. Goodness breathes, walks, and sits upon a throne in our midst, while iniquity is incarnate. The everlasting battle is on and to and fro upon the field the fighters wrestle while the dust rises from the plain of humanity in vast clouds throughout every sermon.

Some may object that in these sermons vice is portrayed and sin is dragged before the hearer in all its hideousness. Each character is a villain and in every case it is needful to have performed the miracle of the "transformed" life before righteousness comes. The venerated Caleb T. Winchester of Wesleyan University was wont to say that the mere presence of vice and crime was not to be condemned in any literary work and that it was only when evil was bedecked in attractiveness and ornamented with winsomeness that literature was insidious and vicious. When wrongdoing is portrayed repulsively while right is an allurement, then the influence of any book is definitely for good. Judged by such a standard, these sermons furnish a great moral stimulus. Their truth staggers the reader by the enormity of wrongdoing and from the bitter evil depicted in these pages he would fain hide his face in shame. Here the truth shines with a white heat. It is good to look upon; it attracts, fascinates, and lures one on and on. The lust of the flesh and the filth of the mind are not hid; but the beauty of love and the depth of holiness triumph. By such a standard of

measurement *There Are Sermons in Books* must be reckoned as a great blow struck in behalf of salvation.

The sacredness of the family is here exalted. "Thank God for the memory of a mother's prayer, the memory of a father's religion, the memory of the old home church on the hillside or in the valley; thank God for the memory of the clean fine days when faith was triumphant in the old home and we used to gather about the organ and sing the old hymns." In many such passages Stidger becomes almost classic. His mothers love and grieve, his shoemaker toils and hopes, his men sin and repent—just as they do in every family.

To be sure one must candidly admit that there is little of the Bible directly preached in these sermons; but both by direction and indirection there is a vast amount of life portrayed and the great deeps of experience plumbed—the kind of life and experience Christ made possible. The yearning passion for life—both physical and spiritual—is exhibited with a brilliancy that bludgeons selfishness into oblivion. With a "bitterness sweet to the soul" those petty hypocrisies of life reflected in the glass of fashion are both lampooned and denounced; while such goodly stuff as: "The war bred a spirit of carelessness in thinking, carelessness in living, a lack of regard for the sacredness of the home, church and God" gives the reader much food for thought together with courage of mind as he faces the drab indifference of this overworked age.

For those who desire to preach sermons on books, the author has appended a list of about five hundred titles which, he states, may be used for this purpose. Many valuable contributions are in this list. Due to carelessness of the publisher or the author many unpardonable errors are to be found in this otherwise very suggestive bibliography. Such a title as *The Americanization of Edward Bok* (212 pages) is made to appear as a work of George Adam Smith! etc., etc.

Notwithstanding these criticisms, *There Are Sermons in Books* is a delightful volume from the facile pen of this young American author, who constantly gains in popular esteem, and the minister who reads it—though he will differ ofttimes radically with much he may find in it—will be lifted up out of a mental and spiritual rut. Anything which will so elevate a Christian is his friend. Ministers and laymen should read this book.

Detroit, Mich. ROBERT LEONARD TUCKER.

Cher Ami (*Story-Poems From France*). By HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON. 64 pages, 16 illustrations. New York: Rough and Brown Press, 150 Fifth Avenue. Price, 95 cents; Children's Edition, 15 cents.

A GRADUATE of Syracuse University, Boston University Theological School, pupil of Borden P. Bowne, lecturer of philosophy in Harvard University, Farrington was one of those splendid young Americans who, like Norman Derr ("Mademoiselle Miss") and Cyril Smith, gave themselves with self-abandonment to France early in the World War. For heroic service France made Farrington Adjutant of the 7th and 10th Cuirassiers, and he is the only American holding a life commission

in the French army. But his chief distinction is the title generally conceded to him of "The Poilu Poet." He sings from the trenches and the camp and the fighting front, from the heart of the war—sometimes, like a bird, perched on what is left of a tree that has been shot to pieces by machine guns. But everywhere he *sings*—he does not croak or scream. Also he sings from places grim and dire where nothing artificial could live a single moment; nothing but reality is here. The charm of these poems is in their simplicity, the artlessness of naturalness which surpasses all art. So their appeal is not to any one class, but to universal human nature. They reach those deep common chords which can be depended on to quiver and respond when they are touched. No silencer can mute them. You may as well "forbid the mountain pines to wag their high tops and to make a noise when they are fretted by the gusts of heaven"; though in the deep emotions of these verses there are no gusts, no fretting. They are the reaction of a healthy undesponding spirit, almost blithe and serene, inspired by a faith which soars and sings above all fury and *schrecklichkeit*.

Because of this appeal to universal sensibilities, the public response from widely differing sources is pronounced. From venerable and fastidious university professors and from hundreds of thousands of public-school children the testimonies come. The vogue of Farrington's poems is amazing—the one hundred and twenty-fifth thousand now selling; one public school in New York City ordering seven hundred and seventy-four copies, and the boys in another school boasting that they have taken and sold over a thousand copies. Here is Dr. George H. Palmer, professor of philosophy in Harvard University, praising them and saying: "They come very near the heart of the people. In them as in all serious and careful work the thoughts of many find utterance. They deal with regions where the cultivated and the untrained meet on common ground." Here, too, are tributes from Bishops Anderson and Keeney, from John Kelman, Dr. Jowett's successor in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Dr. Stires, rector of Saint Thomas's Episcopal Church, and others of similar rank. But most authoritative and convincing of all is the Introduction to Farrington's book of verses given by Dr. Ernest L. Crandall, Director of Lectures for the New York City Board of Education. We quote: "These verses are rare in loftiness of spirit, sweetness and soundness of sentiment, and singleness of purpose. Their optimism is undaunted and untainted by the barbarities and horrors of war. Their high clear note rings out determined and triumphant, rarely lugubrious unless with a gleam of sunshine, never maudlin and never acrid. I have no doubt most of these poems were written aloud, for they belong to the kind of graphic verse which seems written to be recited. I read them before I heard them, but each stanza vocalized and visualized itself as I read. Accordingly I was not surprised when I beheld six hundred eager children breathless, with parted lips and moistened shining eyes under Farrington's reciting of them. It has been my good fortune to introduce the author to 300,000 children in 350 school assemblies, and to thousands of adult auditors in attendance on our regular lecture courses. From visible effect

and audible response and hundreds of written appreciations I know beyond peradventure that these poems carry an inspiring and ennobling message. . . . Recently there passed away two rare spirits, one a prelate of the Church of Rome, the other a naturalist whose temple was God's out-of-doors—Cardinal Gibbons and John Burroughs. Tributes of reverent affection for both came from widely divergent elements of our nation. In a day and among a people where this could happen, I think it safe to believe that the author of 'In Biscay Bay' and 'No Bread for the Birds' and 'Cher Ami' and 'Feind L'Avi,' and all the poems that range between those tender little episodes and the stately lines of 'Joan of Arc,' has fairly gauged the emotional gamut of his fellow countrymen."

Most notable of these poems from France is the sacramental "Rough and Brown" born of Holy Communion at the altar of the American Chapel in the Rue de Berri, Paris. Coarse, rough brown war-bread was used in the service, and seemed to Farrington to be broken by pierced hands—the rough, brown hands of the Carpenter of Nazareth. The next best known poem is probably "Cher Ami," the carrier pigeon whose long, perilous flight brought her home to headquarters with a bullet-shattered leg and with news of the whereabouts of the Lost Battalion tied under her wings. After the war she became the guest of the United States government and a picture of her in her cage in Washington is given here.

In addition to this super 12mo, there is a small square paper-covered booklet of 64 pages, price 15 cents, containing 22 short poems which are called "spirituals." Their genuinely spiritual appeal and availability for religious use seem put beyond dispute when the rector of the most elegant, stately, and aristocratic church on Fifth Avenue, New York, uses them twice in one Sunday, climaxing his pulpit appeal in the morning by quoting entire "The Empty Cup," and in the afternoon "I Cannot Sleep."

For churches, clubs, Sunday schools, and other educational institutions, these poems from France delivered with explanations and with irresistible effect by the author, offer one of the most wholesome and fascinating entertainments obtainable in these days. They never fail.

Brooklyn, N. Y. WILLIAM V. KELLEY.

Henry Anson Buttz. His Book. Edited by CHARLES FREMONT SITTERLY. Two volumes. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, $5.

IN his illuminating lecture on "William Ewart Gladstone," contained in the first volume, Dr. Buttz said: "Mr. Gladstone was an evolution. His statesmanship was marked by continual progress. He left off at a point far in advance from that with which he began life. He grew with the world, and all its developments were taken into account during his public career." What an apt description of the saint, scholar, teacher, and administrator, who for fifty years was conspicuously and indissolubly associated with the fortunes of Drew Theological Seminary. Dr. Buttz began to teach at Drew from the first year it was opened. When he retired from the presidency in 1912 and six years later from the professorship of New Testament Greek, he had the satisfaction of seeing a noble pile of buildings

on a spacious campus, of having secured for Drew a number of valuable friends, and of passing through his hands over two thousand five hundred men of many nationalities, who were trained and sent forth to every part of the home and the foreign field, to advance the kingdom of Christ as bishops, pastors, editors, teachers, secretaries, not only in the Methodist Episcopal Church but also in other denominations.

Professor Sitterly has edited these two volumes with the ability and affection of filial devotion. His brief "Biographical Sketch" presents the outstanding events in the life of Dr. Buttz with the culture of restraint. Dr. William V. Kelley gives the "Testimony of a Contemporary," with rare insight, versatility of friendship and luminous sidelights, that have invariably stamped with distinction the writings of the former editor of the METHODIST REVIEW. Dr. Tipple's "Tribute of a Successor" is in the finest form and in the best taste. These three discerning appreciations do honor to the character and qualities of a true leader of men.

The larger part of these two volumes consists of some of the productions of Dr. Buttz. It is a skillful selection of lectures, sermons, essays, and articles. The lecture on "Plato and Saint John" reveals the scholar and saint, able to appreciate and contrast the virtues of the philosopher of paganism and the seer of Christianity. "Ministerial Scholarship" is a strong plea by one who, more than any other in American Methodism, did so much for the training and equipment of preachers. The four "Baccalaureate Sermons" present the high ideals of the preacher's calling with quickening persuasiveness. More than half of the second volume is given to "Exegetical Notes," which originally appeared in "The Itinerants' Club," conducted by Dr. Buttz in the METHODIST REVIEW. They furnish splendid illustrations of his expository work. These two volumes are a happy memorial to a New Testament Christian, an effective preacher, a genuine friend, a stimulating teacher, an eminent administrator, whose name is enshrined in the memory and heart of a multitude of preachers and laymen all over the world.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

The River Dragon's Bride. By LENA LEONARD FISHER. Pp. 142. The Abingdon Press. Price, $1.25, net.

THIS is more than a string of "story beads gathered in South China and strung on the string of memory." The beads have been woven by the creative imagination into a real work of art. Chinese customs and folk-tales are exquisitely described and told and set in the precious framework of Christian missions.

And Mrs. Fisher has been able to give distinct moral and religious purpose to these tales without the slightest impairment of the artistic perfection of her work. She can be at once didactic and æsthetic. This octave of narratives is both a sermon and a song. Christ alone can save China from her sin and her suffering. And his kingdom will not destroy but decorate the loveliness of her historic art and life. This little book marvelously blends the best inheritance of the Chinese soul with the glory of the gospel.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Inevitable Book. By LYNN HAROLD HOUGH. Pp. 160 (The Abingdon Press, $1.25). The Bible is everybody's book. This series of interesting stories tells how to the most varied lives and diverse situations the Book of God has brought a compelling and saving message. It is the divine word to the individual as well as the race.

Old Joe, and Other Vesper Stories. By SHEPHERD KNAPP. Pp. 297 (The Abingdon Press, $2). These are sermon-stories, illustrative of biblical texts, first preached extemporaneously and because of their effect now written out for a wider audience. Some of them were preached to soldiers in France. They reveal the religious values of the Scriptures living in the common experience of folks to-day.

The Divine Right of Democracy. By CLARENCE TRUE WILSON. Pp. 144 (The Abingdon Press, $1). Both the Book and the church have been too often perverted to become the helpers of autocracy. But the Bible is the textbook of democracy, Jesus Christ its supreme teacher and leader, and the United States the best example of the Christian ideal of government. This Dr. Wilson concisely proves, and also shows the danger of pagan invasion of modern democracy.

Tertullian Concerning the Resurrection of the Flesh. By A. SOUTER, D.Litt. Pp. xxiv+205 (Macmillan). A beautiful translation of Tertullian's *De Carnis Resurrectione.* The Christian religion teaches the immortality of the whole man, and this early treatise is a noble argument for it, based on the New Testament. Sin destroys the whole man and full redemption must include both soul and body. Jesus came to save both the inward and the outward life of humanity. The Resurrection of the Body is more than an abstract dogma, it is a truth of actual value to life. Tertullian's thesis has worth for to-day.

The Round of the Clock. By Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL. Pp. xxiii+324 (Doran, $1.75). Shakespeare makes the melancholy Jaques divide the drama of life into seven stages. But Dr. Nicoll makes it twelve stages, of five years each, corresponding to the dial of the clock from six to six. With the insight of genius, and an exquisite style, he portrays infancy, childhood, adolescence, youth, manhood, and age. It is especially delightful for those who have started on the second round.

The Psalms as Liturgies. By JOHN P. PETERS, D.D. (Macmillan, $4). The Psalter is the greatest hymn book in all literature. Its sentences of aspiration and praise have captured the heart and been committed to heart by generations of pious souls. This volume by Dr. Peters is of unusual value because it brings out very convincingly the large use made of the Psalter in the public worship of the Temple. He argues that the psalms were not occasional poems written to celebrate historical events, but hymns, many of which go back to the ancient days of David. Why may they not be regarded as both; like "My country, 'tis of thee"? Cer-

tain commentators have doubtless gone too far in disregarding external evidences and in applying subjective tests, as though the contents of the psalms alone indicated their occasion. Dr. Peters is a little too dogmatic in his assertion that there is not a Maccabean psalm in the Psalter. This volume, however, is not a controversial discussion. The excellent translation of each psalm placed in parallel columns with the Authorized Version, the comparisons with Babylonian and Persian hymnody, the illustrations from the history of the Christian Church, and the brief notes which explain passages that have puzzled students, help to a clearer understanding and a deeper appreciation of the psalms. Their beauty of expression and spiritual fragrance will never fail to minister to our religious needs.

The Revelation of John. By ARTHUR S. PEAKE (Doran, $2.50). A scholarly and sane discussion of the Apocalypse, and, in many respects, more helpful to the ordinary student than the commentaries of Charles and Beckwith. Dr. Peake considers every question that bears on the understanding of this notable Christian message of courage and consolation. Free from dogmatism, adequate in the references to the historical background, guarding against paltry literalism, extravagances of symbolical interpretation and the modernizing which reads into the Apocalypse what its author never had in mind, Dr. Peake's thorough treatment enables us to rejoice in its distinctive teachings concerning the certainty of God and Christ and the triumph of righteousness.

Landmarks in the History of Early Christianity. By KIRSOPP LAKE, D.D. (Macmillan, $1.25). These able lectures trace the evolution of Christianity from a Jewish sect to a sacramental cult. The arguments, however, make more of theory and less of fact. The slight attention given to the historicity of Jesus, the scant respect shown the Gospels, and the inadequate appraisal of Paul's influence are in radical opposition to the accepted views of Apostolic Christianity, which do more justice to the opulent message of the Redeeming Lord.

The Fellowship of the Spirit. By CHARLES A. ANDERSON SCOTT (Pilgrim Press, $2.25). This is a more reliable and attractive portrayal of the early church than that given by Lake. None of the salient features are omitted or explained away, and very gratifying is the high estimate of the person of Christ and the clear exposition of the vital influence of the church as a spiritual fellowship. It is only a loose employment of the word "sacramental" that would lead anyone to think of Christianity as a cult rather than a universal religion. The errors of Lake here find a complete corrective.

America Faces the Future. By DURANT DRAKE (Macmillan, $2.50). This searching examination of the problems of liberty, equality, democracy, efficiency, and patriotism leads the writer to constructive criticism and to the conclusion that pessimism is without excuse. The conditions rather furnish an incentive to open-eyed faith that nerves to action for

our own sake and for the world service that America is destined to render increasingly for the welfare of the human race. It is a study that appeals persuasively to young America and encourages all classes to assume responsibilities which only the provincial mind would dare or even desire to shirk.

A READING COURSE

Art and Religion. By Von Ogden Vogt. New Haven: Yale University Press. Price, $5.

Many of the criticisms of institutional religion imply that the Church has outlived its usefulness. Such critics forget that we are not disembodied spirits and need some sort of organization for the expression of the religious spirit through worship and work. Others who have the historical conscience realize that the Church is one of the indispensable assets of society but that sensible changes are necessary for its more effective usefulness. Its supreme function is the practice of the art of worship, which is "the mother of all arts," and exercising a comprehensive influence over the whole of life. Such worship, moreover, is a definite aid in the culture of spirituality, which develops the virtues of reverence, faith, goodness, and counteracts the evils of suspicion, contention and drab ugliness. It is not a question of ritual and liturgy but of the fundamental demand for fellowship by filial communion with God and fraternal contact with mankind.

The importance of this subject is engaging the attention of our leaders. Three of the more recent Yale lecturers devoted considerable space to it. Dr. Coffin in his book, *In a Day of Social Rebuilding;* Dr. Kelman in *The War and Preaching;* Dr. Fitch in *Preaching and Paganism,* agree in setting worship at the center of the Church's life. Others who have spoken with directness on this theme are Dr. Cadman in *Ambassadors of God* and Dr. Canon Streeter in a very striking essay in the volume, *Concerning Prayer.* The twelfth volume of the *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics* has a fine historical article on "Christian Worship" by Professor J. Vernon Bartlett, and thirteen other articles which the interested student should read, to get a deeper conception of the significance of worship in all religions. Truly, this subject touches the deep places of life.

No one is more concerned in it than the preacher. It is for this reason we are to discuss Vogt's *Art and Religion.* Its purpose is to relate the beauty of holiness to the holiness of beauty, as it bears on the experience of worship. Where the connection is made between the two, there will be seen the Classicist's love of truth, the Romanticist's love of Nature's beauty, and the Puritan's zeal for goodness. There really should be no breach between religion and these permanent categories. That such has existed is one of the unfortunate facts of Church history, more particularly in Protestantism, whose great lack is, "not intellectual nor moral but

artistic, not ethical but cultural." The titles of the opening chapters are intensely suggestive: "An Age Described by Its Art"; "The Unity of Religion and Art"; "The Cleft Between Religion and Art"; "The Mutual Need." The issue is directly faced and we cannot resist the conclusion that art needs religion to universalize its background of mental and moral concepts and to correct its moral content, and that religion needs art to be impressive, to get a hearing, which is one of the chief problems of the Church. The spirit of the whole book is seen in the last chapter on "The Future Church." What shall it be? It must have openness of mind, brotherliness of disposition, love of the beautiful, and it should furnish a spacious background for the development and expression of the experience of the living God in Christ, of the unity of the Church and of larger service. "The worship of the new age will be not less but more religious in spirit, not less but more Christian in essential character. If the spur of the scientist is the love of truth, the joy of the Christian is the Truth of Love. If the zeal of the moralist strives to achieve some association or brotherhood of goodness, the joy of the Christian is the goodness of Brotherhood. If the satisfaction of the artist is the life of beauty, the joy of the Christian is the Beauty of Life, all life, man's life, the Life of God" (p. 251).

This is certainly an alluring ideal. The line of thought taken by Vogt is pertinent and practical. When we realize that there is a wide dissatisfaction with existing forms of worship in liturgical and non-liturgical churches, and that many regard worship, "the most conspicuous external symbol of religion," as both tedious and unnecessary, it is not enough to reply that this is due to irreligion and indifference. Many earnest souls complain of the monotony and inflexibility of the customary methods, which fail to satisfy their deepest desires. A writer in *The Christian Century* recently voiced this sentiment. As a traveling salesman he has visited many churches in all parts of the country. His conclusion is that the average non-liturgical church building is designed as an auditorium and not a shrine, where the service does not help the instinct for worship, although the sermon is often edifying; on the other hand, the liturgical type of church building is designed as a house of prayer and has an atmosphere of reverence, but its liturgy reflects the sixteenth century and touches lightly the complex needs of to-day, while the sermon in only exceptional instances is worth hearing. Is no middle ground possible, where the benefits of the shrine and of the sermon might be combined? Could there be no synthesis of the Protestant or evangelical emphasis and the Catholic or sacramental, whereby a better perspective and a more balanced proportion might produce higher harmony, deeper fellowship, richer spirituality and more Christlike conduct? Mr. Vogt thinks this could be done. What he has written in this stimulating book therefore merits the thoughtful consideration of preachers and laity, including architects, organists, choir directors, and all others responsible in making the Church a more effective instrument for the spread of the Kingdom of God.

The movement toward Church unity has been inspired by the desire

for a catholicity that makes room for divers expressions of the historic Christian consciousness. This does not imply a belittling of the ancient controversy between Protestantism and Romanism but a deeper comprehending of what is of permanent value in each, for the greater good of the corporate life of both. "Reunion will not come primarily through intellectual convictions. Spiritual fellowship, sympathy of heart with heart, and mutual understanding must precede intellectual concord." (Hepher: *The Fruits of Silence*, p. 69.) The best worship cannot be expressed by the isolated individual but by the harmonious association of many, "giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." (Eph. 4. 3.) We should then modify the excessive individualism of Protestantism, whose passion for the ideal whole is often misdirected. It is not easy to overcome offhand the prejudices of many generations. Those who seek for radical changes by short cuts and quick methods are doomed to disappointment. Let the preacher try to introduce an innovation, and the party of opposition will come down on him with the force of a sledge hammer. People are not generous towards new things and should not be taken by surprise. The advantages of the contemplated change must first be discussed and an appeal made for cooperation to make the experiment, not for the sake of novelty but of improvement. Do not be discouraged if there is no prompt response. For your comfort read Streeter's essay on "Christ the Constructive Revolutionary" in the volume on *The Spirit*, and ponder this sentence: "The world is looking for guidance; but the guide must be one who has the courage to discard what is obsolete and the insight to create what is new" (p. 367). Then turn to Vogt's chapter on "Church Unity" and consider the advantages he mentions that would be available if the Protestant world openmindedly makes a fresh study of the whole subject of the art of worship. This is the preacher's opportunity for education and direction.

Such a study presupposes that "pure worship under the gospel stands neither in forms nor in the formal disuse of forms." It is rather contingent on the spirit of devotion which seeks fellowship with God, who is above us as the transcendent One and calls forth our adoration, reverence, praise, confession and prayer; who is also beside us as the immanent One, the Father of grace and sympathy, who encourages us in faith, hope and love, in a service of perfect freedom. Whether liturgical or free prayer helps or hinders this spontaneous instinct depends on circumstances. Some forms are like the scaffolding for the spiritual structure, others are continuous aids to devotion, but extempore prayer has also a place all its own. Is it not true, however, that where no regular liturgy is used, the minister who monopolizes the service invariably follows certain "conventional lines," and has a liturgy without a liturgy? Unless he is a man of exceptional gifts, his prayers show little variety and less versatility, as Sunday by Sunday he is the mouthpiece of the congregation, expressing their manifold wants and desires before God, in which the world vision should by no means be absent. "If all ministers could pray always as some can pray at times, there would be no question of liturgics." The repetition of prayers may doubtless become mechanical but is not extem-

pore prayer partly responsible for the "lethargy of piety"? Do you prepare your prayers with anything like the thought you put into your sermons, or have you got into the unspeakable way of hurrying through the so-called "preliminaries," as though the sermon was the only thing that counts? The tendency to entertain rather than to edify, the appeal to variety instead of unity, to curiosity more than to consideration, to stir and movement than to quiet waiting on God, to programs than to prayer—these are among the causes of what Dr. Fitch refers to as "the collapse of worship in Protestant communities."

The chapter on "Prophet and Priest" is a good discussion of these two functions of every minister. This is followed by one on "The Artist as Prophet." Croce says in his *Aesthetic* that the artist sees and helps others to see what they "only feel or catch a glimpse of, but do not see" (p. 10). This also is the supreme task of the preacher and he is an artist who paints character. Other chapters that invite study are on "Technique and Freedom," "The Mysticism of Isaiah," "The Order of the Liturgy." What is said on music is very timely as a protest against jazz, lacking in harmony, unity and wholeness and which too often has invaded the sanctuary service with its slovenly tunes, slipshod sentiments and irreverent tones. The chapter on "Corporeality in Religion" deals with the place of physical symbols or acts, creeds and codes, and the appeal to the emotions, all of which should be modified and developed according to exigencies. Note what is said on sensational preaching (p. 63). If most people go to church for the joy of it, should not better provision be made to meet this feeling? Consider the answer in the chapter on "A Brief for the Cultus" and see whether the suggestions are practicable in your parish. While Protestantism recognizes only two sacraments—Baptism and the Eucharist—as against the seven sacraments of Romanism, are we justified in restricting the idea of sacramental only to these two symbolical rites? The chapter on "Religious Education" rightly points out that it "must include not only scientific thinking and social conduct but also religious culture." Owing to lack of space, only reference could be made to the important questions of architecture, of special interest to building committees. They should remember, in common with all church people, that our religious structures should express the spirit of modern religion, which includes the intellectual, spiritual and social aspects of experience. Much of what is said on these subjects must, however, wait the formation of church opinion and conviction as to their value. Meanwhile, we are grateful for the pioneer experimenters who are pointing to the better way and who justify their advances by the practice of a more opulent worship to the greater glory of God.

Side Reading

The Use of Art in Religious Education. By Albert E. Bailey (Abingdon Press, $1.25). Discusses the problems raised by Vogt, with special reference to the training of the young. We have a long journey before us but a beginning should be made, and there is no better place than the

Sunday school to train young people to appreciate good art in its relation to religion, for the sake of better worship.

The Art of Public Worship. By PERCY DEARMER (Morehouse Publishing Company, $2). Although we disagree with the High Churchism, the plea is good for an evangelical Catholicism which insists on the moral and spiritual values of the gospel in worship.

The preacher who desires guidance in preparation for the conduct of worship should have for constant reference *Devotional Services*, by John Hunter, and, *The Order of Divine Service*, by W. E. Orchard.

For further information about books on subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

The Christmas Canticles. By GEORGE ELLIOTT. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, $1.

IT requires a poet and a seer, whose soul is attuned to the divine harmonies, to appreciate and interpret the rhythmic salutations to the Incarnate Christ, uttered in ecstatic and eulogistic song by those who stood on the threshold of the new day. The notes of joy and exultation, of hope and expectation, of praise and gratulation, of prayer and satisfaction, are found in these psalms. They register the ascent of the pious from the eager yearning of the Old Testament to the sublime realizations of the New Testament. The depth of religious experience and feeling here finds a spontaneous outflow of language surpassed by no other passages in the Bible.

Dr. Elliott has brooded long over these cherished treasures of holy song and his book of precious meditations is redolent of the Rose of Sharon, with a sense of spiritual enlargement that illumines the mind, quickens the feelings and directs the life into ways of gladsome living.

These familiar hymns are given a new setting, and their jubilant messages are expounded with the insight of piety and of scholarship, worthy of their gracious themes. The wondrous meaning of the Incarnation for the individual, the home, the nation, the world is wrought out with mellowness of thought, aptness of rich illustration, and in a melodious literary style, that give joy to the reader and fill his soul with grateful praise to the Christ of our salvation.

There could be no better Christmas gift than a copy of this charming and cheering volume.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

WHO'S WHO IN THE REVIEW

FRANKLYN BLISS SNYDER, A.M., Ph.D., professor of English in Northwestern University, courteously and cleverly criticizes that pessimistic book, *Civilization in the United States.* HENRY CLAY SHELDON, D.D.,

former professor of Systematic Theology in Boston University School of Theology, is well known to our readers. The Rev. HENRY A. REED is the Methodist minister at Elma, N. Y.

IRVING ROSS BEILER is professor of the English Bible in Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., and LEON H. CHRISMAN, Litt.D., of the English department in the Wesleyan College, Buckhannon, West Va. JOHN W. LAIRD, D.D., was recently installed as President of Albion College, Mich.

MRS. NELLIE B. BENNETT is the wife of the Rev. Dr. Eli Phillips Bennett, Methodist pastor at Howell, Mich. The Rev. ARTHUR W. HEWITT, of Plainfield, Vt., completes, in this issue, his stirring series of articles on the rural church problem. The Rev. JOHN M. VERSTEEG is pastor of West Side Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Jersey City, N. J., and the Rev. HOMER B. POTTER is Methodist minister at Erie, Pa.

The three poems are by ANON., that most voluminous of authors.

ISMAR JOHN PERITZ, A.M., Ph.D., is professor of Semitic languages and literature, and WILLARD IVES, professor of the English Bible at Syracuse University.

R. H. PFEIFFER is an instructor in the Divinity School of Harvard University. The Editor of the METHODIST REVIEW, while highly appreciating his erudite criticism of Dr. König's article, is still inclined to agree pretty fully with that able Hebrew scholar as to the high historic values of the Old Testament.

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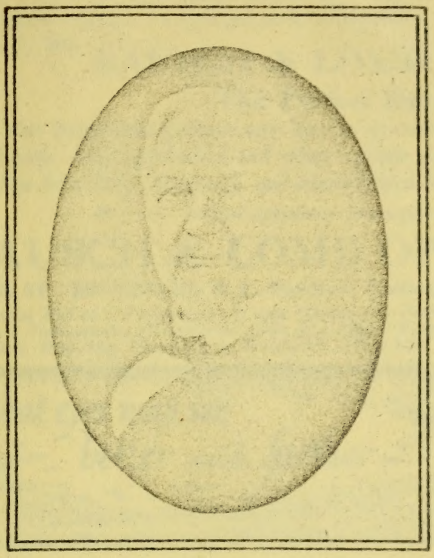

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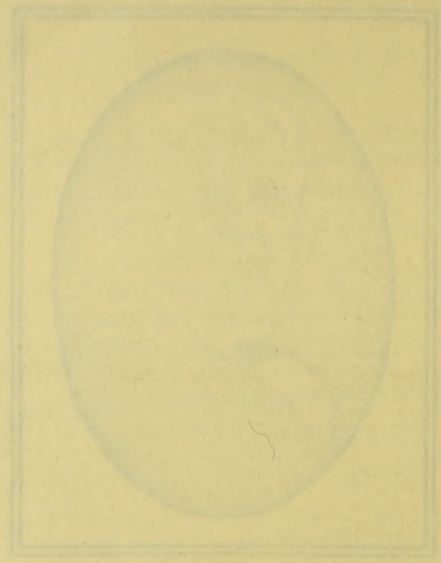

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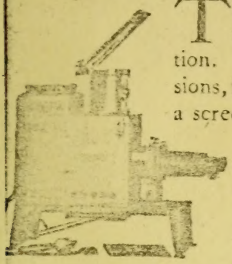

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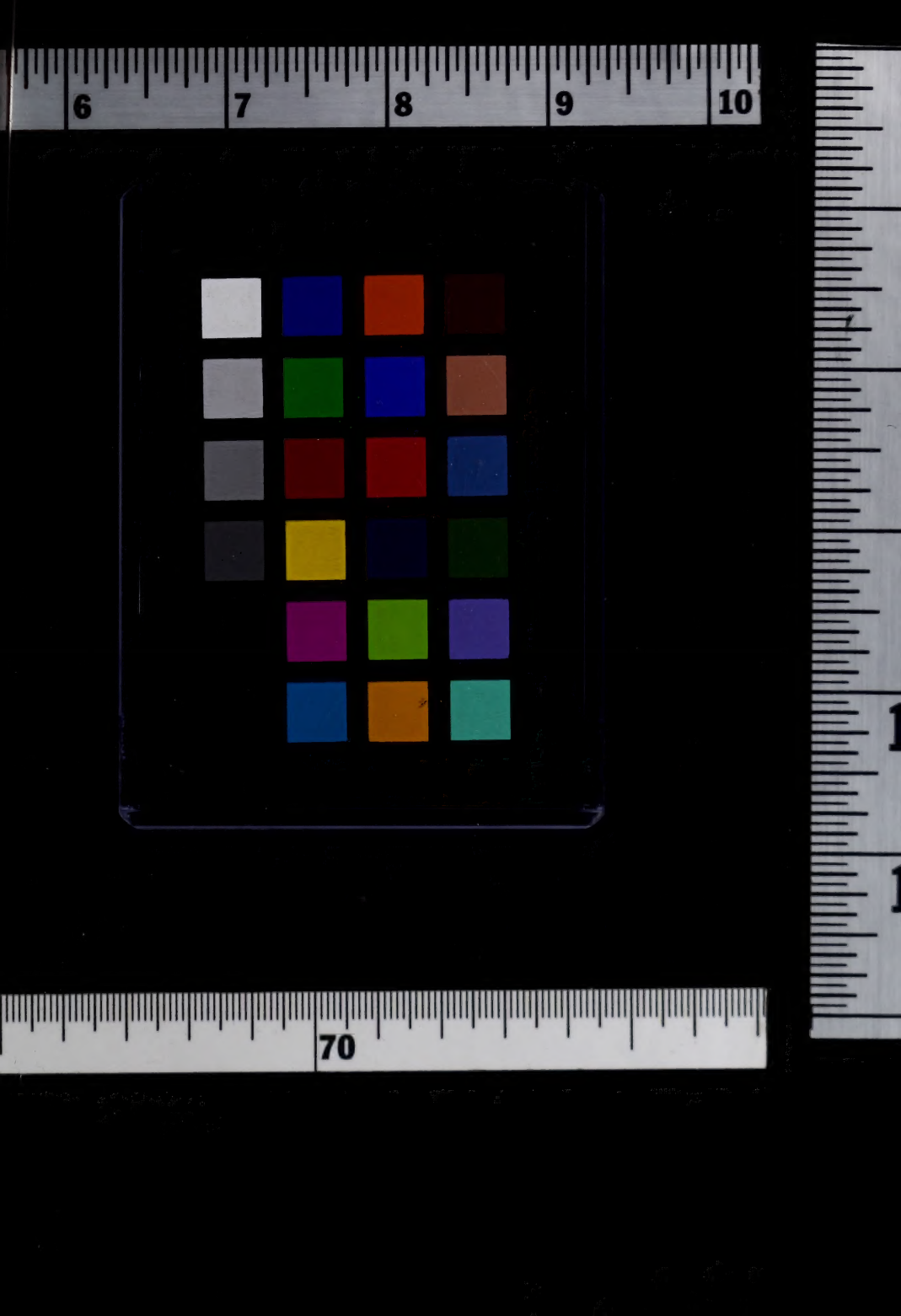
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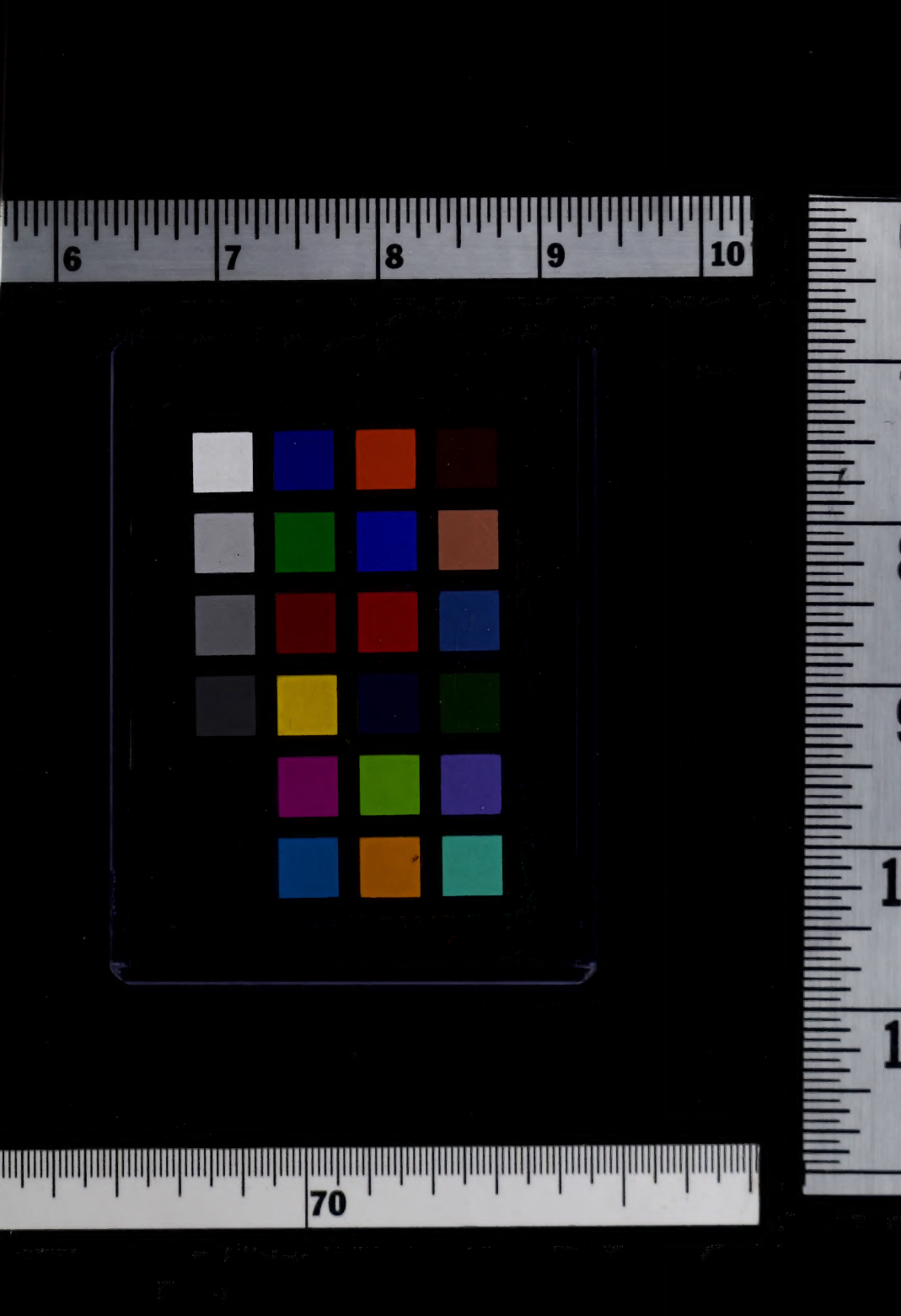
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